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AMERICA'S "OVER THERE" THEATRE LEAGUE

A PLAYER ON THE FIGHTING FRONT

BY E. H. SOTHERN

Author of "The Melancholy Tale of 'Me'"

[SECOND PAPER]

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

SOLDIERS, soldiers everywhere—and on the journey from Bordeaux to Paris we passed concentration camps, wherein we saw, with much excitement, vast crowds of German prisoners. We passed great trains of cars loaded with gun-carriages and huge cannon and munitions of war. Our train was crowded with officers—French and British—all smart, well-groomed and alert. At every station were groups of French soldiers laden with their accoutrements, many with uniforms stained and worn with the work of war, greeting women or bidding them farewell. For the first time, too, our eyes rested upon small groups of wounded men. Here is the dread toll of war. On all sides the drama is being played, minor heart-throbs of the greatest tragedy the world has ever known!

Women porters seize our baggage when we arrive in Paris. I have two heavy bags. "No, no!" I cry to the middle-aged woman who wears a porter's badge on her arm, "I can't let you carry that bag." She protests, but I insist, and we walk along, she carrying the lighter bag, while we discuss the question of female labor.

"It is hard work for you," I say. "How can you stand it?"

She shrugs her shoulders with a smileless face. "C'est l'habitude, monsieur, voilà tout."

There is much philosophy in that. One can become accustomed to anything; maybe, should I dwell here long enough, I would allow her to carry my bag.

In the streets one sees with a twinge at the heart heavy loads being drawn by dogs—two, or even three dogs, harnessed to a small cart, or one dog and a woman. I think of my own dog and of some women I know. However, these dogs bear their burdens with good-will, even with enthusiasm. They actually seemed to laugh about it, as dogs do sometimes seem to laugh, and for the women—"C'est l'habitude."

The French women are bearing their burdens in these days. You should hear Mr. D. A. Davis of the Y. M. C. A. talk about the French women—the peasants and those of gentle breed.

Mr. Davis is one of the directors who conduct the Foyers du Soldat among the French soldiers in France. There are at the French front—that is, the area held by French troops—some five hundred such foyers already in existence. Fourteen hundred such retreats are needed. "General Pétain urges the creation of foyers at the rate of at least ten per day." These are established even in the very

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front line of trenches. "The red triangle represents a religion of service and sympathy which the untutored and intellectual alike understand without proclaiming or offending any creed; the work is done in the name of Christ." That is a quotation from a circular letter sent to me by Mr. Davis. It continues:

"American secretaries in the French work are the personification of American ideals not only for the military but also for the civil population. For no other way can the best we have in America be made known to the French people."

Among the list of qualifications mentioned is this: "Men who inspire by service and not convert by argument."

This is the work on which Mr. Davis is engaged. It has taken him over a great area of France and has brought him constantly and intimately in contact with the French people. Mr. Davis delivered an address for the instruction of the batch of secretaries which reached France on my ship. His admiration for French men and women is deep, and this admiration lent him strange eloquence.

The great force of the pause in speaking is not sufficiently understood. To be garrulous and incessant, interminable, to repeat everything six times, is the goal of too many speakers; but when a man has something to say he can say it in few words, in words that halt, even in words that will not be uttered. This curious fact was illustrated by two moments in Mr. Davis's address; maybe he was unconscious of the effect. He was speaking of French women. He told how he had been among them in their agony in many parts of France. He told of women of high position and of education and gentle birth laboring in the fields, taking the place of the men who had gone to the war. Crops must be raised and garnered, the earth must be wooed to bring forth fruit. He had seen these women side by side with humbler sisters striving in the furrow. He told of one typical mother of France who, when informed that her son had been killed in battle, cried: "Thank God he died for France. I am happy that I have four more sons to give to my country." He told his listeners how the theatre and the novel with its conventional puppets of the play and story had maligned the women of France. To the unthinking and the uninformed American a French woman might have become synonymous with a light woman. The French adventuress of the story-teller is as familiar as the wicked French count of the theatre. "To you who have but now arrived in France," said the speaker, "and who have not had time to observe the heroism of the French woman —to know her in her home, to see her at the work of men—I want to say do not believe this libel. You know what you have in mind when you speak of French women, you know what you are thinking. Well"—here the face of the speaker became stern and his eyes shone—"Well," he repeated, and he raised his hand high —I was prepared for a flow of fiery eloquence, for a torrent of hot words, but he paused long, speechless, his glance full of what his heart could not utter— "Well," he said again, then lowered his arm and almost sighed, "*don't* think it!" He then reviewed the attitude of France toward the church. He related the oft-told tale of the heroic men in the trenches, tales of their love for their country, their love of their homes, their courage, their truth, their honor. Love and veneration for the French soldier made his lips tremble. At last he cried, "And they call these people infidels!" Again he paused and once more his eyes blazed, he lifted both hands high above his head, again we expected a torrent of words, but low and tense came the one sound, "Gee!" Now "Gee!" is not considered eloquent. I dare say that there are purists who would cut "Gee!" out of the language, ostracise it, and class a man who cried "Gee!" in our Senate with the originator of the glorious "Where am I at?" But let me declare that to say "Gee" as I have heard it said is fine oratory, eloquence which stirred some men to tears and caused some American women to remain in France.

The thing to get well into our mind is that the Y. M. C. A. tenders its strong and gentle service to men of every faith, as its text-book says: "To offer service to Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, or to men of no faith," to *all* who are weary and heavy laden.

Man or woman, whoever you may be,

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who feel in your heart the call to help in this war, who want to experience the gladness of forgetfulness of self in ministering to the needs of the men who with gay hearts are laying down their lives for the land they love, ho! for the new crusade. Beg that you may be found worthy to join the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. in France. Put this in your pipe and smoke it: Wanted, "men who inspire by service and not convert by argument."

How this doctrine is taken to heart is instanced again and again. Pedants jump from their pedestals, preachers descend from their pulpits; they cease to pommel men with the fists of their intellect and persuade them charmfully into the arms of knowledge. They no longer whip men willy-nilly up the road to heaven, but lead them laughingly, gladly, or sighing happily to the gates of Peace and Love.

Mr. Sothern wearing the English type of gas mask.

The "sing-song" night is a great institution in the camps of France. Songs are projected onto a white sheet by stereopticon, and the soldiers sing, and sing, and sing.

One minister—what a good chap he must be—conducts these events with great gusto, varying the programme with anecdote and conundrums and an amazing array of fun-making devices. Finally, after about an hour of this rare sport, this glad vicar of God smacks his hands together and cries, "What a jolly good time we have had! I tell you what! Somebody choose a hymn, let us sing it with a will, then a short offering of thanks that we are well and happy before we say good night and go to bed! What do you say?"

The night I was there the men sang "Abide With Me" as I never heard it sung, and the priest with beaming face gave thanks. He was addressing no vengeful God of iron or of bronze. Could it have been the gentle friend of whom Omar, the wine-bibber, sighs with such loving trust:

> ". . . Pish!
> He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well."

We are approaching the front. Now we are within the zone where no lights are permitted after dark.

I thrust my head from the car-window into the black night. "If you please," I cried to some flitting shadows, "where is the Hotel of the High Mother of God?" (Hôtel Haute Mère de Dieu).

Bang! The automobile bumped into a great fountain in the centre of a square.

There was no light whatever in the streets of the town. We had reached our destination late at night, after a long journey with our headlights extinguished. Fortunately our driver, a Belgian soldier,

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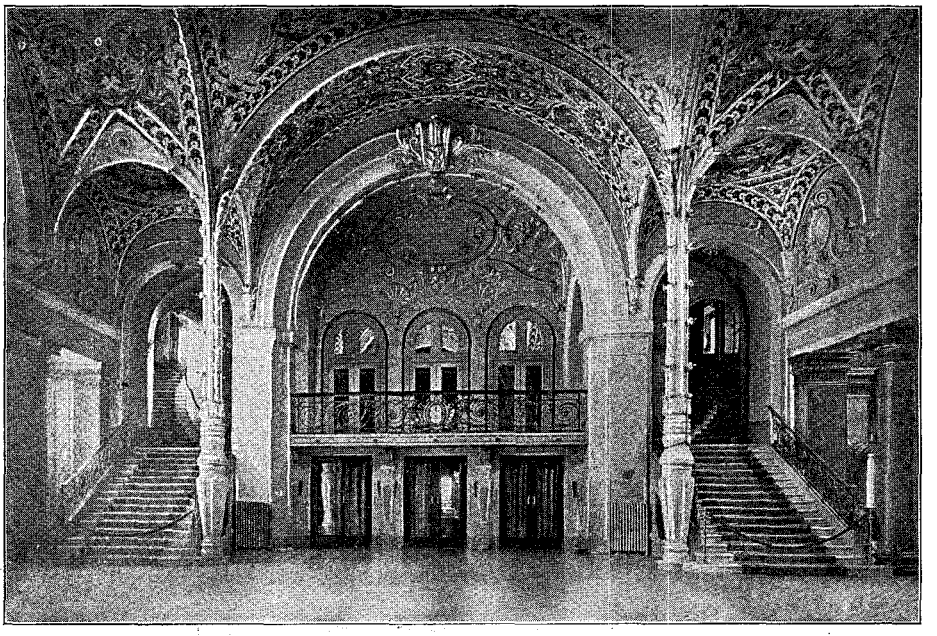

The foyer of the theatre of the Grand Cercle at Aix-les-Bains.

The Grand Cercle has been turned over to the Y. M. C. A. and is now used as a rest and recreation centre for the soldiers.

had acquired the catlike virtue of seeing in the dark, and had come along at a fair pace so long as we were in the open country; but in the tortuous streets of the ancient city even his eyes failed him.

We were directed through black alleys to another square, crawling along with extremest caution.

"If you please! The Hotel of the High Mother of God," we pleaded again to other wraiths who floated dimly by.

"There. It is there before you," said a voice. So we halted and hammered at a mighty double door and rang a sombre-sounding bell. Shortly steps clattered on stones within and the great portals opened. There stood in the gloom the guardian of the fortress. We clamored for lodgings for the night, and he conducted us through the dark quadrangle into the hotel office, where we beheld on the floor some forty pairs of boots—every size and quality of foot-gear, male and female, high and low, mostly boots which spoke eloquently of muddy roads and long marches. Here, in the silence, by the glimmer of a single dim lantern, the watchman scrubbed and polished them to bear the labors of another day.

"By their boots shall ye know them," I said to myself. The wearers of these were men of action. They had trod no dainty ways, no primrose paths; but by strenuous days had earned the sleep which please God now strengthened them for what they had to do. For these boots had shod the feet of French soldiers fighting for their native land.

We had been delayed on our journey and had not fed since midday. To our pleadings for refreshment the boot-cleaner turned an unsympathetic ear and a pair of shrugging shoulders. However, feeding is greatly a habit. Travellers must overcome such affectations. One of my companions produced an aluminum cooking outfit, some solid alcohol, some malted milk tablets, some chocolate, and some war-bread, secreted for such an emergency, and with the appetizing reflection that we were better off than the men in the trenches we enjoyed a cheerful supper.

By day our inn takes on a picturesque color. Into its enclosed yard with the great portals D'Artagnan might have clattered with his swash adventurers. Here to-day were passing and repassing French officers of every rank; British, too,

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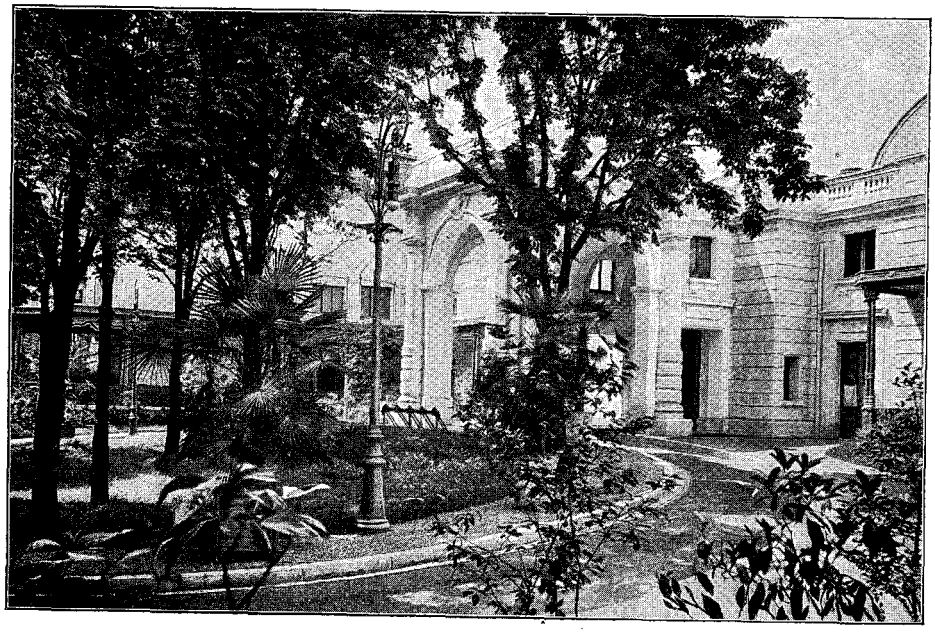
and Americans. Spurred and polished, the boots of last night were on the march. The town itself was soon alive with groups of soldiers speeding here and there, with the military police, and with the busy townsfolk about their daily toil. Across the square is a glorious cathedral now transformed into a barrack. A sentry guards the door, but we are permitted to enter. The pews have all been removed. In the dim religious light, shot through with beams of purple and of gold by the filtered glory of the morning sun, the interior, above, below, seems vast, ominous. On all sides are military stores, ammunition, and weapons. The saints look down from stained windows and from marble tombs, and there from the high altar the Prince of Peace, thorn-crowned and pitiful, would seem to plead through trembling lips, "Love one another," as his sad eyes gaze on fearful instruments of war. Against the great stone columns which support the nave are stacked the guns of lounging soldiers, their colored uniforms of blue and red stand out against the gloom of ancient chapel and of sombre shrine. O ye who have gone before into the Fields Elysian plead now, if ever, for these guardians of your Holy Place. Pray God to give them strength that they may save this symbol of man's loftiest hope from desecration, from the fate of Amiens, Rheims, Louvain.

We stand long here with bare heads and breathe a prayer for France.

But it is time to start. We must away.

As we emerge from the city we pass through a small suburb. On the summit of a hill overlooking the town, with the cathedral spires standing forth in the bright day, we see coming toward us a small procession. A military band composed of but a few instruments plays the solemn funeral march; follows then the fallen soldier, his body covered with the flag for which he gave his life; behind his bier a small guard, and then come those for whom he made his sacrifice, veiled women and bent men. Some little crowd of wistful children collect curiously at the entrance of the modest graveyard. Alas! How many new-made graves are here, how fresh and numerous are the wreaths of metal flowers which deck the long, low mounds! We have stopped our car to make way. The pathetic little group passes through the cemetery gate. This single dead man seems to bring home to us all more poignantly the wretchedness of war than even the reports of many hundreds slain. Here in this little group be-



Entrance of the Grand Cercle at Aix-les-Bains.

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wailing its dead is the concentrated tragedy which racks mankind. We sit and listen with bare heads. The voice of the priest murmurs the service for the dead. The little children stand apart, wide-eyed and clasping hands. The trumpet sounds the last melancholy note. The volley is fired. We have all been still. But now a woman in our car utters a great sob. "His poor mother," she cries, and she weeps, quietly now, while our hearts echo her cry: "The poor mothers of France and of the world!"

"Honneur aux braves." This inscription in great blue letters about six feet high was painted on the wall at one end of a great recreation hall in one of a group of buildings which had at one time been a French military school, but is now an American hospital. The general distribution of the building was about a great square or parade-ground wherein at this day practice trenches have been dug. At one side of the square is situated the recreation hall, which boasts a small theatre, quite reasonably equipped with footlights, a curtain, and some attempt at scenery. Here we paused a while in our journey to pursue our investigation concerning the providing of entertainment for our American troops.

We well knew that these sick or disabled men so far from home would be hungry for news, so we had armed ourselves with a great many copies of the Paris *New York Herald* and the *Paris Daily Mail*, also we had purchased the entire stock of a small confectioner en route—candy and all sugared fodder is now scarce in France.

When we entered this hall we encountered a strange audience. There sat more than five hundred men dressed in sky-blue overalls and jackets, with white shirts and red neckties. Every head was bandaged with white gauze, for these had all been wounded in small engagements. We distributed our little offerings and told our gossip from home and then I, who had been heralded as an entertainer, mounted on to the little stage and began to speak. I told them about our mission and how our men and women of the theatre hoped soon to be among them to offer their service. Then I began to recite. But, even as I began, the giant inscription at the other end of the hall obtruded itself on my view. It was so insistent that my eyes could not avoid it. "Honneur aux braves!" I tried hard to keep my attention on my recitation, but side by side with the words I uttered the phrase before me sounded like a trumpet blast—"Honneur aux braves." The poem I was reading was a romance of Alfred Noyes, "The Highwayman." The subject was in no way related to the war. As I read on I heard my own voice repeating the words, but my thoughts were far afield. In imagination I saw each separate adventure of the hundreds before me—the bandaged heads, the covered eyes, the maimed hands—these called to me more loudly than I could speak to them.

"What is honor? a word," cried Falstaff. "What is in that word honor; what is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism."

Why, "thou whoreson impudent, embossed rascal," art thou not ashamed? Come thou from limbo and gaze on these. Stand here beside me and see these hundreds who have faced infernal fires and ask what urged them on. "Honor!" they will cry with one glad voice. A word? Yea, a word which painted yonder on the whitewashed wall trumpets so loud that I who try to speak cannot now hear my voice for its insistent call. "Honor the brave—Honor the brave."

"But it will not live with the living?" Yea, when these and all their generation shall have passed away, the world reborn shall know them and remember. For these are volunteers who at the first call stood forth.

"Air?" True, thou base "tun of man," it was the air they breathed when they saw Liberty assailed. Now they sit here maimed, some sightless, patient still. What are they thinking? "What says our country, will she forget?"

"Honor the brave." The great blue letters stare at me. I cannot remember my words. I stop in the full career of my recitation and have to explain to my audience that my thought has wandered,

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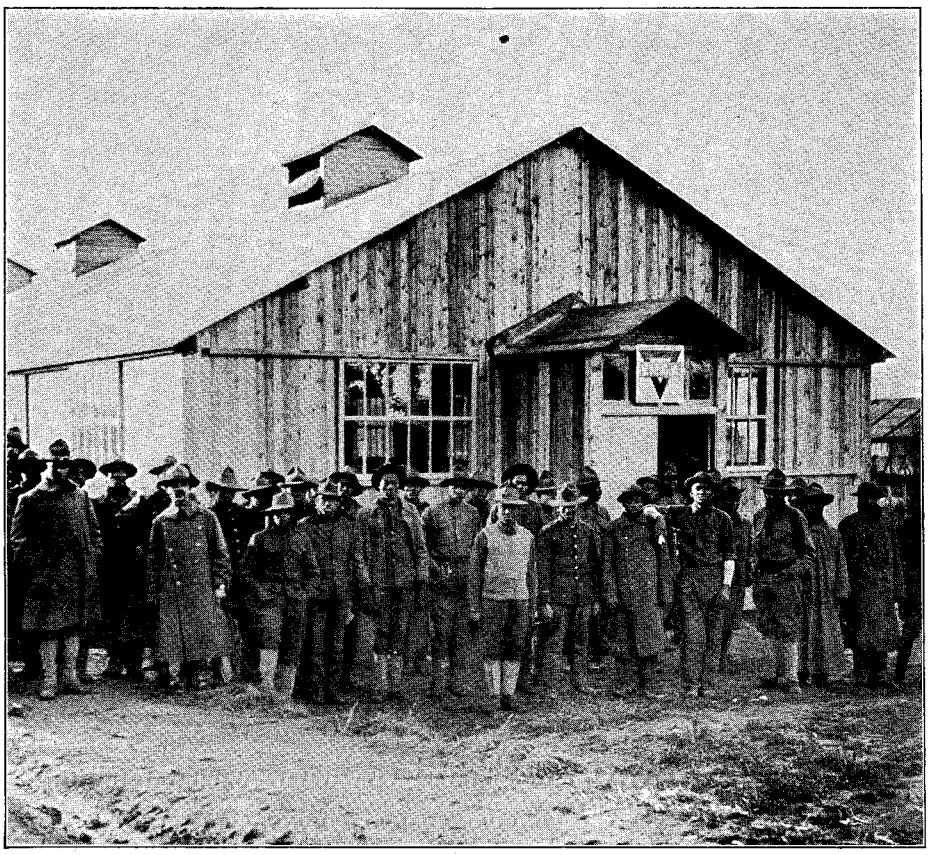
so I pick up the book and read to the end. However, they are easily pleased and no harm is done. But O! thou mountainous malefactor! Class not these men with thy "tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping." These have quaffed a liquor more divine than thy sack-swilling slaves. There, where thou friest in thine own butter revise thy creed and know that for these free men "honor" is more than a word.



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Y. M. C. A. hut for colored stevedores at ——, France.

It was while at this hospital that we heard a tale of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, a tale which shall reach the ears of Falstaff and his ruffians and cause their cheeks to burn.

In that hospital there is a dental surgery wherein some twenty or more patients sorely wounded about the head and face daily awaited treatment; some whose jaws had been completely blown away, others who in addition to the fearful facial disfigurements had been mangled in the limbs and body. A shaft, which once had contained an elevator, but which is now disused, communicates with an operating-room below. One day an officer of distinction was placed under the anæsthetic in this operating-room that he might undergo the amputation of a limb. The patients above were seated on benches or on wheel-chairs, and some few had been carried in the stretchers to await their turn in the dental surgery. They were engaged in reading newspapers. Those whose injuries allowed them to speak were talking. The more dreadfully maimed lay still while nurses hovered about, busy with their ministrations. Suddenly all were startled by a voice which could be heard clearly through the elevator-shaft. Clarion-like came the cry:

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"Première ligne! Deuxième ligne! Troisième ligne!" The wounded men started, raised their gaze from their journals, ceased their talk, opened weary, suffering, pain-closed lids. Those on the seats bent forward. Those who lay prone tried to lift up their heads; in tense silence with parted lips they listened to the long, familiar command. The nurse who was present declared her heart stood still at the memorable scene. Again came the trumpet voice: "Première ligne! Deuxième ligne! Troisième ligne!" And then the war-cry, loud and brave and long: "Char-r-r-ge! ! ! Charge! Charge! !" One wounded man on a stretcher lifted himself on his elbow, one cried out, but others raised their hands for silence, then all held rigid, mute.

Now with a great wild shout the voice below broke forth into the strains of the battle-hymn of France, "The Marseillaise":

"Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

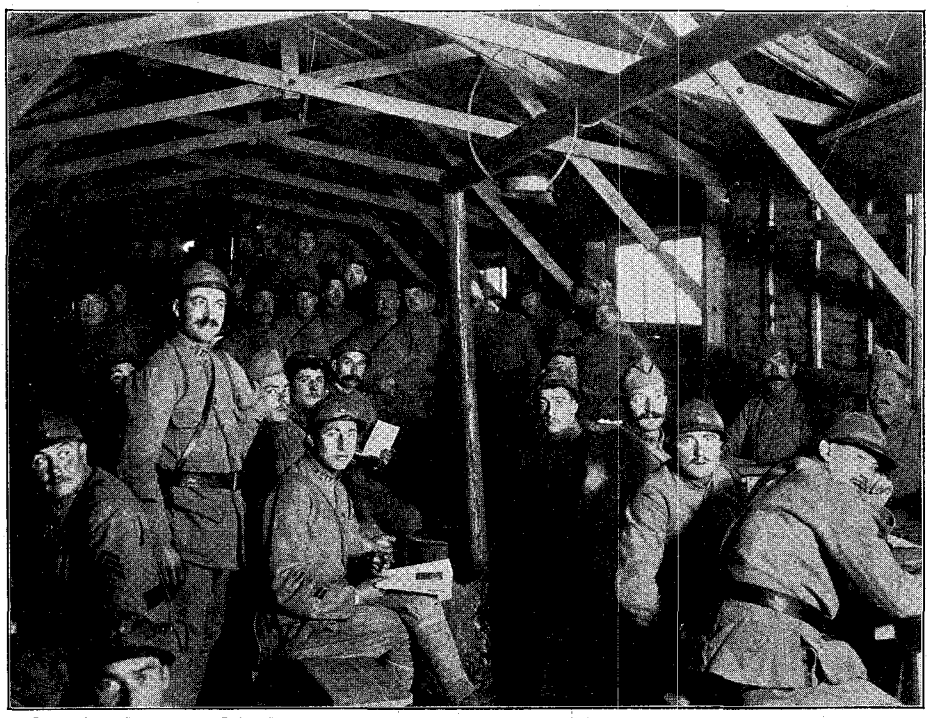
At the words the men on the benches sprang to their feet, mangled hands went swiftly or painfully to salute; the shattered heads were lifted high, eyes dimmed with fearful pain grew bright, those in the wheel-chairs leaned forward.

"Aux armes! Citoyens!
Formez vos battaillons!"

The voice died away, but until it sank into silence the shattered hands remained at salute, the maimed men stood still. Then came a great sigh as they sank back onto the benches or relaxed upon the chairs and stretchers.

Down below in the operating-room, under the influence of the merciful drug, the poor body lay inert; but the soul was busy with her noblest work, her voice was true and loud.

We shortly reached a certain town of importance where we had to examine some Y. M. C. A. huts. We had been entertained at lunch and came out to return to our car. The morning was fair, the heaven a clear light blue. I looked up, grateful for the glorious day. As I gazed at the sun, there, far, far up, directly above my head, I saw a white puff of smoke which looked exactly like a piece



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Interior of a French Y. M. C. A. hut at ———.

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Interior of a Y. M. C. A. hut as regenerated by the women workers.

of cotton-wool. Immediately another and another appeared close beside the first.

"Look!" I cried. "Surely an air-fight." At the word, the sirens sounded and the people who stood about began to gather their children and enter the cellars, or "abris," as they are called. Every house possessing a cellar is thus labelled: "Abri for 4 people," or more, as the case may be. We, however, stood still, fascinated by our new experience. The aircraft guns were now heard and far away in the sky, where the little pieces of cotton-wool had become very numerous, glinting in the sun we saw the first sign of an aeroplane. Like a silver speck it shone, evidently turned at an angle to the light. Now it began to descend in a great curve. Three darker specks appeared and followed it. This was the first air-battle we had witnessed and we stood rooted to the ground, although wise people suggested that it would be safer in the cellars.

Tennyson's prophecy, of course, was on our lips. Long before the first air-ship was born he had written:

"For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Behold! We saw it. The machine which had glinted in the sun was descending rapidly, puffs of smoke were seen projected from the rear of it as it circled the town and went down far outside the city. The three machines ascended now, and no doubt engaged other foes on high. There was much excitement as to whether the fallen airman was French or German. We were in suspense for a long while, but at last it was asserted that the conquered plane was a Hun machine.

Had our trip been carefully managed so as to provide bizarre incidents it could not have been better arranged. The most unexpected things happened. One night as we approached a village in the

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darkness, out of the mysterious evening gloom, and as our car turned from a narrow road onto a stone bridge which spanned a rushing stream, there appeared suddenly around the corner of another little street the most weird and startling procession it has been my fortune to see. It was composed of Chinamen. High aloft they held strange and gigantic lanterns, which, by means of some revolving device within, exhibited queer shadows, moving constantly around the light, and thrown upon the brightly colored paper envelope. There were, besides the many lanterns, other odd devices borne high. Tom-toms and outlandish instruments were strummed and thumped, squawked and wailed. A low, monotonous chant added to the strangeness of the scene. There in the centre of a wildly costumed group was a man naked to the waist, his face wearing a crazed and fanatic expression, colored here and there with paint, and bearing an odd, fantastic implement in his hand. He wore a barbaric headdress, which added to his height. Our car stood still in the darkness in the centre of the small bridge, to let the procession pass before us down the street of the village. A crowd of country folk followed in its wake. Soon it passed from view, nothing but the wailing music left to haunt the blackness. The whole thing was like a bizarre vision. We went on. Next day we were informed that the occasion had been a religious ceremony, and had ended in a most bloody quarrel, wherein some six or eight men were slain and many wounded. Who the Chinese were or what their occupation we did not learn.

At Aix a strange story was told of an American soldier who will probably abandon fishing for the rest of his life. It seems that the Rookie had heard say that one could readily catch fish with a hand-grenade, the method being to proceed to the lair of the fish and hurl the hand-grenade into the water. The grenade, exploding, would kill all the fish in the neighborhood, and one could gather in a plentiful harvest. So our hero set forth one evening and, reaching a not-far-distant canal he threw in his hand-grenade. No doubt it killed a fish or so, but, unfortunately, so intent was he on his job that he had not noticed a barge hard by. The grenade nearly blew the barge and the bargee and his family out of France, and did such mighty damage to boat and boatmen that, although for the moment flight enabled the culprit to escape arrest, it was quite clear that, when discovered as he would inevitably be, he would suffer very severe punishment. It cannot be permitted to blow French bargees up with impunity. A court martial and death were the least that the wretch expected. That night there was an attack on the American sector. Our man went over the top a desperate Rookie. He had determined to die a glorious death rather than submit to a shameful end. The result was that, single-handed, he killed seven Germans and, seizing a machine-gun, turned it on the enemy, thereby saving a ticklish situation. Picking up the machine-gun, after it had done sufficient damage, he carried it back toward his own lines, but, en route, he fell into a German trench and upon the head of a German postman. This postman was laden with Christmas mail for the regiment or company ousted from the trench; cigars and other delicacies were among his burdens. As the officer who told the story said, the Rookie murdered the postman and, seizing several bags of mail, bore them, in addition to his machine-gun, back to his own people. His record for the day's work was not only deemed sufficient to condone for his fishing escapade, but, to his astonishment, he received a medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He was decorated! Fisherman's luck with a vengeance!

In London and in Paris, although the air raids do considerable damage, life proceeds practically as usual. One contemplates the wreckage, sympathizes with the victims, curses the destroyer, and goes about one's business. The enemy's idea that the world is to be frightened into paralysis appears to be based on false premises. People recognize the imminent peril, but they are not afraid. I was in Paris during two very severe air raids. The first one began shortly after dinner, when I was in my hotel. The "alerte" signals sounded in the streets, all the lights were extinguished, the anti-aircraft guns surrounding Paris began to boom. Shortly we could distinctly hear the hum

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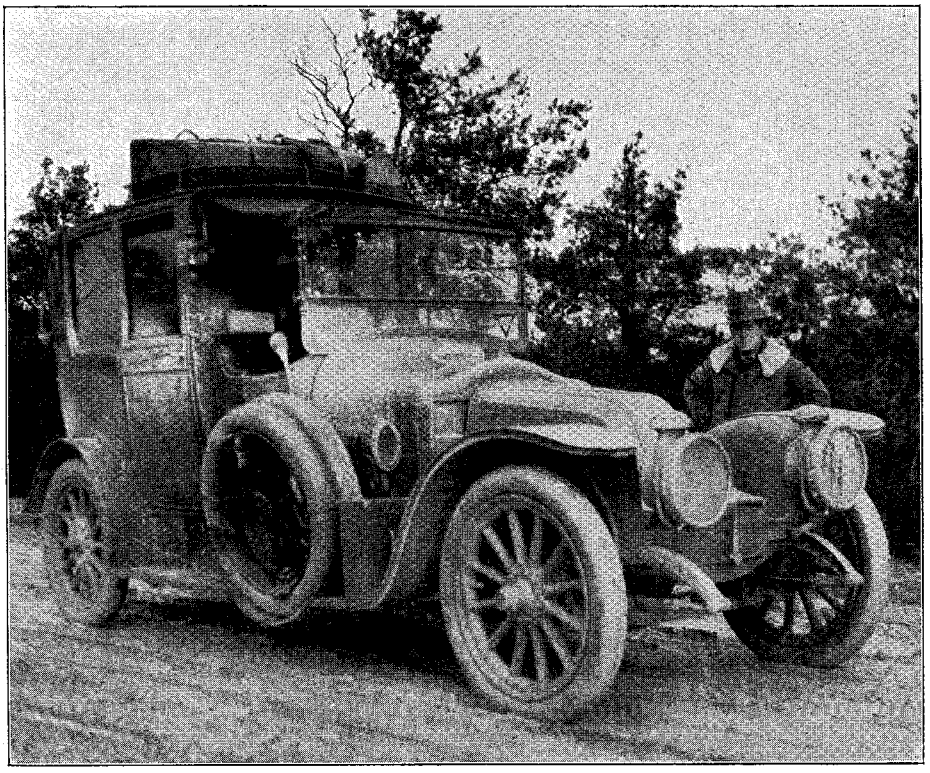
of the aeroplanes over our heads. My hotel was so situated that one could see far away over the Seine across the Champs-Elysées, to the Eiffel Tower and beyond. My rooms were high up and boasted a balcony. Thereon we stood. The city was absolutely dark, although the moon shone faintly. One could not see the planes, but the continuous steady drone of the French machine and the rising and falling sound of the German Fokker could be easily distinguished. Now we saw the shrapnel bursting in the sky, again a flaring signal-light would stand out like a brilliant star, reign over the darkness a while and die. There from the Eiffel Tower a searchlight shot forth, played away over our hotel off into space, trying, as we fancied, to pick up a Boche machine. Then, again, a long, thin stream, no thicker than a walking-stick, split the dark night and swiftly pointed here and there. There, far away, something began to fall, two lights close together slowly dropped from the black dome. Was it a French or German plane? For more than an hour we watched. Several times a fearful crash would startle our little group. A bomb had fallen, women and sleeping children had been slain. The Hun was *reaping* for a while. God! When shall *he* face the Harvester?



Gustave, our Belgian chauffeur.

The trumpets sound, first far, far off in distant streets of Paris; nearer and nearer, now below our windows. The raid is over. Next day we look upon the damage done. The crowds who gaze upon the shattered walls are silent and stern. There is no outcry, but women and men are steeling their hearts to endure until the monster shall be slain. This cruelty but strengthens men's souls; there is no sign of fear.

The second air raid I experienced started while I was dining with some friends in a restaurant. The "alerte," then the lights out. There was no excitement—the waiters, the diners, men and women, were prefectly calm. They sat

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and finished their meal. The windows were closed and the blinds were drawn.

This time, as we had to see some people home, we went out into the street. Pitch-dark as it was, some of our party were able to find the way. We had to hold close together and now and again flash a small pocket electric light, which most people carry in these days. Even so, the darkness this night was so dense that we became separated. I personally found myself walking with some strangers and discovered that I was confiding my private affairs to some French people as we stood on one of those small islands in the middle of a street. I went off bleating for my lost companions like a strayed sheep, and by good chance caught up with them. Meanwhile the guns were booming, the shrapnel bursting in the sky, and now and again the thunderous crash of a falling bomb told of disaster and death.

Having taken our friends to their hotel, we retraced our way, dodging taxicabs without lights, running into other groups of wanderers, losing each other, whistling and calling to show where we were. Shortly I lost my party entirely. The night had become foggy so that one could scarcely see six feet ahead. I found myself on the Champs-Elysées. It was utterly impossible to recognize any of the landmarks by which I had habitually guided myself. The trumpets were sounding the signals that the danger was past, and pressing my little pocket-light now and again, I picked my way along. Occasionally a figure would flit by, in and out of the trees which lined the footway. Two women passed and repassed me; I fancied they were trying to recognize some strayed acquaintance. It occurred to me what a perfect setting this silence, blackness, solitude, and mist would be for the professional footpad. Suddenly I caught my foot in a dwarf iron railing which surrounded a large, low fountain, and fell with a crash, my arms and head half in the basin. The two women who were just behind me shrieked with laughter and fled away into the night. I picked myself up and with difficulty made out where I was and limped off to my hotel. Shortly after this adventure occurred the explosion, which, although not chronicled in the Paris papers at the time, was, I am told, cabled to the United States. I was taking a bath in the afternoon when the hotel shook as if from a severe earthquake. One, two, three separate shocks, without any sound whatever. Then, after a very perceptible pause, came such a crash as I had never heard from any bomb. It appeared to be directly in the court of the building onto which my bathroom looked. I sprang from the bath, convinced that the hotel was wrecked. Another crash and then a third. The breeches and boots of a Y. M. C. A. uniform are not so readily available as are a pair of trousers, but I slid into mine in wildest haste; buttoning my clothes, I rushed through the dark interior passages of the hotel, to encounter men and women, nurses and children fleeing down the stairs in agitated confusion. Some of the maid servants were this time greatly disturbed. When I reached the street the sun was shining brightly, but in the distance we could see a huge cloud of smoke poised gigantic far up into the sky. The day was calm and the great cloud now stood still, towering toward the heavens. The disaster, whatever it was, had occurred a considerable distance outside of Paris, for the intervals between the shocks and the three separate explosions had been distinct. However, this was no air raid, and for a long while the crowd stood and looked and wondered. There had been no explanation in the daily press when I came away. Very soon life had resumed its normal course. These outrages do not long affect the morale of Parisians or of Londoners. They will not win the war.

There were not a great many passengers on the voyage home. We left Liverpool at night. Our boat was convoyed by a war-ship. When I went on deck the next morning, this swift vessel, like an eager hound upon the scent, crossed and recrossed our bows at an acute angle, ceaselessly on the watch. The sea was rough, but the cruiser sped hither and thither, flashing before us to make the way secure. For hours I watched it fascinated, thinking hard about the watch-dogs of the deep, and of all they had meant to the security of America during the years of war. All day our sentinel led us through the danger zone, and maybe watched over us by night. But the

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Mr. Sothern and Mr. Winthrop Ames in the square at ——— which was entirely demolished by bombs in an air raid.

next morning she was gone. Dear guardian! A prayer for you and for the brave hearts which beat for us at sea. The keen eyes and steady hands, never weary and never sleeping. During the first three days out, our gun-crews stood ever ready by the camouflaged guns. This preparation for possible attack drew one's eyes very naturally to search the sea for periscopes until the sight grew weary of mistaking the top of a wave or the body of a floating gull for the Hun's instrument of massacre.

The day was but newly born when we sighted land. Out of the bright sky came an air-ship, which flew within a few feet of the boat, the flyer waving his hand in welcome.

The menacing guns were drawn in and freshly painted with their camouflage paint. *There* was a light-ship. *There* a bell-buoy softly tolling o'er the peaceful waters. The voyage was over.

It is not easy to portray the thoughts which rushed through my mind as I stood on the deck at about six-thirty on the fair spring morning while our vessel slowly crept into New York harbor. Here was peace and rest, and there, towering, serene, her halo gleaming in the sun, stood Liberty. The calm shores unsullied by invasion, the unscathed women, the teeming millions all secure; and there beyond the sea the awful menace held at bay by the bleeding legions of our sister, France. All seemed so safe, so quiet, and yet I feel sure that the hearts of all the men and women who stood so still and silent on the deck were crying out: "Awake! Awake! Our eyes have seen! Our ears have heard! Strike hard, strike quickly, ere it be too late."

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THE PRIMITIVE AND HIS SANDALS

A HALF-TOLD TALE

By Henry van Dyke

Decorations by Rutherford Boyd

"I AM sick of all this," said the Great Author, sweeping his hand over the silver-laden dinner-table from which the guests had departed. He seemed to include in his gesture the whole house and the broad estate surrounding it. "It bores me, and I don't believe it can be right."

His wife, at the other end of the table, shining in her low-necked dress with diamonds on her breast and in her hair, leaned forward anxiously, knowing her husband's temperament.

"But, Nicholas," she said, "what do you mean? You have earned all this by your work as a writer. You are the greatest man in the country. You are entitled to a fine house and a large estate."

He gravely nodded his big head with its flamboyant locks, and lit a fresh cigarette.

"Quite right, my dear," said he, "you are always right on practical affairs. But, you see, this is an artistic affair. My books are realistic and radical. They teach the doctrine of the universal level, that no man can be above other men. They have made poverty, perhaps not exactly popular, but at least romantic. My villains are always rich and my heroes poor. The people like this; but it is rather a strain to believe it and keep on believing it. If my work is to hold the public it must have illustrations,—moving pictures, you know! Something in character! Nobody else can do that as well as I can. It will be better than many advertisements. I am going to become a virtuous peasant, a son of the soil, a primitive."

His wife laughed, with a slight nervous tremor in her voice. She knew her husband's temperament, to be sure, but she never knew just how far it would carry him.

"I think you must be a little crazy, Nicholas," she said.

"Thank you, Alexandra," he answered, "thank you for the temperate flattery. Evidently you have heard the old proverb about genius and madness. But why not make the compliment complete and say 'absolutely crazy'?"

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"Well," she replied, "because I do not understand just what you propose to do. Are you going to impoverish yourself and the whole family? Are you thinking of turning over your farms to these stupid peasants who will let them go to rack and ruin? Will you give your property to the village council who will drink it up in a month? You know how much money Peter needs; he is a member of twelve first-class clubs. And Olga's husband is not earning much. Are you going to starve your children and grandchildren for the sake of an idea of consistency in art?"

The Great Author was now standing in front of the fireplace, warming himself and filling a pipe. The flames behind him made an aureole in his extravagant white hair and beard. He smiled and puffed slowly at his pipe. At last he answered.

"My dear, you go too fast and too far. You know I am enthusiastic, but have you ever known me to be silly? It would be wrong to make you and the children suffer. I have no right to do that."

She nodded her head emphatically, and a look of comprehension spread over her face.

"Suppose," he continued, "suppose that I should make over the real estate and farms to you,—you are an excellent manager. And suppose that I should put the personal estate, including copyrights, into a trust, the income to be paid to you and the children. You would take care of me while I became a primitive, wouldn't you?"

"I would," she answered, "you know I would. But think how uncomfortable it will be for you. While we are living in luxury, you——"

"Don't worry about that," he interrupted, with a laugh. "I shall have all the luxury I want: flannel shirts, loose around the neck, instead of these infernal stiff collars; velveteen trousers and jacket instead of this waiter's uniform; and I shall go barefoot when the weather is suitable,—do you understand? Barefoot in the summer grass,—it will be immense."

"But your food," she asked, "how will you manage that on a primitive basis?"

"You will manage it," he replied, "you know I have always preferred beefsteak and onions to any French dish. Champagne does not agree with me. I'd rather have a glass of the straight stuff, without any gas in it."

"But your sleeping arrangements," she murmured, "are you going to leave the house? Our bedroom is not exactly primitive."

"No fear of it," he answered. "There is a little room beyond your bathroom. Put an iron cot in there, with a soft mattress, linen sheets, and light blankets. I'll do my morning wash at the pump in the yard, for the sake of the picture. When I want a bath you'll leave the door of the room open if you are not actually in the tub."

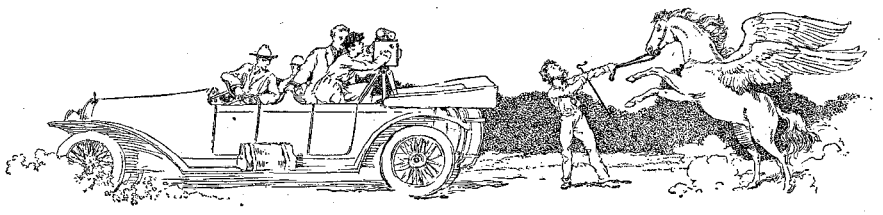
"Nicholas," she said, with a Mona Lisa smile, "for an author you have a very clever way of putting things. But suppose we have guests at the house, you can't come to dinner in dirty clothes and with bare feet."

"Certainly not," he answered. "I shall put on clean flannels, clean velveteens, and sandals."

"Sandals," she murmured, "sandals for dinner are simply wonderful. Do you think I could——"

"Not at all, my dear," said the Great Author firmly. "Your present style of dress becomes you amazingly. I am the only one who has to do the primitive."

So the arrangements were completed. The interviewers who came to the house described the Great Author in his loose flannels and velveteens, with bare feet, returning from labor in the fields. The moving pictures were full of him. But the sandals did not appear. There were no flash-lights permitted at the part-primitive dinner-table.



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IMAGINATION

By Gordon Hall Gerould

AS I gave my coat and hat to the boy, I caught sight of Orrington, waddling into the farther reaches of the club just ahead of me. "Here's luck!" I thought to myself, and with a few hasty strides overtook him.

It is always good luck to run upon Harvey Orrington during the hour when he is loafing before dinner. In motion he resembles a hippopotamus, and in repose he produces the impression that the day is very hot, even in midwinter. But one forgets his red and raw corpulency when he has settled at ease in a big chair and begun to talk. Then the qualities that make him the valuable man he is, as the literary adviser of the Speedwell Company, come to the surface, and with them those perhaps finer attributes that have given him his reputation as a critic. Possibly the contrast between his Falstaffian body and his nicely discriminating mind gives savor to his comment on art and life; but in any case his talk is as good in its way as his essays are in theirs. Read his "Retrospective Impressions" if you wish to know what I mean—only don't think that his colloquial diction is like the fine-spun phrasing of his essays. He inclines to be slangy in conversation.

I overtook Orrington, as I say, before he had reached his accustomed corner, and I greeted him with a becoming deference. He is fifteen years my senior, after all.

"Hello," he said, turning his rather dull eyes full upon me. "Chasing will-o'-the-wisps this afternoon?"

"I've been pursuing you. If you call that——"

"Precision forbids! It can't have been will-o'-the-wisps." Orrington shook his head with utter solemnity. "I don't know just what their figure is, but I'm sure it's not like mine. Come along and save my life, won't you?"

"With pleasure. I hoped you might be free."

"Free as the air of a department-store elevator—yes. I've got to meet Reynolds here. He's waiting for me yonder. You know Reynolds?"

"Yes, I know him."

Every one knows Reynolds, I need hardly say—every one who can compass it. The rest of the world knows his books. Reynolds makes books with divine unconcern and profuseness: almost as a steel magnate makes steel. He makes them in every kind, and puts them out with a fine flourish, so that he is generally regarded as master of all the literary arts. People buy his output, too, which is lucky for Reynolds but perhaps less fortunate for literature; they buy his output—that is the only word to use—by the boxful, apparently. An edition in his sight is but as the twinkling of an eye before it is sold out. One can't wonder that Reynolds is a little spoiled by all this, though he must have been a good fellow to begin with. He's really a kind-hearted and brave man now, but he takes himself too seriously. He is sometimes a bore. Only that he would never recognize the portrait I am making of him, I should hardly dare to say what I am saying. Physically, he is undistinguished: he looks like a successful lawyer of a dark athletic type who has kept himself fit with much golf and who has got the habit of wearing his golfing-clothes to town. It is his manner that sets him apart from his fellows.

"I'm glad you know him." Orrington chuckled as we drew near the corner where Reynolds was already seated. "I'd hate to be the innocent cause of your introduction."

Reynolds rose and extended gracious hands to the two of us. "You add to my pleasure by bringing our friend," he said to Orrington.

I fear that I acknowledged the compliment by looking foolish. It was Orrington's corner that we were invading, if it was any one's, and, in any case, Reynolds doesn't own the club.

"I need tea to support my anæmia," said Orrington gruffly. "If the rest of

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you wish strong drink, however, I'm not unwilling to order it. They've got a new lot of extremely old Bourbon, I am informed, that had to be smuggled out of Kentucky at dead of night for fear of a popular uprising. I should like to watch the effect of it on one or both of you."

"I'm willing to be the subject of the experiment," I said. "What about you, Reynolds?"

Reynolds cocked his head slightly to one side. "Though I dislike to deprive our good friend of any æsthetic pleasure, I think I will stick to my own special Scotch. I do not crave the dizzy heights of inebriety."

"First time I ever knew you to be afraid of soaring, Reynolds," commented Orrington. "I trust you won't let caution affect your literary labors. It is one of the biggest things about you, you know, that you aren't afraid to tackle any job you please. Most of us wait about, wondering whether we could ever learn to manage the Pegasus biplane, but you fly in whatever machine is handy."

"Perhaps you think I adventure rashly." It was neither question nor positive statement on the part of Reynolds, but a little compounded of both. He seemed hurt.

"Not at all." Orrington's tone was heartily reassuring. "You get away with it, and the rest of us get nowhere in comparison."

"I have always believed," said Reynolds, "that a proper self-confidence is a prime requisite for literary success. In all seriousness, I am sure both of you will agree with me that none of us could have reached his present position in the world without some degree of boldness. We have seized the main chance."

"Then it got away from me," I felt impelled to say. I could see no reason for accepting the flattery that Reynolds intended.

"You may believe it or not, as you please, Reynolds, but I'm incapable of seizing anything." Orrington paused to direct the waiter, but went on after a moment, with a teacup in his fat hand. "As a matter of fact, I've never collared anything in my life except a few good manuscripts. Some mighty bad ones, too." He chuckled.

"Ah! You know the difference between the good and the bad better than any one else in the country, I fancy. I always feel diffident when I send copy to you." Reynolds somehow conveyed the impression, rather by his manner than by his words, of insufferable conceit. He made you certain that he was ready to challenge the assembly of the Immortals in behalf of anything he wrote.

"Oh, you're in a position to dictate. It's not for us to criticise," Orrington answered very quietly. "By the way, I ventured to suggest our meeting here partly because I wished to know when your new book would be ready. Speedwell's been worrying, and I told him I'd see you. Thought it would bother you less than a letter or coming round to the office."

"My book!" Reynolds struck an attitude and wrinkled his forehead. "My dear fellow, I wish I knew."

Orrington set down his cup and looked at Reynolds quizzically. "You must know better than anybody else."

"It's a question of the possibilities only." Reynolds lifted his head proudly. "I will not fail you, Orrington. I have never yet left any one in the lurch, but I have been exceedingly busy of late. You can't realize the pressure I am under from every side. So many calls—my time, my presence, my words! I must have a fortnight's clear space to get my copy ready for you. Within the month, I feel sure, you shall have it."

"That'll do perfectly well. We don't wish to bother you," said Orrington briefly, "but you know as well as I do that the public cries for you. Speedwell gets restive if he can't administer a dose once in so often."

"What is the book to be?" I ventured to ask.

Reynolds bridled coquettishly. It was too absurd of a fellow with his physique and general appearance: I had difficulty in maintaining a decent gravity. "My book!" he said again. "It isn't precisely a novel, and it isn't precisely anything else. It is a simple story with perhaps a cosmic significance."

"I see." I didn't, of course, but I couldn't well say less. I knew, besides, pretty well what the book would be like.

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I had read two or three of Reynolds's things. The mark of the beast was on them all, though variously imprinted.

"By the way of nothing," said Orrington suddenly, "I had an odd experience to-day."

"Ah! do tell us," urged Reynolds. "Your experiences are always worth hearing. I suppose it is because your impressions are more vivid than those of most men."

Orrington pursed his mouth deprecatingly and lighted a cigarette. "There's no stuff for you fellows in this. You couldn't make a story out of it if you tried. But it gave me a twinge and brought back something that happened twenty years ago."

"What happened to-day?" I asked, to get the story properly begun.

"Oh, nothing much, in one way. I've been talking with a young chap who has sent us a manuscript lately. The book's no good, commercially—a pretty crude performance—but it has some striking descriptive passages about the effects of hunger on the human body and the human mind. They interested me because I thought they showed some traces of imagination. There isn't much real imagination lying round loose, you know: nothing but the derived and Burbankized variety. So I sent for the fellow. He came running, of course. Hope in his eye, and all that sort of thing. I felt like a brute beast to have to tell him we couldn't take his book, though I coated the pill as sweetly as I could.

"He took it like a Trojan, though I could see that he was holding himself in to keep from crying. He was a mere boy, mind you, and a very shabby and lean one. I noticed that while I talked encouragingly to him, and I finally asked what set him going at such a rate about starvation. I might have known, of course! The kid has been up against it and has been living on quarter rations for I don't know how many months. There wasn't an ounce of imagination in his tale, after all: he had been describing his own sensations with decent accuracy—nothing more than that."

"Poor fellow!" I interrupted. "We ought to find him some sort of job. Do you think he'd make good if he had a chance?"

Orrington shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I don't know, I'm sure. I talked to him like a father and uncle and all his elderly relations, and I asked more questions than was polite. He's in earnest at the moment, anyhow."

"But if he's actually starving—" I began.

Orrington looked at me in his sleepy way. "Oh, he's had a good feed by this time. You must take me for a cross between a devil-fish and a blood-sucking bat. I could at least afford the luxury of seeing that he shouldn't try to do the Chatterton act."

Reynolds took a sip of whiskey, then held up his glass to command attention. "Dear, dear!" he said slowly, with the air of settling the case. "It's a very great pity that young men without resources and settled employment try to make their way by writing. They ought not to be encouraged to do so. Most of them would be better off in business or on their fathers' farms, no doubt; and the sooner they find their place, the better."

"Still, if nobody made the venture," I objected, "the craft wouldn't flourish, would it? I think the question is whether something can't be done to give this particular young man a show."

"I've sent him to Dawbarn," said Orrington almost sullenly. "He wants a space-filler and general utility man, he happened to tell me yesterday. It's a rotten job, but it will seem princely to my young acquaintance. I shall watch him. He might make good and pay back my loan, you know."

"It does credit to your heart, my dear Orrington—grub-staking him and getting him a job at once." Reynolds frowned judicially. "I doubt the wisdom of it, however. A young man ought to succeed by his own efforts or not at all. Of course I know nothing of this particular case except what you've just told us, but I can't see from your account of him that he has much chance to lift himself out of the ranks of unsuccessful hack writers. You admit that he shows little imagination."

"Not yet; but he doesn't write badly."

"Ah! there are so many who don't write badly, but who never go beyond that."

Orrington laughed, shaking even his heavy chair with his heavier mirth. "Ex-

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cuse me," he murmured. "You're very severe on us, Reynolds. You mustn't forget that most of us aren't Shakespeares. Indeed, to be strictly impersonal, I don't know any member of this club—and we're rather long on eminent pen-pushers—who is. It won't do any harm to give my young friend his chance. To tell the truth, I think it's a damned sight better for him than the end of a pier and the morgue."

I wondered how the mighty Reynolds would take the snub, and I feared a scene. But I knew him less well than Orrington. He merely nursed his glass in silence and looked sulky. After all, Orrington's argument was unanswerable.

To break the tension, I turned to Orrington with a question. "What happened twenty years ago?" I asked. "You said you were reminded of it."

Orrington was silent for a minute as if deliberating. He seemed to be reviewing whatever it was he had in mind. "Yes, yes," he said at last, "that's more of a story, only it hasn't any conclusion. It's as devoid of a *dénouement* as the life-history of the youth whom Reynolds wishes to starve for his soul's good."

"You are very unjust to me," Reynolds protested. "You speak as if I had a grudge against the young man, whereas I was merely making a general observation. It is no real kindness to encourage a youth to his ultimate hurt."

Orrington looked at him doubtfully. "I suppose not," he said after a moment's pause. "I've often wondered what happened in this other case I have in mind."

"What was it?" asked Reynolds.

"It was a small matter," Orrington began apologetically; "at least I suppose it would seem so to any outsider. But it was a big thing to me and presumably to the other fellow involved. I never knew anything about him, directly."

"I thought you said you had dealings with the other man," I interjected.

"I did," said Orrington, "but I never met him. It was this way. I was editing a cheap magazine at the time, the kind of thing that intends to be popular and isn't. The man who published it was on his uppers, the wretched magazine was at death's door, and I was getting about half of my regular stipend when I got anything at all—something like forty cents a week, if I remember correctly. I was young, of course, so all that didn't so much matter. I was rather proud of being a real editor, even of a cheap and nasty thing like—but never mind the name. It died many years ago and was forgotten even before the funeral. I suspect now that the publisher took advantage of my youth and inexperience, but I bear him no grudge. I managed to keep afloat, and I liked it.

"Of course I had to live a double life in order to get enough to eat—a blameless double life that meant all work and no play. A fellow can do that in his twenties. After office hours I got jobs of hack writing, and occasionally I sold some little thing to one of the reputable magazines. It was hard sledding, though—a fact I emphasize not because my biography is interesting, but because it has its bearing on the incident in question.

"Well, one fine day I got hold of a job that was the best I'd ever landed. I suspect I apostrophized it, in the language of that era, as a 'peach.' It was hack work, of course, but hack work of a superior and exalted kind—the special article sort of thing. I went higher than a kite when I found the chance was coming my way. I dreamed dreams of opulence. Good Lord! I even looked forward to getting put up for this ill-run club which we are now honoring by our gracious presences."

Orrington stopped and shook with silent laughter till he had to wipe his eyes. The joke seemed less good to me than to him, for I had been only six months a member of the club and had not yet acquired the proper Olympian disdain of it. Reynolds smiled. I fancy that he still regards the club as of importance. In spite of his vast renown, he is never quite easy in his dignity.

"One has no business to laugh at the enthusiasms of youth," Orrington went on presently. "I suppose it's bad manners to laugh even at one's own, for we're not the same creatures we were back there. It's a temptation sometimes, all the same. And I was absurdly set up, I assure you, by my chance to do something of no conceivable importance at a quite decent figure. But I never did the job, after all."

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He nodded his head slowly, as if he had been some fat god of the Orient suddenly come to torpid life.

"You don't mean that you came near starving?" I asked incredulously. The pattern of the story seemed to be getting confused.

"No, no. I wasn't so poor as that, even though I gave up the rich job I'm telling you about. The point is that I was chronically hard up and needed the money. I couldn't afford to do without it, but I had to. It was like this, you see. On the very day the plum dropped into my mouth, a story came into the office that bowled me over completely. I hadn't much experience then; but I felt somehow sure that this thing wasn't fiction at all, though it had a thin cloak of unreality flung about it. It was a cheerful little tale, the whole point of which was that the impossible hero killed himself rather than starve to death. It was very badly done in every respect, as far as I remember, but it gave me the unpleasant impression that the man who wrote it knew more about going without his dinner than about writing short stories. Of course I couldn't accept the thing for my magazine, though I could take most kinds of drivel. Our readers didn't exist, to be sure, but we thought they demanded bright, sunshiny rubbish. I used to fill up our numbers with saccharine mush, and I shouldn't have dared print a gloomy story even if it had been good.

"This wasn't good. It was punk. But it bothered me—just as the youngster's book has been bothering me lately. I suppose I'm too undiscriminating and sentimental for the jobs I've had in life."

"You!" Reynolds objected. "Every one's afraid of you. Haven't I said that I tremble, even now, when I send copy to you? It makes no difference that I have the contract signed and every business arrangement concluded."

Orrington's mouth twisted into a little grimace. "That's merely my pose, Reynolds, as you know perfectly well. I'm the terror of the press because I have to be to hold my job. Inside I'm a welter of adipose sentiment. My physical exterior doesn't belie me. While dining, I quite prefer to think of all the world as well fed; and, in spite of many years' training, I can't see anything delightful in the spectacle of a fellow going without his dinner because he's ambitious. As a rule, I prefer to discourage authors who are millionaires. That's a pleasant game in itself, but not very good hunting. All of which is beside the point.

"I did hate, as a matter of fact, to turn down the little story I speak of; and while I was writing a gentle note that tried to explain, but didn't, I had a brilliant idea. I suppose I was the victim of what is known as a generous impulse. I've had so little to do with that sort of thing that I can't be sure of naming it correctly, but I dare say it could be described in that way. I said to myself: 'That son of a gun could do those special articles just as well as I can, and it's dollars to doughnuts he'll go under if he doesn't get something to do before long.'

"If you've ever had anything to do with generous impulses, you know that they're easier to come by than to put into practice. When I began to think what I should lose by turning over my job to the other fellow, I balked like an overloaded mule. After all, how could I be sure that the man wasn't fooling me? He might have imagined everything he had written, after eating too much *pâté de foie gras*. I should be a fool to give a leg up to somebody who was already astride his beast. I couldn't afford to do it. You know how one's mind would work."

"I regret to say," I put in, "that I can see perfectly how my mind would have worked. It would have persuaded me that I had a duty to myself."

Orrington laughed quietly. "Don't you believe it. Your conscience or your softness—whatever you choose to call it—would have played the deuce with your peace of mind. Mine did. I tore up my note and went out for a walk. Naturally I saw nothing but beggars and poverty: misery stalked me from street to street. I wriggled and squirmed for half a day or more, but I couldn't get away from the damnable necessities of the story-writer.

"In the end I wrote him, of course—the flattering note I had intended, and something more. I told him about my fat job and said I was recommending him for it. By the same mail I wrote to the people

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who'd offered me the chance, refusing it. I said I regretted that I couldn't undertake the commission as I had expected, but that I found my other engagements made it impossible. I thought I might as well do the thing in grand style and chuck a bluff while I was about it. I added that I was sending a friend to them who would do the articles better than I could hope to. I didn't give the fellow's name, but I told them he'd turn up shortly."

"What happened then?" I asked, for Orrington lighted another cigarette and seemed inclined to rest on his oars.

He turned his dull eyes on me and smiled a little sadly. "What happened? Why, nothing much, as far as I know. I suppose the other fellow got my job and saved his body alive. I never inquired. I somehow expected that he'd write to me or come to see me—he had my address, you know—but he never did. I was a little annoyed, I remember, at his not doing so after I'd cut off my nose for him, which is probably why I never tried to follow him up. I never even looked up the articles when they were published. But I've often wished I might meet the man and learn how he got on."

"You've never seen his name?" I inquired. "He can't have done much, or you'd have spotted him."

"I suspect," said Orrington, "that he sent in that story of his under a pseudonym and that he may have done very well for himself since. What do you think, Reynolds? I suppose you consider me a fool for my pains, on the theory that no man ought to be helped out."

Reynolds had been silent for some time. As I looked at him now I could see that he was a good deal impressed by Orrington's narrative. I wasn't surprised, for I knew him to be a generous fellow in spite of his foibles.

"Yes, how about it, Reynolds?" I said.

"It is a very affecting story," he answered. "You acted most generously, Orrington, though you make light of it. I can't believe that the young man realized the sacrifice you made for him; otherwise his failure to thank you, bad enough in any case, would be unspeakable. He can't have known."

"But you insist that I'd better have let him alone," persisted Orrington, clearly with the intention of teasing our magnificent acquaintance.

"That depends altogether on how it turned out, doesn't it? You can't tell us whether the young man was worth saving or not."

Orrington laughed contentedly. "No. That's the missing conclusion, but I'm not sorry to have given him a show. Besides, what I did wasn't such a noble sacrifice, after all. Having basked in your admiration for a moment, I can afford to tell you. I'm not an accomplished hypocrite, and I'd hate to begin at my age. Let me tell you what happened."

I felt aggrieved. Had Orrington been working on our feelings for his private amusement merely? "You said there wasn't any conclusion," I growled.

"Don't get huffy," Orrington returned imperturbably. "The story hasn't any ending, as I warned you. Only my part in it turned out rather amusingly. I hope I shouldn't be fatuous ass enough to brag about the incident if there were anything in it that demanded bouquets. I suspect the bubble of noble actions often bursts just as mine did."

"What do you mean?" asked Reynolds —reasonably enough, I thought.

"Only this," Orrington went on. "It turned out that the people who had offered to let me do the articles were tremendously impressed by my turning them down. The letter I wrote them must have been a corker. Somehow or other they got the notion that I was a very busy man and a person of importance. They ought to have known better, of course, but they evidently adopted that silly idea. They talked about me to their friends and cracked me up as a coming man. The upshot of it was that I began to be tempted with most flattering offers of one sort and another—before long I had my choice of several things. My self-constituted backers were rather powerful in those days, so it was useful to be in their good books. I left my moribund magazine and got so prosperous that I began to grow fat at once. Serene obscurity has been my lot ever since; and I've never got rid of the fat."

"That's a happy ending," I remarked lazily. "It's very like a real conclusion. What more do you want?"

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"Oh, for the sake of argument, I'd like to prove that I was right and that Reynolds's theory is all wrong."

"I'm exceedingly glad that it turned out so well for you," said Reynolds unctuously. "Then the young man whom you assisted didn't need to feel quite so much under obligation to you as we've been thinking?"

I was outraged. Reynolds was a great gun in literature, at least in the opinion of himself and a huge circle of readers. He was also a dozen years older than I. At the same time, I couldn't allow him to disparage what Orrington had done, merely because Orrington made light of it.

"You will observe," I said with some heat, "that the effect on Orrington was purely secondary and fortuitous. Orrington didn't know he could possibly gain by it when he took the bread out of his own mouth to feed the young cur. I hope, for my part, that the fellow eventually starved to death or took to digging ditches."

Reynolds sat up very straight. His black eyes snapped with anger. "He didn't," he burst out. "I happen to know him."

"You know him!" I exclaimed, while Orrington goggled.

"Yes." Reynolds had grown very red, but he looked defiant. "Since I've been attacked like this, I may as well tell you. Not that I think it's anybody's business but my own. Orrington didn't suffer by what he did."

"You don't mean—" I began.

"I mean just what I say—no less and no more. I was the man in question, and I admit that I ought to have thanked Orrington for his kindness. I meant to, of course; but I set to work at once on those articles that have assumed such importance in our discussion, and I was very busy. I had to make them as good as I knew how. I assumed, naturally, that I had merely received a useful tip from a man who didn't care for the job. I've always assumed that till this afternoon. I wanted the job badly, myself."

"Oh, well!" Orrington put in soothingly. "It doesn't matter, does it? I've explained that the incident really set me on my feet. You don't owe me anything, Reynolds. If I'd been a complete pig and kept the chance for myself, I'd probably have been much worse off for it. You needed it much more than I did, evidently."

To my surprise, Reynolds was not quieted by Orrington's magnanimous speech. Instead, he jumped up in a passion and stood before us, clinching and unclinching his fists like a small boy before his first fight.

"That isn't the point," he said in a voice so loud that various groups of men scattered about the room looked toward us with amusement. "I admit that I was glad of the opportunity to do the articles, but I was by no means in such straits as you suppose. So much for the critical sense for which you have such a reputation!" He turned on Orrington with a sneer.

Orrington remained very calm. He seemed in no wise disturbed by the fury of Reynolds's tirade, nor by his insufferable rudeness, but puffed at a cigarette two or three times before he replied. "It's a poor thing, critical sense," he murmured. "I've never been proud of what mine has done for me. But you must admit that I paid you a pretty compliment, Reynolds, in believing that your story was founded on real experience. I don't see why you need mind my saying that it wasn't much of a yarn. Nobody need be sensitive about something he did twenty years back."

"I don't care a hang what you thought about the story then, or what you think of it now," Reynolds snapped. "You might, however, grant the existence of imagination. You needn't attribute everything anybody writes to actual experience. I never went hungry."

So that was where the shoe pinched! Reynolds insisted on being proud of his prosperity at all stages. I laughed. "You've missed something, then," I put in. "The sensation, if not agreeable, is unique. Every man should feel it once, in a way. A couple of times I've run short of provisions, and I assure you the experience is like nothing else."

"That's different," said Reynolds a little more quietly. "I'm not saying that I owe nothing to Orrington. I acknowledge that I do, and I admit that I ought to have acknowledged it twenty years ago. I was anxious at the time to get a

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start in the world of letters, and I was looking for an opening. Orrington's suggestion gave me my first little opportunity; but it certainly didn't save my life."

"Then it was all imagination, after all," Orrington said gently. "What a mistake I made!"

"Of course it was all imagined!" Reynolds protested, and he added naïvely: "I was living at home at the time, and I had a sufficient allowance from my father."

A twinkle crept into Orrington's usually expressionless eyes. "I must apologize to you, Reynolds, or perhaps to your father, for so mistaking the circumstances of your youth. You have, at all events, lived down the opprobrium of inherited wealth. You've supported yourself quite nicely ever since I've known you."

"As I remarked earlier," Reynolds went on pompously, but in better humor, "I have never thought it wise for young men to embark on the literary life without sufficient means to live in comfort until they can establish their reputations. In my own case I should never have undertaken to do so."

His declaration of principle seemed to restore him to complete self-satisfaction, and it must have seemed to him the proper cue for exit. As he was already standing, he was in a position to shake hands with Orrington and me rather condescendingly; and he took himself off with the swagger of conscious invincibility. I think he bore us no malice.

Orrington looked at me and raised his eyebrows. "I told you I needed you to save my life," he said. "I hadn't any notion, though, that this kind of thing would happen. I'm sorry to have let you in for such a scene."

"Oh, I don't mind," I answered. "It has been rather amusing and—well—illuminating."

Orrington chuckled. "The devil tempted me, and I didn't resist him unduly. As a matter of fact, it has been quite as illuminating to me as to you. I've been wishing for a dozen or fifteen years to try out the experiment."

"What experiment?" I was puzzled.

"Oh, putting it up to Reynolds, of course. I've wondered why he did it and why he didn't do it and, moreover, how he did it."

"If you got light on a complication like that, you did better than I did. Do you mind explaining?"

"Reynolds has explained sufficiently, hasn't he? Of course I knew long ago that he faked his story, but——"

"Then you knew it was Reynolds?" I interrupted.

"Knew? Of course I knew. Later, of course, much later. I never inquired, as I told you, but I spotted him after he made his first big hit. The man who had hired him to do those articles bragged about it to me—said he'd given him his start, but allowed me some credit for establishing the connection. I blinked, but didn't let on I hadn't known that Reynolds and my supposedly starving young author were one and the same person. By that time, of course, everybody was fully aware that Reynolds had emerged from heavily gilded circles of dulness. I don't know why I've never had it out with him before. I suppose I shouldn't have sailed in to-day if he hadn't been so snippy about the boy of whom I was telling you. I couldn't stand that."

"I'm afraid," I ventured to say, "that it won't do Reynolds any special good."

Orrington rose ponderously from his chair and spread his hands in a fantastic gesture of disclaim. "Who am I," he asked, "to teach ethics to a genius who is also a moralist—'with perhaps a cosmic significance'? The devil tempted me, I tell you, and I fell, for the sake of a little fun and a little information. I've never known Reynolds's side of the story. Lord, no, it won't do him any good. All the same, it will take him a week to explain to himself all over again just why he acted with perfect propriety in not acknowledging my little boost. I dare say his book may be a few days later on account of it, and I shall have to nurse Speedwell through an attack of the fidgets. A dreadful life, mine! No wonder the business man is tired. You ought to thank God on your knees every night that you haven't been sitting all day in a publisher's office."

He held out his hand very solemnly, and very solemnly waddled across the big room, nodding every now and then to acquaintances who smiled up at him as he passed.

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BUSTER

By Katharine Holland Brown
Author of "The First Born," "On a Brief Text From Isaiah," etc.

LUCIEN, Mrs. Bellamy's impeccable chauffeur, brought me home from Mrs. Bellamy's bridge that green-gold summer afternoon of 1914. Looking down from the cliff road, all Gloucester Harbor was a floor of rippled amethyst. When we turned into the forest drive the air breathed deep of pine fragrance, heady as new wine.

"How few people are driving to-day, Lucien! Yet it's so perfect——"

"One driver approaches, mademoiselle." Lucien's solid gray shape bore hard on the wheel. The big car swerved, shot half-way up the bank. I screamed. Past us like a streak of white lightning tore a headlong white monster, muffler cut out, siren whooping. Its huge wheels grazed our hubs; with a roar, it shot round the curve, plunged down the steep grade toward Gloucester, and vanished. Its shriek rang back to us like the shriek of a lost soul.

"Lucien! That car must have been making eighty miles an hour!"

"Mademoiselle speaks truth." Lucien, frankly shaken, took off his cap and wiped a very damp brow. "It is the car of the great Doctor Lake, he who is guest of Madame Hallowell, at Greenacres."

"Doctor Lake! That stodgy old specialist!" I was a bit shaken myself. "Nonsense. He never ventures out of a crawl."

"Pardon, mademoiselle. It is the car of Doctor Lake. But at the wheel sat not monsieur the doctor. Instead, there sat, and drove"—here Lucien forgot himself completely—"that demon boy."

"Buster!" I groaned. For there was only one demon boy on all Cape Ann, and that was my second cousin Isabella O'Brien's only son, Richard Parke O'Brien, rechristened Buster since the days of his tempestuous infancy. Isabella (born Sears and Brattle Street, but she ran away and married Octavius O'Brien, descendant of an unknown race, at eighteen, and has lived ever since in the wilds of Oklahoma)—Isabella, I say, had sent her child to visit Aunt Charlotte and myself, while she and her Octavius went camping in the Yosemite. From her letters we had inferred that she needed a vacation from her Civic League work. Later, we came to realize that her base secret aim had been to win a vacation from Buster. What we two sedate Back Bay spinsters had endured from that unspeakable child!

Octavius O'Brien is a large, emphatic man with large, emphatic ideas as to the rearing of children. Buster once summarized his father's method in a few simple words.

"Here in New England, when I want to learn how to do anything, you and Aunt Charlotte say: 'Dear me, Richard, wait till you grow up. Then you'll understand.' Down in Oklahoma, dad just gives me a check and says: 'Go to it.'"

Such eclecticism bears startling fruits. The maddening thing about Buster's activities was that his blackest crimes, once sifted down, proved not to be crimes at all. Merely the by-products of his inquiring disposition. Although, to quote Aunt Charlotte, if your house is burnt down over your head, it matters little to you whether it was fired for malice or from a scientific desire to see how long it would take to burn.

To-day, as we drove on, I looked back on the summer. As a rule, our months at the shore are compact of slow and tranquil days, but this season had fled past like a demented moving-picture film. Buster had arrived at 9 A. M. the 8th of June. By noon he had made his presence felt. During the next five days he took the gas-range apart, to see how it worked, and put it together again, but inaccurately, so that it blew up and all but annihilated a perfectly good cook. I had to raise Louisiana's wages three dollars a week. He drained all the water out of

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the fountain pool, to see how long it would take to refill it; then, at sight of a wayfaring organ-grinder he rushed away, to bribe the man to open up his instrument and let him see how its harmonious inwards worked. Thus, he left nine fat, venerable goldfish to flop themselves to a miserable end. To be sure, he sniffled audibly at dinner that night and almost declined dessert; which didn't bring back aunt's beloved Chinese carp, alas. He tried to teach Gulliver, the Leonards' Great Dane, to do German police-dog stunts. Gulliver, who is young, obedient, and muddle-headed, took his training seriously to heart and made breath-taking leaps at the Leonards' gardener's throat, to the up-blown pride of both Buster and the gardener. Unhappily, he saw fit to show off his new accomplishment on an irascible New York banker, to whom Commodore Leonard was trying his best to sell his early Pullman place at Beverly Farms. As Buster hotly declared, if the banker hadn't squealed and acted such a sissy, Gulliver would have stopped with a mere snap at his lapel. But his cries so excited the poor pup that by the time the horrified commodore came to his aid most of the banker's raiment was in tatters, to say nothing of his dignity. Commodore Leonard lost his one chance of the year to unload that white elephant of a house. At that, he congratulated himself because the banker didn't sue him for damages.

Subdued and chastened, Buster took himself off to the harbor to seek diversion among the ancient mariners who had already found in him a stimulating audience. He spent, I judge, a pleasant afternoon. He rode back on the Magnolia 'bus just at dinner-time. He did not return alone. Proudly he strode up the steps, one eye cocked over his shoulder at the bland and tarry skipper who swaggered, all too jovially, behind. Eagerly he ran to the palsied Aunt Charlotte.

"Aunt Charlotte, this is my friend Captain Harrigan, of the *Lottie Foster*. The captain has come to dinner and to spend the evening, and he's promised to tell us all his adventures and draw the plans for my racing yacht, when I get one, and teach me how to make her torpedo-proof and—and everything! Cap Harrigan, meet Aunt Charlotte!"

Well, as Aunt Charlotte and I agreed later, we were bound and helpless. The child was so brimful of glad hospitality. You couldn't strike him in the face by rebuffing his friend. But oh, the hours that followed! As Louisiana put it later, the genman wasn't plumb drunk, but he cert'ny was happy drunk. The instant dinner was ended Aunt Charlotte fled up-stairs, locked her door, and pushed the bureau against it. I stayed on deck, a quaking Casabianca, till 11 P. M. Then, by way of a mild suggestion, I turned down the lights; and Captain Harrigan, now in mellow tears at the reminiscences of his own boyhood, kissed my hands and took a fervent leave.

"But Richard, child! The man was intoxicated! Disgustingly intoxicated!"

"Gosh, was he? Well, he was bully and interesting, anyhow. Look at all those sailors' knots he's taught me. And the story he told about crossing the equator the first time, and the one about the admiral who was always three sheets to the wind and wouldn't tie his shoestrings—what does three sheets to the wind mean, anyhow? And he's showed me how to read a compass and all about sextants and transits, too. Gee, I bet I could steer a dreadnought, after what he's taught me to-night."

"He certainly was full of information. But don't invite any more drunken sailors to the house, dear. Bring your friends home whenever you wish, but make sure first that they're sober."

"Well, I will. Though I kind o' hate to ask 'em."

With that I let the matter drop. You could not blame the child. Back of every calamity that he brought upon us lay his ravenous curiosity, his frantic longing to know how the world was made and ruled. But to-day was different. No hunger for knowledge could warrant a boy of fifteen in seizing the sacrosanct car of the most famous of Boston specialists, and going joy-riding down the Gloucester hills. Buster should be seriously rebuked.

Incidentally, I'd been playing bridge all afternoon with two stern dowagers and one irritable maiden lady, all crack

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players, while I'm a hopeless amateur. I had on a tea-rose crêpe de chine and the waitress had spilled coffee on it. Further, I was wearing brand-new patent-leather slippers. Yes, Buster would receive his full deserts.

Buster pranced home at dusk, afire with triumph from his crested red head to his comically massive young feet. Pallid and grave, Aunt Charlotte and I confronted him on the piazza.

"H'lo, Cousin Edith. Say, is dinner ready? Cracky, I could eat a whole barbecue!"

"Richard! Where is Doctor Lake's car?"

Buster gasped slightly, but his jauntiness never flinched.

"Over at Mrs. Hallowell's garage, of course."

"You have just left it there. Richard, don't you realize what a lawless thing you have done? To take another person's car without permission——"

"I did *too* have permission!" Buster's red crest reared. His black eyes flamed. "I had her opened up, and was studying the engine—gee, some peach!—and I told the doctor's chauffeur that I'd bet him a box of Gibraltars I could take that car clear to Doctor Lake's Boston office and back in two hours and not get pinched. And he said, 'I'm from Saint Joe, son. You gotta show me.' So I jumped aboard, and I'd beat it down the drive before he could say boo. And I made it in one hour and fifty-seven minutes, though I had to waste ten minutes, and a dollar besides, on the doctor's mutt of a doorman—making him understand why he must sign his name to a card saying I'd reported there at five sharp. The big dummy, I don't believe the real reason has dawned on him yet. But you oughter seen that chauffeur wilt when I whizzled her in, two minutes ago!"

"I feel wilted myself. When I think of the apologies I must make to Doctor Lake——"

"Apologies? What for? He ought to be delighted. It was a corking speed test for his car. Down that stem-winder cliff, let me tell you, she just naturally hung on by her eyebrows."

"Richard, the chauffeur did not mean to give you permission. You know that."

"W-well. What if he didn't?"

"Richard, you are inexcusable." Aunt Charlotte ruffled her feathers and dashed into the fray. Whereat Richard exploded.

"Gee, ain't it fierce? Ain't it, now! How's a fellow to learn about cars and engines and things if folks won't ever give him a chance to try 'em out? And I've got to find out how to do things and make things and run things; I've *got* to know!"

His solid fists clinched; his voice skittered comically from a bass bellow to an angry treble crow. I choked. He was so exactly like a pin-feathered young Shanghai rooster, hotly contending his right to live his own life, against two glum, elderly hens. But that didn't deter me from marching him over to Madam Hallowell's later.

"Nonsense, my dear Miss Edith!" Thus Doctor Lake, just a bit too Olympian in large white waistcoat and eminent calm. "It was my chauffeur's doing. He will answer to me. I beg you, give the matter no more thought."

None the less, in his bland eye lurked a yearning to seize on Buster and boil him in oil. Buster saw that look.

"Grown-up folks are so darn stingy!" he mused bitterly as we went away. He aimed a vicious kick at the box hedge. "You'd think any man would be glad to let a fellow take his car to pieces and study it out, then test it for speed and endurance, 'specially when the fellow has never owned anything better than a measly little runabout in all his life. But no. There he stands, all diked out like a cold boiled owl, with his eyes rolled up and his lip rolled out—'My chauffeur will answer to me.' When, all the time, he'd lick the hide off me if he just dasted. Old stuffed shirt!"

"You need not speak so disrespectfully——"

"I wouldn't. If folks wasn't so disrespectful to me." His eyes began to flash again, his sullen under-lip to quiver. "'Learn it all,' they tell you. 'Investigate every useful art.' That's what everybody pours down your throat, teachers, and relations, an' all the rest of 'em. How do they s'pose I'm going to learn about things if they lock everything up

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away from me? And I've got to find out about things; I've *got* to know!"

I didn't say anything. What was the use? You might as well scold an active young dynamo for wanting to spark. But mild little Aunt Charlotte was quite sputtery, for her.

"Isabella and her Octavius have reared their child to have the tastes of a common mechanic. It is too ridiculous. Richard needs to understand problems of finance, not of cogs and axle-grease. If only American parents would adopt the German methods! *They* teach their children what is best for them to know. They don't permit their young people to waste time and money on wild-goose flights."

"N-no." I shivered a little. For some reason, the annual percentage of schoolboy suicides in Prussia flashed through my mind. When you multiplied that by a nation—"But perhaps it's as well that we give our boys more rope."

"To hang themselves with?" sniffed Aunt Charlotte. I subsided.

So did Buster, for some weeks—weeks so peaceful, they were all but sinister. Across the ocean, a harebrained student murdered a reigning duke and his duchess. It made the newspapers very unpleasant reading, for several days. Across the harbor, the yacht-club gave the most charming dinner dance of the year. Down East Gloucester way, a lank and close-mouthed youth from Salem had set up a shack of a hangar and was giving brief and gaspy flights to the summer populace at five dollars a head. Whereat Buster gravitated to East Gloucester, as the needle to the pole. He bribed Louisiana to give him his breakfast at seven; he snatched a mouthful of lunch in the village; he seldom reached home before dusk.

"Richard, you are not spending your allowance in aeroplane rides?"

"Say, listen, Cousin Edie. Where'd I get the coin for five-dollar jitney trips? I'm overdrawn sixty dollars on my allowance now, all on account of that beanery down the harbor——"

"The beanery? You haven't eaten sixty dollars' worth of beans!"

Buster jumped. He turned a sheepish red.

"Gosh, I forgot. Why—well, you see, the boss at that joint has just put in the grandest big new oven ever—iron and cement and a steam-chamber and everything. One day last week he had to go to Boston, and I asked him to let me fire it for him. It was the most interesting thing, to watch that steam-gauge hop up, only she hopped too fast. So I shut off the drafts, but I wasn't quick enough. There were forty-eight pounds of beans in the roaster, and they burnt up, crocks and all, and—well, between us, we hadn't put enough water in the boiler. So she sort of—er—well, she blew up. I wired dad for the money, and he came across by return mail. Dad's a pretty good sport. But I'll bet he doesn't loosen up again before Labor Day."

Well, I was sorry for the baker. But Buster, penniless, was far less formidable than Buster with money in his purse.

The green and golden days flowed on. The North Shore was its loveliest. But the newspapers persisted in being unpleasant. Serbian complications, amazing pronunciamentos, rumors that were absurd past credence; then, appalling, half-believed, the winged horror-tale of Belgium. Then, in a trice, our bridge-tables were pushed back, our yacht dinners forgotten. Frowning, angrily bewildered, we were all making hurried trips to the village and heckling the scared young telegraph-operator with messages and money that must be cabled to marooned kinsfolk at Liverpool or Hamburg or Ostend. "This moment! Can't you *see* how important it is?" A day or so more and we were all buying shoes and clothes for little children and rushing our first boggled first-aid parcels to the wharf. And, in the midst of all that dazed hurly, up rose Mrs. John B. Connable. Aglow with panicky triumph, she flung wide the gates of Dawn Towers, her spandy-new futurist palace, to the first bazaar of the Belgian relief!

As one impious damsel put it, Belgium's extremity was Mrs. Connable's opportunity. Seven weary years, with the grim patience of stalwart middle age and seventeen millions, has Mrs. John B. labored to mount the long, ice-coated stair that leads from a Montana cow-camp to the thresholds of Beacon Hill. Six cruel seasons have beheld her falter and slip

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back. But on this, the seventh, by this one soaring scramble, she gained the topmost gliddery round. A bazaar for the Belgians? For once, something new. And Dawn Towers, despite its two-fisted châtelaine, was said to be a poet's dream.

Well, we went. All of us. Even to Madam Hallowell, in lilac chiffon and white fox fur, looking like the Wicked Fairy done by Drian; even to Aunt Charlotte, wearing the Curtice emeralds, her sainted nose held at an angle that suggested burnt flannel. I'll say for Mrs. Connable that she did it extremely well. The great, beautiful house was thrown open from turret to foundation-stone. Fortune-tellers lurked in gilded tents; gay contadinas sang and sold their laces—the prettiest girls from the Folies at that; Carli's band, brought from New York to play fox-trots; cleverest surprise of all, the arrival, at five o'clock, of a lordly limousine conveying three heaven-born "principals," a haughty young director in puttees, a large camera. Would Mrs. Connable's guests consent to group themselves upon the beach as background for the garden-party scene of "The Princess Patricia"—with Angela Meadow, from the Metropolitan, as the Princess, if you please, and Lou-Galuppi himself as the villain?

Mrs. Connable's guests would. All the world loves a camera, I reflected, as I observed Madam Hallowell drift languidly to the centre-front, the chill Cadwalladers from Westchester drape themselves unwittingly but firmly in the foreground, the D'Arcy Joneses stand laughingly holding hands in the very jaws of the machine. But Doctor Lake was the strategist of the hour. Chuckling in innocent mirth, he chatted with the radiant Angela until the director's signal brought the villain swaggering from the side-lines; then, gracefully dismayed, he stepped back at least six inches. If the camera caught Angela at all, the doctor would be there—every eminent inch of him.

"Ready—camera!"

The joyous chatter stilled. On every face fell smug sweetness, as a chrism. Clickety-click, click-click——

Then, amazingly, another sound mingled with that magic tick, rose, drowned it to silence—the high, snarling whine of a swift-coming aeroplane.

"Keep your places, please! Eyes right!"

Nobody heard him. Swung as on one pivot, the garden-party turned toward the harbor, mazed, agape. Across that silver water, flying so low its propeller flashed through diamond spray, straight toward the crowd on the beach it came—the aeroplane from East Gloucester.

"There, I *knew* he'd butt in just at the wrong minute! I ordered him for six, sharp!" Mrs. Connable's voice rang hotly through the silence. "Hi, there! Land farther down the beach; we ain't ready for you. Go on, I tell you! Oh, oh, my gracious goodness me! He's a-headin' right on top of us——"

That was all anybody heard. For in that second, pandemonium broke. The great, screaming bird drove down upon us with the speed of light, the blast of a howitzer shell. Whir-r-rip! The big marquee collapsed like a burst balloon. Crash! The propeller-edge grazed the band-stand; it tipped over like a fruit-basket, spilling out shrieking men. Through a dizzy mist I saw the garden-party, all its pose forgot, scuttle like terrified ants. I saw the scornful Cadwalladers leap behind an infant pine. I saw D'Arcy Jones seize his wedded wife by her buxom shoulders and fling her in front of him, a living shield. I saw—can I believe?—the august Doctor Lake, pop-eyed and shrieking, gallop headlong across the beach and burrow madly in the low-tide sands. I saw—but how could my spinning brain set down those thousand spectacles?

However, one eye saw it all—and set it down in cold, relentless truth—the camera. True to his faith, that camera-man kept on grinding, even when the monster all but grazed his head.

Then, swifter even than that goblin flight, it was all over. With a deafening thud, the aeroplane grounded on a bed of early asters. Out of the observer's seat straddled a lean, tall shape—the aviator. From the pilot's sheath leaped a white-faced, stammering boy. White to his lips; but it was the pallor of a white flame, the light of a glory past all words.

"H'lo, Cousin Edie! See me bring her

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across the harbor? Some little pilot!" Then, as if he saw for the first that gurgling multitude, the wrecked tent, the overturned band-stand: "Gee, that last puff of wind was more than I'd counted on. But she landed like thistledown, just the same. Just thistledown!"

I'll pass over the next few hours. And why attempt to chronicle the day that followed? Bright and early, I set forth to scatter olive-branches like leaves of Vallombrosa. Vain to portray the icy calm of the Misses Cadwallader, the smiling masks which hid the rage of the D'Arcy Joneses. Hopeless to depict the bland, amused aplomb of Doctor Lake. To hear him graciously disclaim all chagrin was to doubt the word of one's own vision. Could I have dreamed the swoop of that mighty bird, the screech of a panic-stricken fat man galloping like a mad hippopotamus for the shelter of the surf?

As for Mrs. John B. Connable—hell hath no fury like the woman who has fought and bled for years to mount that treacherous flight; who, gaining the last giddy step, feels, in one sick heartbeat, the ladder give way from under. I went from that tearful and belligerent empress feeling as one who has gazed into the dusk fires of the Seventh Ledge.

"We'll have to give a dinner for her, and ask the Cadwalladers and Cousin Sue Curtice and the Salem Bronsons. That will pacify her, if anything can." Thus Aunt Charlotte, with irate gloom. There are times when Aunt Charlotte's deep spiritual nature betrays a surprising grasp of mundane things.

"Especially if we can get that French secretary, and Madam Hallowell. Now I'm off to soothe the aviator. Where did I put my check-book?"

The aviator stood at his hangar door, winding a coil of wire. His lean body looked feather-light in its taut khaki; under the leathern helmet, his narrow, dark eyes glinted like the eyes of a falcon hooded against the sun. Blank, unsmiling, he heard my maunder of explanation. Somehow his cool aloofness daunted me a bit. But when I fumbled for my check-book, he flashed alive.

"Money? What for? Because the kid scraped an aileron? Forget it. I ain't puttin' up any holler. He's fetched an' carried for me all summer. I'm owin' him, if it comes down to that."

"But Richard had no right to damage your machine——"

"Well, he never meant to. That squally gust put him off tack, else he'd 'a' brought her down smooth's a whistle. For, take it from me, he's a flier born. Hand, eye, balance, feel, he's got 'em all. And he's patient and speedy and cautious and reckless all at once. And he knows more about engines than I do, this minute. There's not a motor made that can faze him. Say, he's one whale of a kid, all right. If his folks would let me, I'd take him on as flyin' partner. Fifty-fifty at that."

I stiffened a trifle.

"You are very kind. But such a position would hardly be fitting——"

"For a swell kid like him?" Under his helmet those keen eyes narrowed to twin points of light. "Likely not. You rich hill folks can't be expected to know your own kids. You'll send him to Harvard, then chain him up in a solid-mahogany office, with a gang of solid-mahogany clerks to kowtow to him, and teach him to make money. When he might be flyin' with me. Flyin'—with me!" His voice shook on a hoarse, exultant note. He threw back his head; from under the leathern casque his eyes flamed out over the world of sea and sky, his conquered province. "When he might be a flier, the biggest flier the world has ever seen. Say, can you beat it? *Can* you beat it?"

His rudeness was past excuse. Yet I stood before him in the oddest guilty silence. Finally——

"But please let me pay you. That broken strut——"

"Nothing doing, sister. Forget it." He bent to his work. "Pay me? No matter if my plane did get a knock, it was worth it. Just to see that fat guy in white pants hot-foot it for deep water! Yes, I'm paid. Good-by."

Then, to that day of shards and ashes, add one more recollection—Buster's face when Aunt Charlotte laid it upon him that he should never again enter that hangar door.

"Aunt Charlotte! For Pete's sake, have a heart! I've got that plane eatin'

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out of my hand. If that plaguy cat's-paw hadn't sprung up——"

"You will not go to East Gloucester again, Richard. That ends it." Aunt Charlotte swept from the room.

"Gee!" Buster's wide eyes filled. He slumped into the nearest chair. "Say, Cousin Edie! Ain't I got one friend left on earth?"

"Now, Richard——"

"Can't you see what I'm trying to put over? I don't expect Aunt Charlotte to see. She's a pippin, all right, but that solid-ivory dome of hers——"

"*Richard!*"

"But you're different. You aren't so awful old. You ought to understand that a fellow just has to know about things—cars, ships, aeroplanes, motors, everything!"

"But——"

"Now, Cousin Edith, I'm not stringin' you. I'm dead in earnest. I'm not tryin' to bother anybody; I'm just trying to learn what I've got to learn." He leaped up, gripped my arm; his passionate boy voice shrilled; he was droll and pitiful and insolent all in a breath. "No, sirree, I ain't bluffin', not for a cent. Believe me, Cousin Edith, us fellows have got to learn how everything works, and learn it quick. I tell you, we've *got* to know!"

Well. . . . All this was the summer of 1914. Three years ago. Three years and eight months ago, to be exact. Nowadays, I don't wear tea-rose crêpe frocks nor slim French slippers. Our government's daily Hints for Paris run more to coarse blue denim and dour woollen hose and clumping rubber boots. My once-lily hands clasp a scrubbing-brush far oftener than a hand at bridge. And I rise at five-thirty and gulp my scalding coffee in the hot, tight galley of Field Hospital 64, then set to work. For long before the dawn they come, that endless string of ambulances, with their terrible and precious freight. Then it's baths and food and swift, tense minutes in the tiny "theatre," and swifter, tenser seconds when we and the orderlies hurry through dressings and bandagings, while the senior nurse toils like a Turk alongside and bosses us meanwhile like a slave-driver. Every day my heart is torn open in my breast for the pain of my children, my poor, big, helpless, broken children. Every night, when I slip by to take a last peep at their sleepy, contented faces, my heart is healed for me again. Then I stumble off to our half-partitioned slit and throw myself on my bunk, tired to my last bone, happy to the core of my soul. But day by day the work heaps up. Every cot is full, every tent overflowing. We're short of everything, beds, carbolic, dressings, food. And yesterday, at dusk, when we were all fagged to exhaustion, there streamed down a very flood of wounded, eight ambulance-loads, harvest of a bombed munitions depot.

"We haven't an inch of room."

"We've got to make room." Doctor Lake, sweating, dog-tired, swaying on his feet from nine unbroken hours at the operating-table, took command. "Take my hut; it'll hold four at a pinch. You nurses will give up your cubby-hole? Thought so. Plenty hot water, Octave? Bring 'em along."

They brought them along. Every stretcher, every bunk, every crack was crowded now. Then came the whir of a racing motor. One more ambulance plunged up the sodden road.

"Ah! *Grand blessé!*" murmured old Octave.

"*Grand blessé!* And not a blanket left, even. Put him in the coal-hole," groaned the head nurse.

"Nix on the coal-hole." Thus the muddy young driver, hauling out the stretcher with its long, moveless shape. "This is the candy kid—hear me? Our crack scout. Escadrille 32."

"Escadrille 32?" The number held no meaning for me. Yet I pushed nearer. *Grand blessé*, indeed, that lax, pulseless body, that shattered flesh, that blood and mire. I bent closer. Red hair, shining and thick, the red that always goes with cinnamon freckles. A clean-cut, ashen young face, a square jaw, a stubborn, boyish chin with a deep-cleft dimple.

Then my heart stopped short. The room whirled round me.

"Buster!" I cried out. "You naughty, darling little scamp! So you got your way, after all. You ran off from school, and joined the escadrille—oh, sonny-boy, don't you hear me? Listen! Listen!"

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The gaunt face did not stir. Only that ashy whiteness seemed to grow yet whiter.

"We'll do our best, Miss Preston. Go away now, dear." The head nurse put me gently back. I knew too well what her gentleness meant.

"But Doctor Lake can save him! Doctor Lake can pull him through!"

"Doctor Lake is worn out. We'll have to manage without him."

"Don't you believe it!" I flamed. Then I, the greenest, meekest slavey in the service, dashed straight to the operating-room, and gripped Doctor Lake by both wrists and jerked him bodily off the bench where he crouched, a sick, lubberly heap, blind with fatigue.

"No, you shan't stop to rest. Not yet!" I stormed at him. Somehow I dragged him down the ward, to my boy's side. At sight of that deathlike face, the limp, shivering man pulled himself together with all his weary might.

"I'll do my level best, Miss Edith. Go away, now, that's a good girl."

I went away and listened to the ambulance-driver. He was having an ugly bullet scratch on his arm tied up. He was not a regular field-service man, but a young Y. M. C. A. helper who had taken the place of a driver shot down that noon.

"Well, you see, that kid took the air two hours ago to locate the battery that's been spilling shells into our munitions station. He spotted it, and two others besides. Naturally, they spotted him. He scooted for home, with a shrapnel wound in his shoulder, and made a bad landing three miles back of the lines, and broke his leg and whacked his head. Luckily I wasn't a hundred yards away. I got him aboard my car and gave him first aid and started to bring him straight over here. Would he stand for that? Not Buddy. 'You'll take me to headquarters first, to report,' says he. 'So let her out.'

"No use arguing. I let her out. We reported at headquarters, three miles out of our way, then started here. Two miles back, a shell struck just ahead and sent a rock the size of a paving-brick smack against our engine. The car stopped, dead. Did that faze the kid? Not so you could notice it. 'You hoist me on the seat and let me get one hand on the wheel,' says he, cool's a cucumber. 'There isn't a car made but will jump through hoops for me.' Go she did. With her engine knocked galley west, mind you, and him propped up, chirk as a cherubim, with his broken leg and his smashed shoulder, and a knock on his head that would 'a' stopped his clock if he'd had any brains to jolt. Skill? He drove that car like a racer. She only hit the high places. Pluck? He wrote it.

"We weren't fifty yards from the hospital when he crumpled down, and I grabbed him. Hemorrhage, I guess. I sure do hope they pull him through. But —I don't believe——"

Soon a very dirty-faced brigadier-general, whom I used to meet at dances long ago, came and sat down on a soap-box and held my hands and tried to comfort me, so gently and so patiently, the poor, kind, blundering dear. Most of his words just buzzed and glimmered round me. But one thought stuck in my dull brain.

"This isn't your boy's first service to his country, Miss Edith. He has been with the escadrille only a month, but he has brought down three enemy planes, and his scouting has been invaluable. He's a wonder, anyhow. So are all our flying boys. They tell me that the German youngsters make such good soldiers because they're trained to follow orders blindfold. All very well when it comes to following a bayonet charge over the top. But the escadrille—that's another story. Take our boys, brought up to sail their own boats and run their own cars and chance any fool risk in sight. Couple up that impudence, that fearlessness, that splendid curiosity, and you've got a fighting-machine that not only fights but wins. All the drilled, stolid forces in creation can't beat back that headlong young spirit. If——"

He halted, stammering.

"If—we can't keep him with us, you must remember that he gave his best to his country, and his best was a noble gift. Be very glad that you could help your boy prepare himself to bestow it. You and his parents gave him his outdoor life and his daring sports and his fearless outlook, and his uncurbed initiative. You helped him build himself, mind and

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body, to flawless powers and to instant decisions. To-day came his chance to give his greatest service. No matter what comes now, you—you have your royal memory."

But I could not hear any more. I cried out that I didn't want any royal memories, I wanted my dear, bad, self-willed little boy. The general got up then and limped away and stood and looked out of the window.

I sat and waited. I kept on waiting—minutes on gray minutes, hours on hours.

Then a nurse grasped my shoulders, and tried to tell me something. I heard her clearly, but I couldn't string her words together to make meaning. Finally, she drew me to my feet and led me back to the operating-room.

There stood Doctor Lake. He was leaning against the wall and wiping his face on a piece of gauze. He came straight to me and put out both big, kind hands.

"Tell me. You needn't try to make it easy——"

"There, there, Miss Edith. There's nothing to tell. Look for yourself."

Gray-lipped, whiter than ashes, straight and moveless as a young knight in marble effigy, lay my boy. But a shadow pulse flickered in that bound temple, the cheek I kissed was warm.

"No," said Doctor Lake very softly. "He won't die. He's steel and whipcord, that youngster. Heaven be praised, you can't kill his sort with a hatchet."

He leaned down, gave Buster a long, searching look. His puffy, fagged face twisted with bewilderment, then broke into chuckles of astonishment and delight.

"Well, on my word and honor! I've just this moment recognized him. This *blessé* is the imp of Satan who used to steal my car up the North Shore. He's the chap who steered that confounded aeroplane into the garden-party. . . . I've always sworn that, let me once lay hands on that young scalawag; I'd lick the tar out of him!"

"Well, here's your chance," snivelled I.

He did not hear me. He had stooped again over Buster. Again he was peering into that still face. Over his own face came a strange look, mirthful, then deep with question, profoundly tender; then, flashing through, a gleam of amazing and most piteous jealousy, the bitter, comic jealousy of the most famous of all middle-aged American surgeons for insolent, foolhardy, glorious youth.

Then he turned and went away, a big, dead-tired, shambling figure. And in that instant my boy's heavy eyes lifted and stared at me. Slowly in them awoke a drowsy sparkle.

"Hello, Cousin Edith. When did you blow in?"

I didn't try to speak. I looked past him at Doctor Lake, now plodding from the room. Buster's eyes followed mine. Over his face came a smile of heaven's own light.

"Old stuffed shirt," sighed Buster with exquisite content. He turned his gaunt young head on the pillow; he tucked a brawny fist under his cheek. Before I could speak he had slipped away, far on a sea of dreams.

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THE BABY AND THE BABY

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL

I—SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA

I am The Baby.
I own this room and everything that's in sight.
I own the pink blankets and all the pillows and this brass crib that's so shiny and bright.
I'd like to suck the crib, but I can't, because it doesn't come close to my mouth
Like bottles and woolly blankets; anyhow it's mine, east to west and north to south.
That couple of old persons around twenty who refer to themselves as "father" and "mother"—
They're mine, too, and when I'm engaged with important thoughts they're a bother.
Yet there's a dreamy satisfaction in owning them, and in seeing them make fools of themselves to amuse me.
The Person in Skirts assures me often that nobody shall abuse me
Because I'm her owny-wowny lamby-petty—I wonder why she thinks that sort of asininity
Is appropriate to me, fresh from the stars and the whirl of infinity?
I fix her with a cold stare, but she only says: "Look, Teddy!
He acts as if he knew us, and owned us, and scorned us already!"
Yet I'm getting used to their queer games, and they begin to appeal to me.
It seems it's they who soak me in pink blankets and adoration and every day deal to me
Through my nurse and my minions in general the sundry warm bottles and such
Which are the real facts of the universe and please me very much.
The Person in Trousers—one day he was left alone with me
And I stared up and he stared down, frowning hard, as if he'd pick a bone with me.
So after a while I remarked: "Bh!" and he laughed, and he said: "You little cuss,
Suppose we seize this chance for an interview, just us."
And he bent over my crib and to my astonishment lifted me,
Though I knew that, after he'd once gripped, not for worlds would he have shifted me.
But he got me up safe in his huge claws, and held me, and, you know, it was nice,
Though his hands were so gentle and terrified, they were comfy, and strong as a vise;
Then he looked at me, very much as the Person in Skirts looks, which I didn't know he knew how,
And he whispered straight at me: "Little cuss, there's going to be one horrid big row
If you don't get all that's coming to you, love and care and food and chances.
If you don't, it's your father will know the reason why, and such are the circumstances."
Then he laid me down, as if I were trinitrotoluol at least,
And I googled up at him, and laughed, much like a fish at a feast.
And since then I like him to come, and to touch me, and I rather
Am inclined to consider it's a good asset to have a father.

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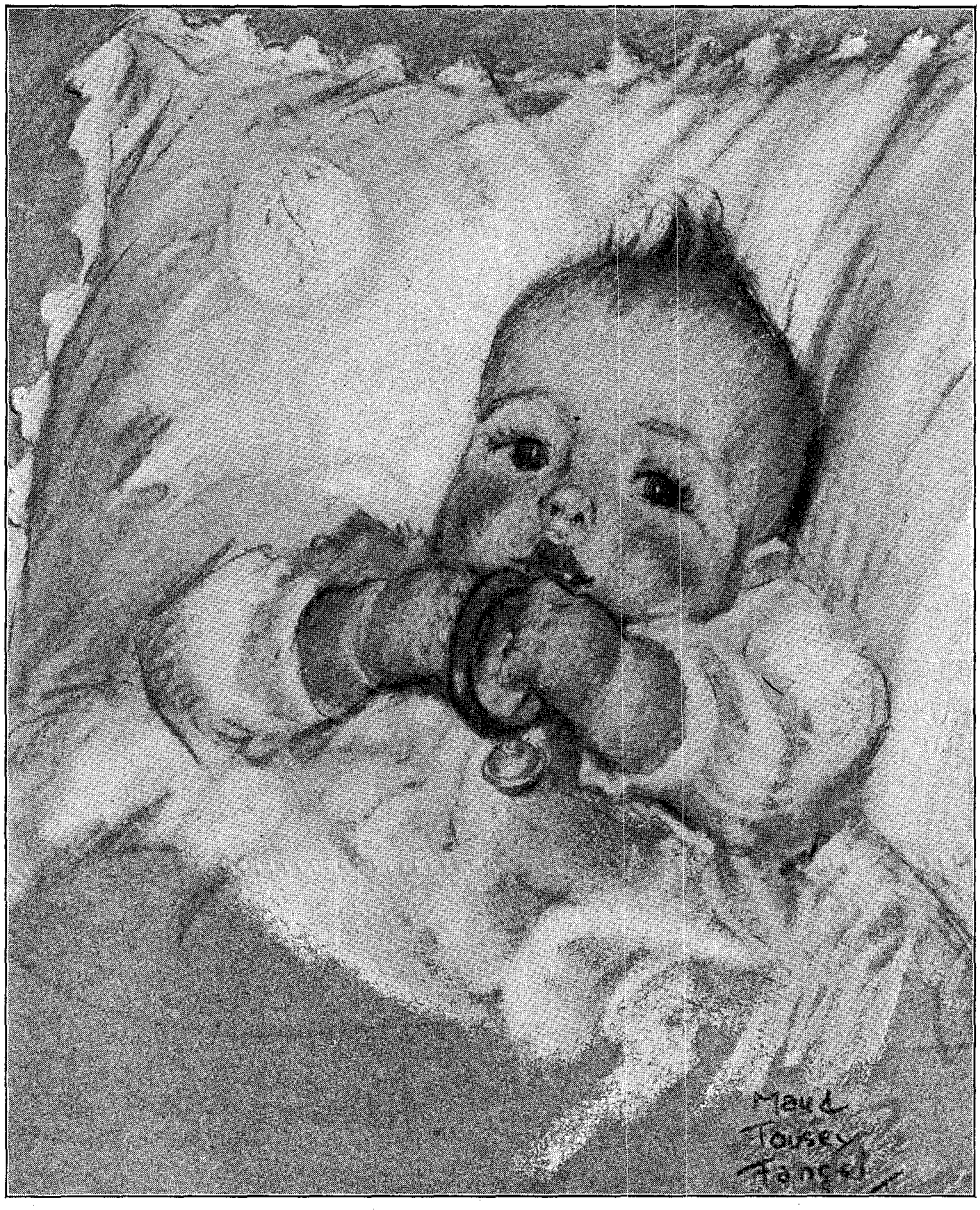

I'm fat and rosy and stuffed and pampered and happy.

Anyhow he's mine. And the Person in Skirts, which is perhaps the best thing I own, she's mine, too.
And the nurse, and the half nurse, and the nursery and—you see that blue silk shoe?
I just kicked it off—that's mine; I'd so like it to chew.
And all these woolly and silk things lying around,
I own them and everything—the Person in Skirts said so—all the house down to the ground.
I'm fat and rosy and stuffed and pampered and happy, and maybe
There's anything you can think of better to be than an American baby.

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I've been cold and lonely and hungry all day.

II—SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

I am The Baby.
The Person in Skirts that I own says it that way when she comes home at night;
She says it in French, and hugs me, and then for a minute I'm warm, and things seem right,
And I gurgle and goo at her, but soon I begin to whimper a scrap,
For I've been cold and lonely and hungry all day, and I want to tell her about it, as I lie in her lap.
And she understands, for she rubs me nicely awhile, and holds me close,
And then she puts me down and fusses about and cooks me the nastiest dose!

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Now what do you think? Instead of a warm bottle of milk, white and delicious,
She boils grass and such stuff—yes, she does—in water, and I hear her whispering:
"It isn't nutritious."
And she feeds it to me, and I hate it, and howl and kick and squeal,
And then she cries into it, and I get tired—for it doesn't give a fellow strength, that meal.
I get so tired I can't howl or kick any more, and so I lie still,
And make a small whimpering noise, and try to beg with my eyes to be fed my fill—
Which is what a baby's entitled to, else why did he have to come?
Heaven knows I didn't ask to start living in this land of gun and drum.
So the Person in Skirts—she says she's my mother, and she's thin and sad and white—
She puts me to bed and lies down beside me, but neither of us sleeps much all night.
Next morning she kisses me, and wraps me in a shawl, and steals out of the door and away,
And then I'm alone, and vaguely scared, and it seems like a week long, all day.
Maybe two or three times a kind person comes in and takes me up and comforts me and then tries to cram down me
That nasty grass tea, till I wish I were an extra puppy and they'd drown me.
I really can't drink that stuff. And the only reason I keep on going,
Which I sometimes think is a mistake in a country where grass tea is growing,
Is because I'm glad, nights, when the Person in Skirts comes back,
And also because, once in a blue moon, there's a large, deep-voiced Person in Black
Called the Curé, who brings me real milk—just a little, but oh, isn't it fine!
And when I see it coming, warm and white, I'm in such a hurry that I whimper and whine
For pure joy, and the Curé smiles a bit, watching me, and says I'm the hope of France;
But how can a chap be the hope of France when he can't get enough food to have a chance?
And the Person in Skirts whispers things about my father, whom she calls her lost hero so sadly—
Somehow I've gathered that a father's a thing that gives babies what they need badly.
I wish I had a father. If I couldn't have that, then I wish some other babies' fathers would give me a place to stay—
A warm, light place, with persons in it while the Person in Skirts is gone all day.
And maybe they'd give me some food that wasn't as bad as grass tea.
Do you think, if their babies have plenty and some left over, the other babies' fathers would do that for me?

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OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT

PENCIL SKETCHES WITH NOTES BY THE ARTIST

THOMAS D. BENRIMO

An old house on the main street.

OLD LYME, situated on the eastern shore of the Connecticut River, is a quaint and charming example of the traditional New England village, with its broad, elm-shaded streets, winding lanes, and stately Colonial homes. It is rich with the early New England associations and has developed an artist's colony composed of a group of well-known American painters.

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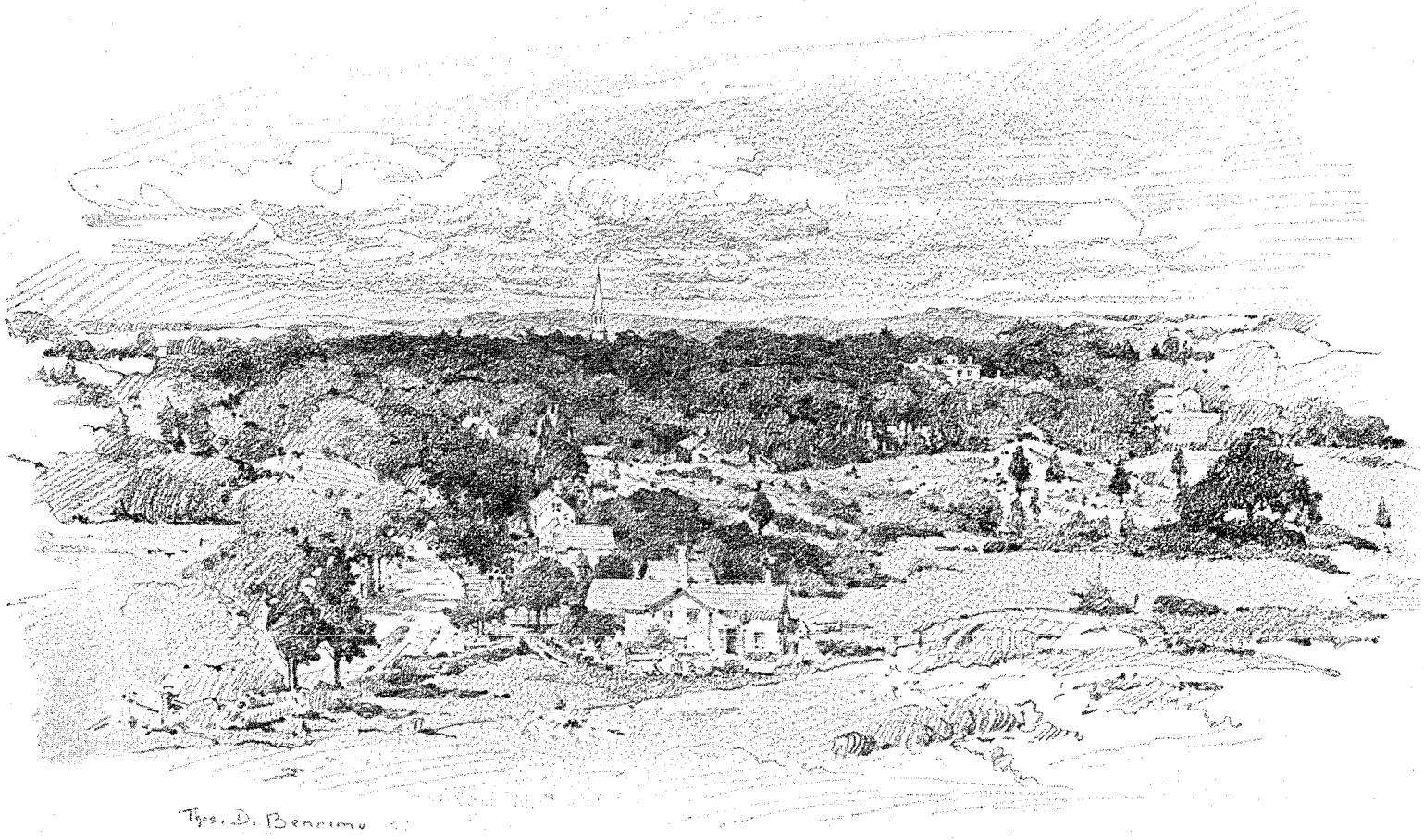

Old Lyme from the hills.

A few minutes' walk from the meeting-house corner brings us, by way of a gentle slope, to the ridge from which this sketch was made.

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A quiet bit of Old Lyme.

Down by the backwater of the Connecticut River.

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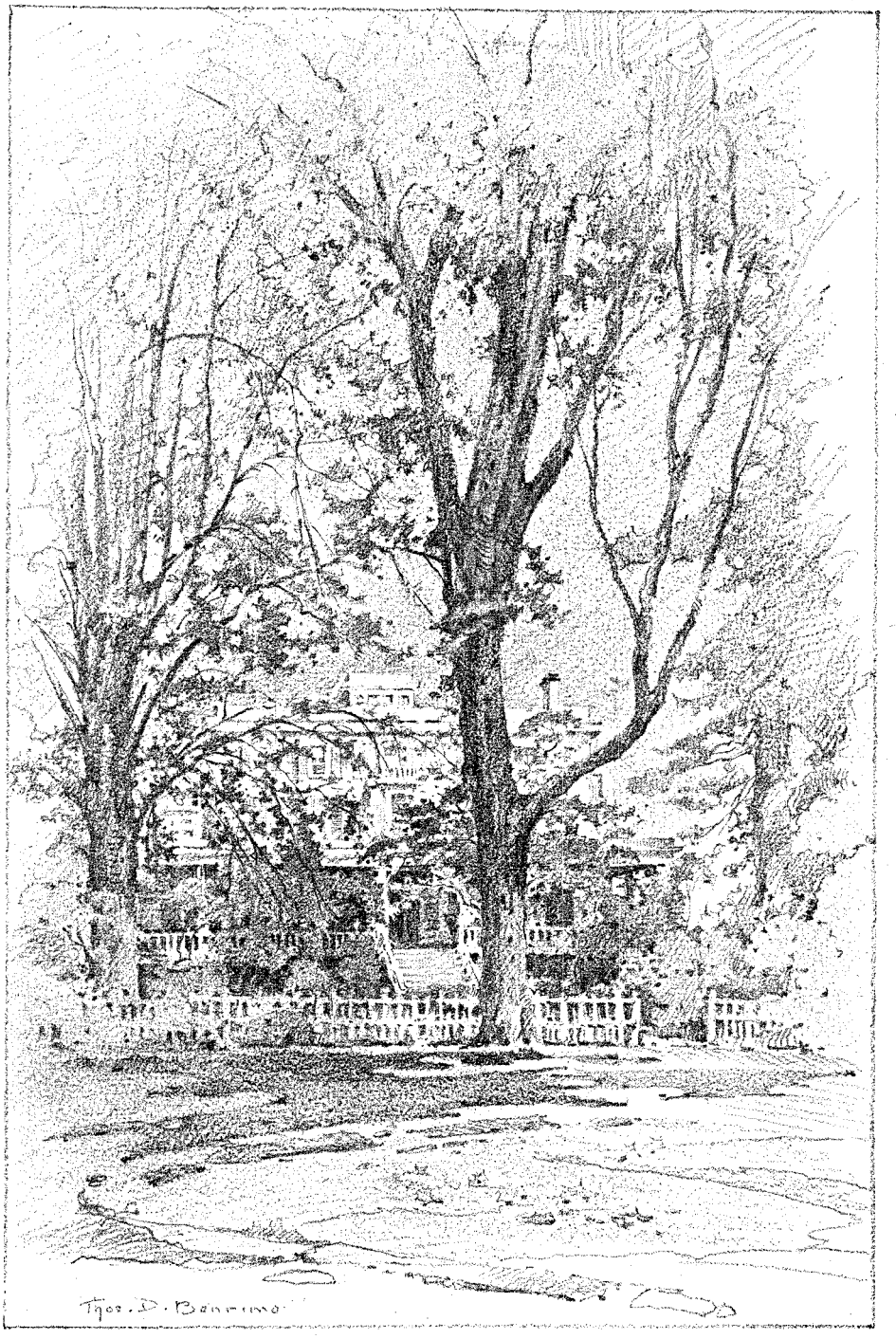

Boxwood.

Originally the homestead, on the main street, of one of the oldest families of Old Lyme; since occupied as a school and also as a hotel.

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The little white store.

Opposite the church stands the "little white store," constructed with that respect for proportion which is so noticeable in even the humblest dwelling in this delightful village.

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A bit of farm landscape in Old Lyme.

For many years well-known landscape artists have frequented Old Lyme, attracted by its charming tranquillity and character.

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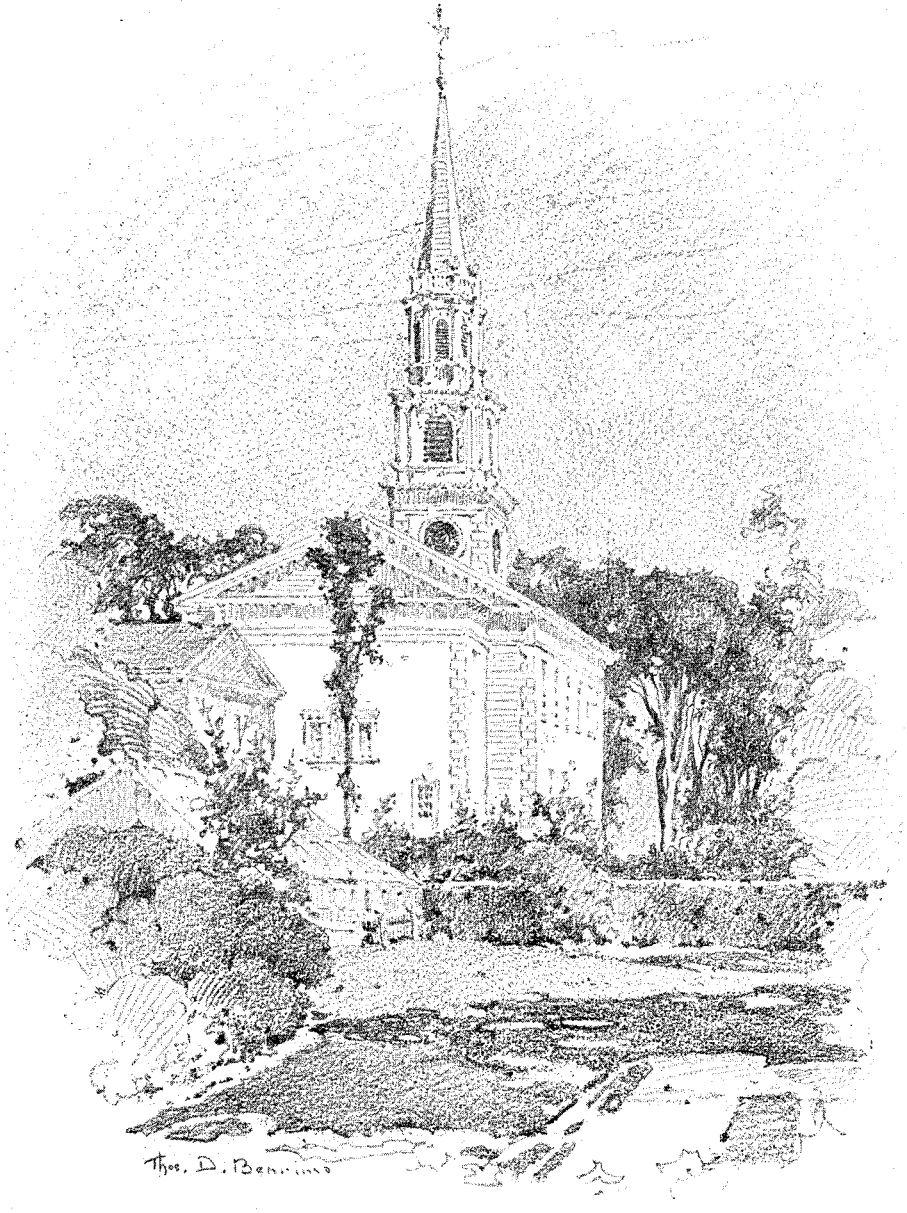

Old Lyme church.

A white meeting-house standing at the junction of the Old Boston Post Road and the main street, shaded by stately elms. The present structure, with its delicately proportioned spire, is a fireproof reconstruction of the original edifice mysteriously destroyed by fire on July 3, 1907.

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Down Meeting House Lane.

The stately church and venerable mansions of the main street are not alone the attractions of Old Lyme; in the by-lanes such bits as this delight the artist's eye at every turn.

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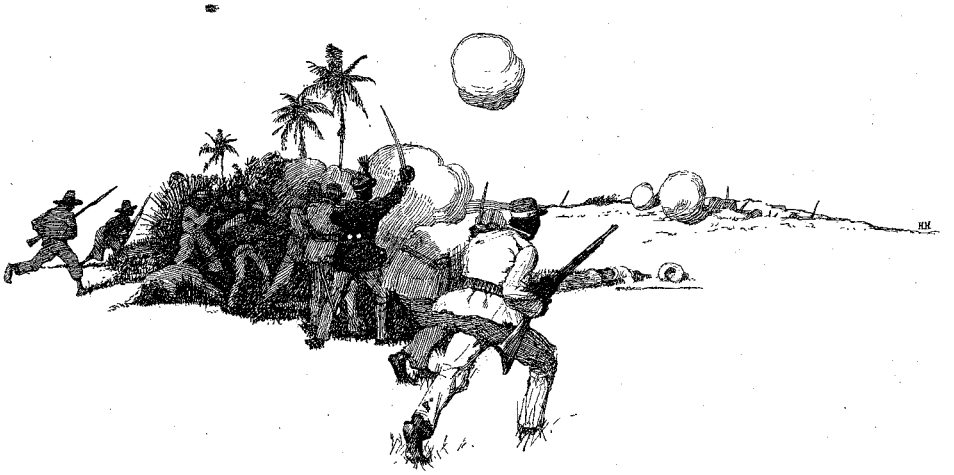

RECALLED

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAWTHORNE HOWLAND

THEY were seven men of the marine corps, blown to sea in an open boat while crossing a bay of the green coast of Haiti to relieve an outpost that guarded the American line against a rebel surprise. The tail of a hurricane had whisked them away in a smother of foam, and they managed to survive because the lee of the island checked the swing of the breaking swell. The yawl was almost submerged, but the derelict marines, unterrified, clung to the thwarts and baled with their hats while the dusk came, sad and misty, and the quick fury of the wind diminished. With a flicker of hope the betting odds shifted, and Corporal Dennis O'Kane, in charge as an acting sergeant, offered a month's pay at one to three that they would fetch up somewhere in the morning.

Benumbed with fatigue, intolerably thirsty, and almost hungry enough to eat their leather belts, they sprawled against each other while the boat drifted to the westward, and the ocean, its turbulence gone by midnight, heaved quietly beneath a sky ablaze with stars. After ever so long a time, the low bank of cloud revealed by dawn became, in reality, a range of Haitien mountains many miles distant. In turn, the seven marines slogged at the oars, and the battered yawl crept painfully toward the coast. These were no soft-fibred recruits, but strong men hardened by active service and splendidly youthful. They had learned to do and to endure.

"'Tis grand scenery yonder," said Dennis O'Kane, wiping his face with his sleeve; "but if they'd move the mountains a bit nearer it would be more convenient for us. Do they look at all familiar to you, Jonesy?"

The other corporal, thus addressed, was gazing landward with haggard eyes as he morosely answered:

"I don't know where we are, but if it's back to Haiti again, I wish we had blown to hell-and-gone."

This amused a sprightly, boyish private whose love of adventure nothing could dim. His voice quivered with weakness, but he smiled as he said:

"This outfit has cut loose from its base and we're an independent command. We may pull off some kind of a stunt. You can't tell."

Before noon a light breeze tempered the sun, and khaki blouses spread on the oar-blades served as sails to give the boat a little more than steerageway. A nar-

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row pocket of a harbor disclosed itself, and a glimpse of a white beach with a village beyond. While in the offing, the seven marines, who were prudent as well as brave, carefully cleaned their rifles and held a council of war. It was their paternal duty to uphold the administration of President Tudre Dartiguenave and to chastise all such as interfered with it. Here and there, where the embers of insurrection still smouldered in the barbarous republic, the American force was regarded as an hostile invasion.

The yawl was halted at the entrance of the unknown harbor, and the castaways scanned the huddled settlement of shabby dwellings and unkempt streets which marred the lovely setting of valley, hill, and waterfall. Above the ruins of an ancient fort floated a flag which the keen vision of Dennis O'Kane presently made out to be the colors of the authorized government.

"I would shoot up a whole army that stood betwixt me and a drink of water, but we won't have to, boys!" he cheerfully exclaimed. "The metropolis is in the hands of our friends."

With a final flurry of effort the oars splashed, and they steered for a rickety wharf, but the boat slid upon an unseen reef, and they abandoned her forthwith, floundering weakly to the beach, where they dropped like dead men, and swore because there was no more strength in their legs. The black populace, having nothing else to do, surrounded them with voluble sympathy, and no interpreter was required to send the women scurrying to the market for fried fish, flour cakes, jugs of water and native rum. Hailed as heroes, the seven marines magically revived and displayed some interest in their whereabouts.

To them appeared in perspiring haste a man, fat and yellow, also barefooted, who was upholstered with tarnished epaulets and braid and who tripped over a rusty sword. Waving a plumed cocked hat, he bellowed greetings in what he assumed to be the English tongue. It was comprehended that he was the governor of the *arrondissement* and city of Soulouque, also a general of the army. His palace, himself, his fortune were at the disposal of the peerless soldiers of the superb Uncle Sam. A salute would be fired as soon as the artillery, an old brass cannon, could be dragged out of the ditch into which she had kicked herself a few months previously. To the earnest questions of Corporal O'Kane he replied that they were sixty miles from their own camp and battalion. By land there was only a jungle trail, now impassable because of freshets and landslides. Once a month the mail-boat called, but otherwise the city was isolated. Possibly a fishing-sloop—but Dennis O'Kane here signified that slumber was more desirable.

The "palace" was of wood, two stories, and therefore pretentious, with a roof of corrugated iron. In beds and hammocks lay the oblivious marines until another day was well advanced, while slipshod sentries, under immense straw hats, enforced silence in the streets near by. When Dennis sauntered from breakfast to investigate the landscape, his mood was light-hearted and curious. Pigs and pickaninnies swarmed in filthy gutters, and the smells were those of a Haitien town, amazing, unforgettable. The leisurely black folk loitered in laughing groups with incessant chatter. The prize of contentment was theirs, and the corporal surveyed them rather with tolerance than disgust.

Soon he saw approaching a man so unlike the natives that he might have been an alien, although his skin was of a mulatto shade. He was elderly, but with the straight, trim figure of youth, head erect, shoulders squared, and the gait of one who walked instead of shuffled. He wore khaki, which fitted him like a uniform, and his aspect suggested disciplined efficiency. Interested at the first glance, Dennis O'Kane could not mistake him for one of the burlesque officers of the Haitien army. He was too much of a man, and he wore no military trappings.

The stranger crossed the street, doffing his hat as he exclaimed:

"Yo' misfortune is mah enjoyment, suh. I jes' come back this mornin', or I'd been on hand to make you-all comfortable when you landed yestiddy."

"'Tis the sound of God's country and old Virginia," cried the corporal as they shook hands. He scrutinized the kindly yet resolute features and the grizzled head

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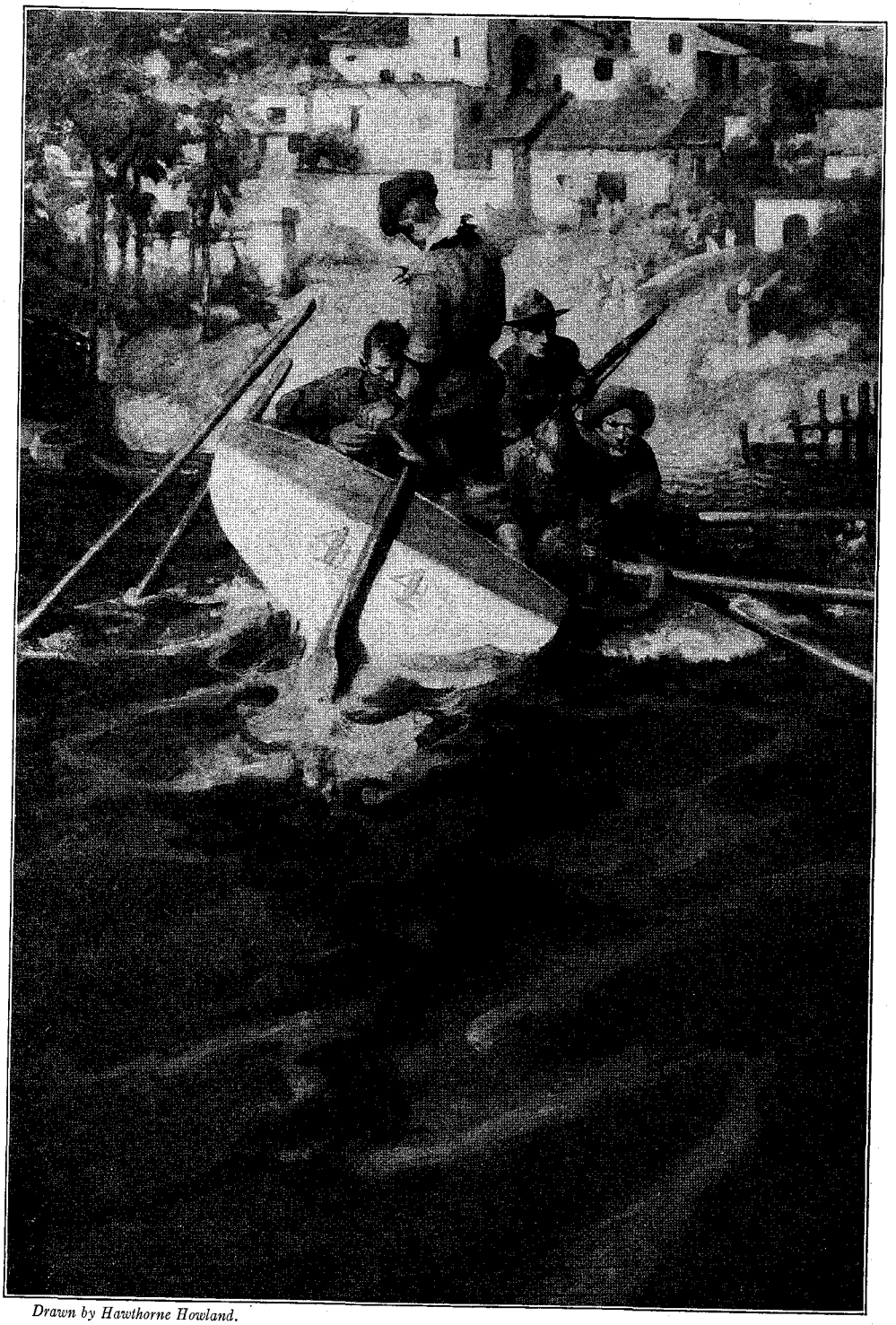

Drawn by Hawthorne Howland.

With a final flurry of effort the oars splashed . . . but the boat slid upon an unseen reef.—Page 174.

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as he added: "Don't tell me you came back with a chance to get away—a bird as old and wise as you are?"

"Haiti has been mah residence fo' goin' on twelve years, Mistah O'Kane, but I is due to pull up stakes. Yes, suh, this is th' farewell appearance of Cassius Shoemaker Logan in th' land of the black an' th' free."

Curious to know more, O'Kane invited him to a seat on the governor's piazza, where he was informed, with an air of pride:

"I was suttinly in a hurry to set eyes on you an' yo' men. It made mah heart go a-bumpin' an' a-thumpin'. We is kin in th' service, tho' they mustered me out a long spell ago. I done five enlistments in the ol' Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., an' was top sergeant of B troop when I quit. Hum-m! Santiago an' the Philippines—hard days an' plenty of 'em—a bullet in th' shoulder an' a bolo in th' ribs. The marines was gittin' theirs, same as us, but, goodness, man, you was in yo' cradle."

"The Tenth Cavalry—an honor to the army and a credit to your own people," cried Dennis O'Kane as ceremoniously as though offering a toast. "The pleasure is mine, Sergeant Logan! And may I ask what breeze it was that wafted you to this sunny but benighted clime where every prospect pleases and only man is in the discard?"

The veteran trooper rubbed his wool, and the chuckle was rich and deep as he answered:

"A yaller gal. She come from Port-au-Prince to Savannah as a charity child, an' cooked an' washed for white ladies when she growed up. After I done married her she was forever ding-dongin' in mah ears how th' United States wa'n't no fit place fo' self-respectin' colored folks. They was looked down at an' Jim-Crowed an' teetotally put on the wrong side of th' fence. Haiti was the paradise for we-all, where a nigger stepped high an' hadn't no inferiors. Bimeby I says mebbe so. I had saved mah pay in th' army, an' I sort o' liked the notion of bein' able to mix mahself with major-ginerals an' dukes an' aristocrats."

"And have you enjoyed transplanting yourself?" politely inquired the marine.

Sergeant Cassius Logan gazed absently at the mountains behind the town, and the lines of his face deepened, but his sense of humor was uppermost as he imparted:

"Nothin' to it, suh. Nothin' a-tall. Mah wife she stayed with me 'til a year ago, an' then she run off with the minister of foreign affairs. Yes, suh. She flew high. I had done pretty well with a grocery store an' a patch of ground in th' valley back yonder. Las' week I sold out to a man in Port-au-Prince—two thousan' dollars gold."

"'Tis your intention to beat it with the loot?" said Dennis.

"Jes' watch me. I done arranged fo' a gasoline-boat to carry me away to-morrow so I kin hop th' next steamer to New York. Why can't I leave you an' yo' men where you want to go to?"

This was an offer of salvation so unexpected that Dennis hastened to shout the tidings. His comrades drew no color-line in the case of Sergeant Logan. It was enough that he had served his country long and well. He was a veteran of the old army, before the Spanish War, whose traditions are still dear to the heart of the regular. Their host, the affable governor, found himself neglected while the seven marines fraternized with the fighting man from their own land.

They were at a table in a café when the discordant blare of bugles and the furious roll of drums spread a sudden alarm. Squads of Haitien soldiers trotted past, while others scampered singly in the direction of some rallying-place. It was no routine manœuvre. Panic was in the air. The street crowds eddied to and fro, aimless, tremendously excited. Sergeant Logan halted an officer of sorts, who was digging spurs into a bony steed, and extorted an incoherent explanation.

An army of rebels under the terrible General LeComte had crossed the barrier of the mountains and was marching to assault the city of Soulouque, which had been unmolested until now. The governor was taken by surprise. He had no more than two hundred soldiers, who would be instantly overwhelmed. To surrender meant destruction and slaughter, for this beast of a LeComte showed no mercy. To this tremulous outburst the marines listened gravely, understand-

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ing scarcely a word of the bastard lingo, but surmising that big trouble was in the wind. Reconvening at the table, they received the report of Cassius Shoemaker Logan, and already there seemed to be among them some kind of tacit agreement. As spokesman, Dennis O'Kane declaimed, with a frown and a twinkle:

"That gasoline-boat looks like the one best bet for us, *but*——"

This last word was weighty, singularly eloquent, and the other marines nodded approval. Dennis looked at them, one by one, and found in their faces what he wished to read. The colored trooper leaned forward, his back as flat as a board, and no one longer thought of him as elderly. He sighed, but not for sadness, and his eyes conveyed a feeling of intimate affection.

"*But* the duty of the battalion of United States marines now on expeditionary service in Haiti," sonorously resumed Dennis, as if he were quoting from general orders—"their duty is to prevent the blackguards of rebels from enterin' the towns and cities held and occupied by the government of this president with the divil of a name to pronounce. 'Tis only a corporal I am, acting as sergeant for this detail by favor of Captain 'Buck' McGrath, but, communication with headquarters being interrupted, I'm a commandin' officer on my own hook. What about it, boys? Will I put it to a vote?"

"Carried unanimously," declared Corporal Jones, pounding the table with a clinched fist. "No discretion is allowed us, Dennis. We've got to try to keep this rebel guy from jumpin' the town."

The boyish private appeared rather amazed. He had yearned for adventure, and too much of it was imminent, but he sturdily rapped out:

"What would the rest of D Company say to us if we skedaddled from a bunch of these dog-robbers, no matter how fast they came?"

" 'Tis more what we think of ourselves," slowly replied Dennis. "I mistrust that D Company is liable to hear mighty little from us when the smoke clears, if we sit in on this proposition."

"Seven white men," growled the rugged Jones—"excuse me, Sergeant Logan, we hereby make it eight—all there is of us in this slum of iniquity to show these coons the real stuff. You bet we stand pat."

The cavalry veteran accepted the apology with a suave gesture of salute while the others awaited his verdict during tense moments of silence. There was no logical reason why he should join their forlorn cause, but they were sublimely illogical. Sentiment was their ruling motive. The call of the service constrained them, and it seemed to them that this old sergeant of the Tenth Cavalry must also hear the summons. They were soldiers all. Cassius Logan deliberated, and the glow faded from his eyes. There was a note of appeal in his voice as he said:

"Don't jedge me too harsh, gen'lemen, if my mind ain't made up right now. You don't ask me in so many words, but I reckon I understands what's in yo' thoughts. I was aimin' to pull mah freight to-morrow, same as I told you-all, an' it seems like I was deservin' of a little peace an' comfort in mah old age."

"Right you are, sergeant," heartily concurred Dennis O'Kane, hiding his vague disappointment. "We lads are elected, and 'tis none of your funeral whatever. It's you for the open sea, and good luck go with you."

"I ain't said good-by yit," was the gently stubborn response. "You sort o' got the jump on me, an' a man as old as I is don't go surgin' into trouble, blim, blam, like he used to."

The trooper rose to his feet and bowed a courtly adieu. His demeanor was disturbed, expressing the desire that the reckless young marines suspend judgment. They watched him swing into the turbulent street, and the boyish private remarked, with a shrug:

"Who said he was white? Nigger through and through! What else did you expect?"

"None of that cheap stuff," thundered O'Kane. "The man has been a better soldier than you could live to be in seven hundred years. 'Tis his own business and none of yours. We were foolish to dream of his mixin' in a job which was wished onto us."

Dismissing the topic, they put their heads together, and every man spoke his mind with ready deference to the opin-

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ions of Dennis O'Kane. They would first make a reconnaissance of the town and suburbs and study the strategic positions and possible defenses. A vainglorious arithmetic buoyed their courage, for one marine was presumed to stand off a score of Haitien ragamuffins, and therefore one hundred and fifty of the enemy were already accounted for. It was discovered that the invaders would probably debouch from a valley whose rocky walls were too steep to scale. If surprised and driven back they must make a long and difficult détour in order to advance along the beach.

"There have been worse places for a frolic and many a better one," was the careless comment of Dennis. "Now, let us interview the smoked ham of a governor and see if he has mobilized the forces."

At the palace there was picturesque riot and confusion. Soldiers were straggling in from the banana clearings and flourishing machetes. One could not have swung a cat by the tail without hitting at least three generals and colonels, wonderfully agitated. As commander-in-chief, the governor bawled conflicting orders which exploded without effect. Into this bedlam strolled the seven marines, jocular, unruffled, asking no odds of destiny. They regarded the situation as theirs to control. The corpulent governor subsided when Dennis O'Kane slapped him on the back and smoothly exclaimed:

"At your service, my dear man; and will you kindly inform the army that I am to be chief of staff, likewise the main works, when the rumpus begins? Put them wise, if you please."

The governor beamed ineffable gratitude, for his martial spirit burned dim. He was like an immense tallow candle with a precious small wick. Yes, by the blood and bones of ten thousand saints, his soldiers would follow the seven Yankee marines to death and beyond. He, the governor, would proclaim it at once.

Dennis O'Kane inspected the Haitien heroes and concealed his doubts. They carried rifles and there was ammunition in abundance. Otherwise he had been given command of so many sable scarecrows who could neither drill nor shoot. Without delay they were herded toward the chosen line of defense and set to digging trenches while Corporal Jones and a provost guard swept the town for civilians and shovels. It was early afternoon when the word came that the ferocious LeComte with a long column of men had crossed the last ridge which barred him from the valley and was moving rapidly to enter Soulouque by night.

"I wonder what has become of Sergeant Cassius Logan, of Santiago and the Philippines?" said Dennis O'Kane. "He that had the scars of battle on him and five enlistments in a regiment that has always stood the gaff. My hunch was wrong. I thought we would see him again."

"He might have stayed to help us handle these chocolate drops," grumbled Jones. "They would listen to him. They roll their eyes and make funny noises at me. A wise old-timer, that Logan, and maybe he was a counterfeit trooper at that, but he sure had the marks."

That the two hundred native soldiers should display obedience and fidelity in this crisis flattered the vanity of the bold marines. It was a tribute to the well-known quality of Anglo-Saxon leadership, to the example set by the dominant race. It became apparent, however, as the afternoon wore on, that they were losing enthusiasm for the task in hand. They dropped the shovels, and argued among themselves, paying no heed to the curses of Dennis and his comrades. The governor harangued them, but the result was unfortunate. His beloved infantry yelled derisively and bombarded him with ripe bananas. Mutiny was rampant.

"There's seven of us, but we cannot whip the rebels and subdue our own army at one and the same time," sighed Corporal O'Kane. "'Tis entirely too much to expect. What touched 'em off, I wonder? Perhaps they have no taste for this trench warfare somewhere in Haiti. They are more used to scrimmagin' in the jungle."

It was futile to threaten. The marines were unhappy spectators while the negroes wrangled and, at length, came to some sort of common agreement. Grasping their rifles, they began to scramble from the trenches. Instead of returning to the town, they flitted along the paths which led into the lush valley, straight in the direction of the approaching enemy. For a few minutes their dingy linen

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Drawn by Hawthorne Howland.

"Who said he was white? Nigger through and through!"—Page 177.

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breeches and straw hats flickered among the trees, and then the army of General Dennis O'Kane had vanished to a man. Meanwhile, the governor had retreated to the palace, as if the episode were too painful for him to contemplate.

It was also too much for the dauntless seven. They sat in a row upon a mound of freshly excavated sand and passed the canteen of rum and water, staring mournfully into space. Quite obviously the wretched two hundred had deserted to join the rebels.

Dennis O'Kane was never one to brood over misfortune. The shift of circumstances had dazed him, but it could not alter the decision. A burly private named Kenerson slid from the mound and methodically counted his cartridge-clips before he said, thinking aloud:

"Well, by God, this is a comical mess for me to be in—a sign-painter that enlisted because he was out of a job."

There was not much comment as they took position at regular intervals in a trench and watched the wide clearing in front of them while the shadows darkened the green valley. From the town came a curiously sustained sound of many voices pitched shrill with fear as the population streamed in flight toward the coastwise trails. The performance was to lack even an audience. The rebels had no need of caution now that the city had been betrayed by its own troops. The final advance was to be no more than a promenade. The seven marines were an inconsequential detail. Doubtless, they had already fled by sea.

With the dogged patience which discipline imparts, Corporal O'Kane and his men waited until twilight purpled the heights. Then, from the obscurity of the tangled growth, the black brigands of the infamous LeComte came sifting through in careless disorder, racing to find the women and the wine-shops of Soulouque. They descried the long mound of sand which stretched like a yellow snake across their path, and the headlong sprint was checked. While they wavered in dumb uncertainty, the seven rifles raked them with bullets which were not sent at random. The dead lay sprawled where they fell, and the others, taking cover, wildly returned the fire. It was the last stand of a few trained men against a mob.

When a gorgeous moon flooded the dusk with silver, the rebel fusillades still echoed from the lofty walls of the valley. Six rifles answered them. Private Kenerson, the sign-painter out of a job, had finished his enlistment, and a hole in the forehead was his certificate of honorable discharge. Pausing to reload, Corporal O'Kane exclaimed, with a weary smile:

"To think of our holding them off like this! 'Tis snappy work, boys, and marksmanship that 'Buck' McGrath himself could not grumble at. Will they try to rush us, Jonesy?"

"I guess so—as soon as we go shy of ammunition. Suicide don't seem to appeal to 'em just at present."

"I've noticed a decent regard for their own skins amongst these heathen," said Dennis, "but they expect to get us. You will see them divide before long and flank us by way of the beach. 'Tis a long, stiff climb for them, and the finish will be due about daylight."

The prediction was shrewdly reasoned. A little later the attack dwindled to an occasional pot-shot, and camp-fires twinkled in the dense leafage. The marines rolled cigarettes and bandaged a grazed scalp, a flesh wound in the neck, a smashed finger. The line of retreat to the harbor and possibly a small boat of some kind was still open, but no one mentioned it. For men who were to be wiped out at dawn, their behavior was matter-of-fact.

Through the interminable night they stood guard or slept by snatches. When the eastern sky brightened, instead of the concerted assault, impossible to stem, there came to their ears a sudden, terrific clamor of fighting in the valley. Astonished, they gazed and listened. It was the noise of a bloody mêlée, hand-to-hand, with the pistol, the butt, the machete. Something disastrous had happened to the rebel army. Whatever it was so interested the six marines that they concluded to take part. Forsaking the trench, they were traversing the cleared field when fugitives came bolting out of the jungle, shedding weapons and yelling for mercy. Corporal Jones winged one of them, but Dennis ordered his squad to cease firing.

"Easy, boys, for we will gather in the prisoners and bag the whole outfit. The

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beggars are scared out of their wits. 'Tis a rout and a slaughter."

Soon a dandified little man in white uniform popped into this extraordinary picture. He was astride a mule which he madly whacked with a sabre. The boyish private who had pined for excitement made for him with a whoop of joy as a prize of war. Yanking him from the saddle, they went to the ground together, and it presently appeared that the jubilant marine was seated upon the stomach of none other than the terrible General LeComte himself, who displayed profound gratitude for this safe deliverance.

On the heels of the runaway army swept the vanguard of the victors, whom Dennis recognized as members of the government force which had so shamelessly deserted him. They were hacking and shooting like so many devils. The mystified marines moved aside until the savage whirlwind had passed with a wreckage of slain in its wake. Fortune had vouchsafed that they should not have to play the game to the bitter end, and it was sweet to be alive in the cool of the morning.

Advancing warily, they came to the rebel camp, where a litter of dead and wounded among the embers was evidence of an onslaught unforeseen.

"As a daffy conundrum, I pass it up," observed Dennis O'Kane. "It gets by me entirely. Who ever saw niggers wade in like that, and who put the tabasco into 'em? They quit us to hook up with these outlaws, and then, holy Moses, they turned and cleaned up the lot."

Corporal Jones was rummaging in the undergrowth when he stumbled over a rumpled body which reclined against a log. It was clad in khaki splotched with fresh stains. With a loud ejaculation the marine gazed down at the lean, dark features of Sergeant Cassius Logan. He was breathing and tried to murmur something when the others surrounded him, their faces reflecting blank incredulity. They could not understand, but the instant task was to bathe and bind his hurts and carry him into Soulouque on a litter of boughs.

When they laboriously drew near the governor's palace the returning populace was dancing to the music of a military band. From the piazza the benevolent ruler sonorously congratulated his troops, whose love for him and the republic had impelled them to repent of their desertion and display an allegiance magnificent, immortal. They had saved a city and crushed a rebellion. The unspeakable General LeComte would be sentenced and shot immediately.

The celebration somehow overlooked the six marines who had held the trench. They found a room for Cassius Logan, and the verdict of the Haitien army surgeon was slightly hopeful. Several hours later he seemed anxious to talk with Dennis O'Kane, who leaned over the cot to catch the plaintive whispering.

"We sure lit on 'em all spraddled out, suh, an' there was nothin' to it a-tall. Jes' pranced through them wuthless rebels like a cake-walk. They wa'n't lookin' for no such surprise-party."

"You laid low and let us think you had a yellow streak?" eagerly queried the corporal of marines. "But what changed the minds of the two hundred tarriers that jumped the job, and was it you that switched them again?"

Sergeant Logan closed his eyes, uttered the ghost of a chuckle, and evasively replied:

"Maybe I kind o' persuaded an' coaxed 'em. You see, it was this-a-way. These yere government soldiers was ordered to march 'round in th' rear an' smear you-all plumb off the map. I met 'em after they started out an' sort o' converted 'em. Right about an' go to it, says I, an' we'll make them rebels mighty hard to find. Believe me, suh, I never led men in th' old regiment that fought so desperate as them two hundred Haitien niggers."

Dennis was silent for some time. The exertion of speech tired the sorely battered trooper, but he was anxious to prolong the interview. His explanation failed to enlighten. It left matters very much in a fog of conjecture. Some other motive than wordy persuasion must have swayed the two hundred to follow this elderly American negro in a reckless charge against a much larger force. By way of a cheering diversion, the corporal suggested:

"'Tis our wish to be on our way, but we will not leave you on your back, sergeant. You belong to us, and the best is

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none too good. I will see to it that you get to the United States as soon as the doctor man lets me pry you loose."

This pledge of devotion failed to comfort Cassius Logan. The intonations were unaccountably sad as he muttered:

"I dunno but what I'll give up th' notion of goin' back home."

"Nonsense," cried Dennis. "You with two thousand dollars gold in the toe of a sock?"

"A powerful sight of money, yes, suh—plenty to keep me shet o' the poor-house, bu-but I lost it las' night."

"Robbed, do you mean?"

"Well, I wa'n't really robbed, but I jes' ain't got it."

Just then Corporal Jones tiptoed in for news of the patient and casually informed Dennis:

"There must have been a juicy war chest in that rebel camp. They beat us to the plunder. These darky soldiers were flat broke and begging for grub yesterday. Now they're squanderin' coin all over the place. They are some spenders, take it from me."

Dennis O'Kane glanced at the wounded man on the cot and his quick perception fathomed the secret. Without a word he gripped the hand of Sergeant Logan, who comprehended, and exclaimed no more than audibly:

"I 'lowed to keep it to mahself. Airin' troubles never did make no hit with me. The governor's soldiers hadn't had no pay in months, nary a cent, an' so they quit you-all to jine th' rebels. I figgered it out, an' I couldn't see no other way to save yo' bacon."

"Ten dollars a head. Two hundred of the murderin' sculpins," meditated Dennis. "They certainly did earn the money. But look where it leaves you! Crippled up and busted, your pockets empty, and nowhere to go. I'm damn sorry you didn't let us pay for our own foolishness."

"That was what worried me when we was discussin' things in the restaurant yestiddy," was the troubled response. "I knowed I'd have to do it, but I reckon I got cold feet—studyin' over mah two thousand dollars an' what it meant to an old man bound back home. Of cou'se I wa'n't hesitatin' about bein' shot up."

"But you came through with bells on," was the fervent eulogy of Corporal Jones. "*Wow!* Were there any more like you in the old Tenth Cavalry?"

Three days after this a gunboat flying the Stars and Stripes wandered into the harbor of Soulouque in search of seven marines who had been blown to sea by the tail of a hurricane. Six of them met the commander on the beach and escorted him toward the shabby frame building which the governor called his palace. With lively interest he took note of their bandages and listened to the curtly formal report of Corporal Dennis O'Kane, in charge of the detail.

"Injured in the line of duty, sir. Private Kenerson killed in action while defendin' a town held and occupied by the Haitien Government. We were understudies, if you please. The job was done by Sergeant Cassius Shoemaker Logan, of the regular army, recalled to active service."

"And who the deuce is he and where can I find him?" demanded the naval officer.

"He died last night, sir, and we buried him an hour ago with the honors of war."

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SHELL SHOCK

BY M. ALLEN STARR, M.D., LL.D.
Emeritus Professor of Neurology, Columbia University

"The will to win is half the battle."—GENERAL FOCH.

IN the present war 20 per cent of the casualties are ascribed to "shell shock," a new condition never observed in any previous war. One hundred and seventy thousand men are in hospitals in England, and sixty thousand in Canada, suffering from this malady, and as many have been reported from both France and Germany. Now our own soldiers are returning from the front, victims of this disease.

To what is it due? How does it manifest itself? What are its underlying conditions? Are there any remedies? These are the questions which are of interest to layman and physician alike.

Modern warfare subjects the soldier to a form of emotional strain previously unknown. In former wars there has been an equal degree of hardship, an equal risk of danger to life. In this war there has developed a peculiarly exhausting and long-continued nervous stress due to trench life and trench fighting, and to novel methods of warfare. It has been recognized by every one that anxiety and care, distress of mind or conscience, and grief are potent factors in impairing health and causing a nervous breakdown. But these have been regarded as temporary conditions which time can remove. In this war the emotional strain is continuous, there is no intermission. It keeps up night and day for months.

After the sudden wrench of leaving home and family, and after months of active training, trying months with much discomfort and annoyance, the soldier is sent to the front.

In the reserve trenches he hears of the barbarity of war and he sees the exhausted and the wounded come back from the advanced lines, weary or suffering. His sympathy is aroused, together with a dread of what is to come. Then he himself goes on to the outer trench, and he stands for hours on the watch in wet and in mud, in the midst of terrific noise, in constant danger, with shells bursting about him, his comrades falling, or blown to pieces, or buried alive. There is no sleep; meals—such as they are—are snatched in the intervals of fighting. All is confusion, constant vigilance, and there is no rest.

Here is a description of these conditions given by a soldier:

"The shelling all day was awful. Before I had been in the trench three minutes, a bit of shrapnel made a clean cut in my breeches, only scratching the skin. The sights were awful, dead men all over the place, some half buried by shells. The ground and trenches had all been flattened out by our artillery fire, so there was hardly any shelter. I told the men to scratch themselves in with their intrenching tools, but it was simply a case of looking death in the face and waiting to be hit. Never for a moment did I expect to get out alive, as the shrapnel rattled all day long on my helmet, and of course the Boche might have counter-attacked at any time. Many men got buried and had to be dug out. It was dreadful to see men's nerves give way, and a man of forty whimpering like a child and crying his soul out. Very catching this disease, too, so I had to send him back. I never got into a worse hell than I did that day, and of course the sights next one made eating impossible. When night came nerves got even worse, and there was hardly a man who was not shivering like a leaf. That day and night was a nightmare. It is the only time I ever felt the sweat of fear, but then it dropped off me in one continuous stream, so that I thought in the dark my nose was bleeding."

Abbé Flynn—the brave chaplain of Verdun—said to me that any man who

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says he is not afraid in the trenches lies. Fear is everywhere, and is constant. Anger, too, is excited; anger at the brutal ingenuity of a foe who uses gas in its varied dangerous forms, who commits needlessly brutal acts, who violates every rule of civilized warfare, who bayonets the wounded and tortures the dying, or spits at the surgeon or nurse who is trying to save his life. Fear and anger combine to keep the mind at a pitch of excitement, when every faculty of observation is strained in the supreme effort of defense. And thus hours and days pass, often with no opportunity for the natural relief to emotion afforded by action. "Going over the top" is longed for in spite of its danger, for it is the waiting and quiet watching which intensifies the strain, and action affords relief.

For emotion usually finds relief in an outburst of muscular activity. The animal which is angry snarls or barks and fights with every muscle called into play, fear redoubling the effort at defense. A marvellous natural mechanism, recently discovered, is put in action to aid him. It has been found that fear and anger increase the force of the heart and stimulate the breathing, flush the skin and dampen it with sweat, excite the internal glands which furnish sugar to the muscles, thus giving them extra strength to act; and at the same time dry the mouth, suspend digestion and assimilation, so that no blood is wasted in the body when it is needed in the brain to keep the senses primed and the will active. And thus the muscular power is ready to relieve the emotional tension. Witness the applause at a pathetic play, the shouts at an exciting ball game, the instinctive tension of the muscles in anger, and the relief of tears. But if no such relief is possible—if the soldier waits for hours and days under strain in the trench—listening but not shooting, watching in silence, not daring to speak or to move; all this mechanism, set in motion for purposes of activity, is repressed and deranges the normal processes of digestion and nutrition, besides piling up in the blood material which, if not used up by action, must act as a poison. Here, then, is a physical cause of shell shock.

There is another, a mental cause. In a normal person emotions, even if violent, are held in check by force of will, self-control being the highest power of the mind. But such restraint can only be exerted for a time. If the strain is too long the control relaxes and some outburst follows. This may show itself in emotional lines like hysterical crying or laughter, or even faints or convulsions. A peculiar phenomenon has recently been described, called the conversion of emotion, in which bizarre physical conditions (tremors, convulsive spasms, twitching limbs, pain, even paralysis of senses or of movement) appear as a relief of the emotional strain; and these may remain long after the strain relaxes, or, even if transient, be revived when the emotion recurs in memory. Such states are called subconscious, and are not under the control of the will, and cannot be arrested by any voluntary effort.

They may be likened to an electrical phenomenon familiar to every one. An electric current passing in one wire induces in an adjacent wire a secondary magnetic current, even though the wires do not touch, and that secondary current may produce effects, ring a bell, set a signal, start a machine, which is not in connection with the primary current at all. In the same way the emotion may be converted into some physical effect, wholly subconscious and foreign to the exciting cause. Only by some method of reaching the subconscious—such as hypnotism or persuasion by a person of firm will and strong personality,—can the effects of the original emotion be counteracted. Here, then, is a psychical origin of many of the manifestations of shell shock. The mental cause may be just as important as the physical cause.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that physical and mental conditions, never before observed, develop as a result of this emotional strain. These are the conditions which are indicated by the term "shell shock."

The way in which shell shock manifests itself varies greatly in different individuals, so that it is not possible to give a description which covers every case.

Sometimes these symptoms are chiefly mental. The man suddenly loses his courage, breaks into a cold sweat, and

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cannot think or act. He becomes dazed, does not obey orders, feels sleepy, and then in a semiconscious condition wanders off, not knowing where he is. If questioned he can give no account of himself, does not know his name or his regiment, has no memory of the past; and when taken back to a hospital does not remember any of the past events of his life. Shown pictures of his family or letters from his wife, he does not recognize them, and thus for weeks he may remain in this state of double consciousness—as it is called—or amnesia, incapable of any mental or physical activity. Such cases—not unknown in civil life, but exceedingly rare—are very common among these shell-shock patients, and may last for months after they have been sent home.

Sometimes the mental state is not one of obscured consciousness but rather of excitement. The mind is continually on the *qui vive* for sights and sounds. The man starts and runs automatically at any noise, jumps or twitches like one with St. Vitus's dance, or trembles like one with shaking palsy. Such a man cannot sleep, or, if he does, wakes suddenly with dreams or visions of horrid sights and sounds—starts up in a tremble, with every sign of intense alarm, and in a semi-conscious state fights all who try to calm or restrain him. He may have vivid hallucinations, seeing the sights of trench or battle just as if they were going on about him, and manifesting all the emotional effects which these sights would ordinarily awaken. A Canadian who had suffered thus, and had apparently recovered, was standing on City Hall steps at a recent parade when an automobile tire suddenly burst with a sound like a gun. He immediately lost all control of himself—ran shouting through the crowd—fought the police who tried to restrain him—was in a state of intense excitement which could not be quieted, trembled like a leaf, and panted as if exhausted, and not for four hours did he come back to his normal state of mind—and then he had no memory of what had occurred.

Sometimes a mental torpor comes over a man, and he sinks into a state of indifference and depression. He wants to be alone, he will not speak or read or make any effort, and he resists all efforts to arouse or interest or treat him. But he does not sleep, or, if he does, he wakes in a fit of terror, sobbing like a child.

These fits of terror are very common in both the mental and the physical cases. They come on suddenly, rendering the man incapable of motion or gesture or speech, with an agonized expression of fear in the face, rapid respiration and irregular heart, in a cold sweat; and then as suddenly abate, leaving the man quiet but exhausted. This is not a manifestation of cowardice, for a coward preserves his instinct of self-preservation, and tries to escape or to protect himself, and does not recover his equanimity till he is safe. In shell-shock terror there is a complete mental paralysis, with no attempt at safety. A coward is always a coward, while these fits of terror occur in men who have shown great bravery, and have been decorated for heroism; and when they pass off the man is himself again.

It is not to be wondered at that when these patients were sent back to England they were at first assigned to lunatic asylums until these were filled. Later on it became evident that this was no true form of insanity, and then they were transferred to more suitable surroundings.

In other cases the symptoms are physical and not mental. A sudden loss of power, either of speech, or of movement in one arm or leg, or in all the extremities, has been frequently observed. The man remains paralyzed, yet it is evident that this form of paralysis is not of the kind seen in ordinary disease—it is not followed by a withering of the muscles or by changes in their electrical reaction. It is often accompanied by queer distortions of hands or feet, or abnormal attitudes. Efforts at walking result in an odd kind of stagger or a series of falls. The legs are dragged along as if hampered by heavy weights. Or the body is bent as is the custom in walking in the trenches, and cannot be straightened up.

In many cases sudden blindness has occurred and persisted for weeks. In others deafness with or without dumbness, has followed the shock. In the former horrid visions occur in spite of apparent blindness. In the latter, loud noises, explosions, the roar of cannon, the whiz and bursting of shells, the groans of the

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wounded and dying are heard in spite of the deafness to ordinary sounds.

In all these conditions recovery is slow, and, even when complete, the symptoms may suddenly recur under any emotional shock. Thus during Zeppelin raids on London many relapses occurred in the hospitals among patients ready to go home well. It is rarely possible for these soldiers to return to service, for they succumb again on being exposed to the same conditions which caused the original attack.

How are these symptoms to be explained?

In a number of fatal cases recorded by F. W. Mott, small hemorrhages, microscopic in size, hundreds in number, have been found scattered irregularly through the brain. These destroy not only the nerve-cells but also the nerve-fibres, which carry the messages from cell to cell, and enable the processes of association of ideas and memories to go on in the mind. The mechanism of thinking is in this way completely thrown out of gear. Such little clots may in time during life be absorbed, like the hemorrhage causing a bruise, so that their existence is not necessarily fatal, and does not permanently incapacitate the individual.

In other cases changes in the cells of the brain are produced which are known to follow continued emotional strain or long-continued sleeplessness in animals. If a rabbit is kept awake for one hundred hours it dies of exhaustion in spite of feeding. If a rat is frightened to death it shows the same brain condition found in the rabbit. These changes in brain conditions found in the rabbit are characteristic of exhaustion. The brain cell, like a grape, has a skin and an internal framework filled in with gelatinous material. When it is put to work this material is used up until at last the framework and skin are empty like a dried raisin. If the work ceases while a little gelatine remains, nature may provide a new supply through the blood, and fill the skin again. But if the substance is all used up no regeneration is possible. Now under emotional strain, or sleeplessness, or exhaustion the same changes occur that we see after work, and hence we believe that as a basis of shell shock in some cases there is a state of disintegration in the brain cells of greater or less degree.

There is still another explanation which happily applies to very many of the cases. If one receives a sudden blow upon the head, a state known as concussion results, in which for a time all the faculties are suspended. But later on they return and the effect passes off. It seems as if fear could cause a sort of mental concussion. Now if one regards mental activity as dependent on the flow of thought, or the play of consciousness, along the thousands of nerve-fibres within the brain, and if mental shock suspends for a time the passage of those nerve-impulses, we can readily imagine a suspension of nerve action which is temporary and not due to actual disease. Many regard these nerve-impulses as electrical in nature, and we may imagine a grounding of the nerves or an arrest of conductivity such as puts our telephones out in a thunder-storm. Then orderly thought, clear conscious perception, voluntary activity may be suspended for a time—but return when the storm is over. These are analogies only, but they help one to picture the state of the mind and of the brain in shell shock.

It has been known for a long time that sudden changes in atmospheric pressure produce startling effects upon the nervous system through the blood. Just as the removal of the cork from a bottle of champagne sets free bubbles of gas in the fluid, so the sudden removal of atmospheric pressure from the body sets free bubbles of gas in the blood; and these, by acting as plugs in the finer vessels, cut off the brain and nervous system from the blood supply, and thus derange their action. Now it has been shown that the explosion of large shells causes an atmospheric pressure of ten tons to the square yard on bodies within fifty feet, and this is succeeded at once by a corresponding decrease of pressure. Thus the secondary effect of the explosion of a shell is to cause gases to form in the blood which may paralyze or even kill. This is the explanation of deaths in the trenches without evidence of external injury, and is also accepted as the underlying cause of some cases of shell shock.

It has also been shown that the explosion of a TNT shell sets free a large

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amount of carbon monoxide which when inhaled produces poisoning similar to that caused by illuminating gas. This renders a person unconscious for a time and then causes sensory and motor paralysis of long duration quite like the paralysis seen in shell shock.

The underlying conditions therefore are not always the same. There may be actual damage; there may be exhaustion and disintegration; there may be merely a temporary suspension of brain activity. The final result will vary in accordance with these various conditions, and these conditions will, therefore, determine the different lines of treatment.

Fortunately, in a large majority of the cases recovery from shell shock is to be looked for. In some complete rest, relief from anxiety, the assurance that return to fighting is impossible, happy surroundings, diversion, occupation, and good nutrition are the chief remedies. In others a process of encouragement to stimulate the will and to urge self-control is needed. The mind must be trained to control the muscles. The will must be forced to stop the spasm. The man must be taught to walk, or to do some easy work; to acquire a trade or take up some handicraft which will keep his mind busy, his attention fixed, and his emotions quiet. Re-education is the means of restoring to health many of the victims of shell shock. And to-day in England and in Canada hundreds of devoted patriotic women are laboring in the hospitals with these men, teaching, encouraging, stimulating them to resume a normal activity. In a few cases, those in which the shock has caused only a temporary arrest of mental action, or those where the secondary subconscious effects already described have been manifest, hypnotism has been successful. In all cases the mental suggestion of constant hope of recovery is very important —hence the necessity of treating these patients in special hospitals—not among surgical cases where they may not be understood, and may be ridiculed because of these odd symptoms, but in places where every means—electrical, hydropathic, educational—is applied with skill and sympathy. It is not wise to send them home to anxious relatives, where a recounting or exaggeration of symptoms only excites interest, and where there is little stimulus to recovery.

Shell shock must be treated by those who are specially interested, and specially fitted by previous training to handle the mental and physical conditions which are so multiform and so perplexing. And in every case the concurrence of the patient must be secured—for the will to recover, like the will to win, is half the battle.

FOR ENGLAND

By Juliet Whiton

I LONGED to go to England,
And walk across the downs,
I longed to go to England
To the little English towns
Where all the brave young English hearts
Once lived, for which they died:
I longed to go to England,
I longed to live in England,
I longed to be of England
And share her sorrowing pride.

They lived so strong for England,
Those poets, grave and gay,
They died so young for England—
They're dying every day—
The haunting music of their songs
Their braver hearts will tell,
Because they gave for England,
Because they fought for England,
Because they died for England,
And died, oh, none so well!

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CRY-BABY

By A. Carter Goodloe

"OH!" said the girl. She stepped back quickly to the piano and began turning over the music that lay upon it. The man's gaze followed her joyously. He had a fine, clean-cut face alight with enthusiasm and happiness.

"I *knew* you'd be interested," he averred exuberantly. He waited for her to speak, but she only turned her head a little and smiled—a brief and unsuccessful smile—without lifting her eyes.

"You see, you are the best friend I've got in this place, and so, of course, I had to come to you with the news first. It's all right, as I told you—I ran over to Washington, day before yesterday—I've got my commission and I'm off for France at once! No waiting around through interminable weeks for me! It was easy enough—there's such a howling need of engineers, and it's no more bother for me to speak French than English, and—oh, it's such wonderful luck!" He broke off and began walking about the room in boyish excitement, touching a book here and there on a table, a vase, a work-bag with a half-knitted helmet trailing from it. Suddenly he stopped and looked at the girl's averted face.

"Of course, I'm awfully sorry to leave here—especially to leave *you*. You've been a regular brick! The Lord knows what I'd have done but for you, when business sent me here, a stranger, to this city. I expect I've bothered you a lot, coming in at any old time and making you sing to me and walk and talk with me," he added penitently.

The girl smiled again, and then—with an effort—she lifted her eyes.

"Don't put it that way! I've enjoyed it all—more—than I can say." She dropped her eyes quickly. She didn't want the man to see the fear that had come into them.

He came over to her and held out his hand.

"You're a wonder," he said brightly. There was a world of kindness in his voice and manner. He clasped her shaking hand firmly in his own while he talked. "I don't believe I've ever half told you what your friendship has meant to me. I lost both my parents when I was a little chap, and I never had any brothers and sisters. I used to worry over that a good deal, but now, you see, it's all for the best. I haven't a soul to bother about me if the Boches get me 'over there,' and, contrariwise, I don't have to bother about a soul over here. They can send me up against it as hard as they want to." He smiled whimsically.

"That's a rather lonely way of looking at things," ventured the girl after an instant's silence.

"It's the only sensible way," retorted the man. "When a man's got work to do—*real* work—he's best off travelling alone."

"Oh!" said the girl again.

"You may be sure," he went on, "that I shan't forget our year of good-fellowship and all the kindness you've shown me. You've regularly pampered me, you know. I'll miss it awfully." He smiled brilliantly. "And I trust you won't entirely forget me, either," he added hopefully and politely.

The girl lifted her eyes again for the fraction of a second and gave the man a swift look.

"No," she said gravely, "I shall not—forget you."

When he had gone Miss Sharlow sat still for a long while in the quiet room, thinking. After a while she got up and looked about her curiously. The big music-room no longer seemed familiar. She felt, more than anything else, that she wanted to get away from it.

"I'll be better out in the open," she told herself, and putting on a hat she slipped quietly into the darkening street. Up the tree-shaded avenue, cool and fragrant in the late June afternoon, she walked quickly, her thoughts outrunning her hurrying feet. The past year crowded

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upon her memory—her meeting with the man whom chance had sent to her, a stranger; the sympathetic friendship that had instantly sprung up between them; their walks and talks; the numberless expressions of interest on his part, of appreciation on hers; and then the dawning of that deep feeling of passionate gratitude and admiration for him which had so quickly flowered into love! Her cheeks burned at the thought—she who had held herself so aloof from futile sentimentalities!

It had all meant nothing to him, then. It had only been a terrible mistake on her part. All that she had felt and hoped had been just—dreams. He had been so eager to go! For a moment her heart stopped beating at the thought. She realized with cruel clearness just how little she had meant to him weighed in the balance with his desires and plans. Well—she had been a bad business woman. She had given everything for nothing and she had been glad to give. In the kindly, protecting twilight she acknowledged to herself how glad she had been.

But never again would she be glad about anything. She knew herself well—there had never been any one before and there would never be any one again. She shivered a little in the warm air. A frightened feeling took possession of her. She saw herself walking so to the end of her days—in gathering darkness and quite alone. . . .

At the monument, with its little park about it, she paused. The circular seats and sweet-smelling shrubbery invited. For the first time she was conscious of fatigue and sank, willingly enough, upon one of the stone benches. As she did so the sound of sobs came to her from behind the syringa-bushes. In an instant she had made her way around to the other side of the shrubbery and was standing before a very young girl who had flung herself down upon the circular seat and was crying as though her heart would break.

"What is it? What's the matter?" demanded Miss Sharlow, gently stooping down beside the crumpled-up little figure.

The girl gave a startled glance at the young lady leaning over her. For an instant she gazed appreciatively and a little enviously at Miss Sharlow's dress and hat of expensive simplicity, at the jewelled chain about her slender neck and the rings on her white fingers. But only for an instant was her attention diverted from her grief. She bowed her head forlornly upon the back of the bench.

"He's gone," she said with another sob.

"Who's gone? Can I do anything?"

The girl smiled a curious, twisted smile. "Nobody but the secretary of war can do anything, I expect—and he won't!" she said.

"Oh, he's gone to the war! Could you—would you—tell me a little about it?" asked Miss Sharlow.

The girl sat up and wiped her eyes with a damp handkerchief. She looked at Miss Sharlow with increasing confidence.

"There's nothing much to tell—he's gone. He's just left me here. Jim's a corporal—he's goin' with the engineers to France. He had to go"—she swallowed convulsively—"he wouldn't have left me if he hadn't had to." A proud little smile just curved her tremulous lips.

Miss Sharlow sat down upon the bench beside the girl.

"He didn't want to go?" she ventured after an instant's silence.

"No—of course not." The girl looked up shyly at the older one bending to her. "You see, he—he loves me."

Miss Sharlow drew in her breath sharply. "I see—he loves you!" She looked past the monument, down the cool, dim street. "How wonderful!" she said softly.

The girl tossed her dishevelled head a little and the triumphant smile touched her lips again. "He loves me better than anything else in the whole world," she asserted proudly. "We was married this afternoon. He gave me this ring." She twisted a little gold band about her finger and, after a moment of shy hesitation, held it out for inspection.

"Did he think it wise to marry you when he was going so far away—and on such important work? Didn't he want to go—unhampered—alone?" asked Miss Sharlow a little breathlessly.

The girl regarded her with surprised, slightly offended eyes.

"He said he couldn't have gone at all without marrying me. It was the only thing that could make him easy in his mind—knowin' that I was his and that

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he'd do his duty twice as well for thinkin' that I was here—waitin'—for him." She put her head down upon the back of the bench and burst afresh into tears.

"You'll think me a—a—cry-baby," she sobbed. "I oughtn't to cry, I suppose, but"—she lifted her tear-stained face proudly—"I've got the right to cry, ain't I? He's my man!"

Miss Sharlow looked at her gravely.

"Yes," she said, "you're lucky—you've got the right to cry. Some of us haven't. Some of us have to creep into our hearts and shut the door on the world before we dare cry."

The girl stared at her with brimming, uncomprehending eyes. Suddenly she got off the bench wearily and stood up.

"I've got to go home and tell the folks that I'm married and show 'em my ring." She hesitated an instant, and once more the proud, half-amused smile crept around her trembling mouth. "It'll be funny—bein' called 'Mrs. Jimmy Meigs'!" she said.

She put a hand up to straighten her straw sailor, and it brushed against a little enamelled pin fastened to her cotton blouse.

"I forgot to show you my pin. He gave it to me the last thing—there's just one star—for him!" The tears overflowed again. "Oh, it'll be awful, waitin' for him and thinkin' of what may be happenin' to him, and wearin' this pin for him! I think," said the girl piteously, "that this pin is the worst of all!"

"No," said Miss Sharlow, "it's the best of all. It must be happiness itself to wear a star for—for the man you love."

The girl stared at her incredulously.

"What d'yer mean?" she demanded. "You don't want to have the man you're in love with in this awful war—do you?"

"Yes," said Miss Sharlow, "if—if only he belonged to me!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears, "you don't know what you're saying! Good-by." She half turned and spoke through her sobs. "You sure will think me a regular cry-baby!"

"Yes," said Miss Sharlow severely, "I do. I'd be ashamed of being a cry-baby. I hope you didn't cry when he left you! You ought to have smiled and sent him away happy and full of courage. *I* would!"

"But I was so miserable!" burst out the girl. "You are a—a lady and different from me. Of course, I know *you* wouldn't go on so, but I'm so wretched and you don't understand. *You've* got everything you want, but he was all I had!"

Miss Sharlow drew herself up. "Oh, yes," she said. "I've got everything I want." She smiled valiantly. "Good-by, Cry-Baby!"

She watched the girl take her hesitating way across the little park toward a side street that abutted upon it. Suddenly she started forward and ran after the forlorn, receding figure.

"Wait a minute!" she called softly.

The girl paused and in a moment Miss Sharlow was by her side. She laid two detaining hands on the young, shaking shoulders.

"I—I wanted to tell you—it's *you* who don't understand, Cry-Baby!" she said breathlessly. "And it isn't true a bit what I told you just now. I've not got everything I want—I've not got the thing I want most—the best thing of all—the thing you've got!" She bent forward with a little impulsive movement and kissed the weeping girl on the forehead. "Good-by," she whispered. "I wish I, too, had the right to be a—a—cry-baby!"

Down the shady street, fragrant in the warm June twilight, Miss Sharlow slowly made her solitary way. Her heart felt as leaden as her feet. At the foot of the broad steps leading to her door she stopped. Some one was waiting for her in the dusk, and at sight of that figure her heavy heart suddenly felt light as air. He came quickly down the steps and lead her up into the big, dim hall.

"I came back to see you. I thought I had missed you—I've so little time!" There was a frightened catch in his voice that made her racing heart beat still faster.

"I thought I could go away and not tell you anything—that it would be best for us both. But I can't. I can't go without knowing if you care, too—if you care enough to take the chances. I believe I'd be a better worker 'over there' if I could think that—there—was you to come back to."

He waited, looking anxiously at the

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girl. Suddenly she turned away and, leaning against the doorway, put her shaking hands up to her face. With a quick stride the man came over to her and, taking the slim hands in his, looked closely down into her averted face. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. For an instant he hesitated, looking in puzzled, anxious surprise; then, with a smile of sudden comprehension, he put his arms very tenderly about her.

"Why, Cry-Baby!" he said.

PARIS BOMBARDED

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

Author of "My War Diary," etc.

YOU have asked for my impressions of Paris in this extraordinary spring of 1918—Paris bombarded, raided, nervous, hopeful, determined, quiet, gay even, sometimes when the raid is over without too many victims and the long firing-gun sounds fainter, farther off. The streets are full of American soldiers, tall, athletic young figures with bright, eager eyes looking at everything, and so anxious to get into the fight; and since the big raid quantities of fiacres laden with baggage and piled with children being taken away from Paris. All the month of March we had slight "alertes," and articles from the German papers saying that an army of Gothas was soon to pass over Paris and burn the city; that of course they would lose some, but enough would get through to burn the city; also the prophecy of the Curé d'Ars, that Paris would perish by fire but that it would be the end of the war, was reproduced in many of the papers. Some of his prophecies have come true, and people were nervous. In the daytime, when everybody was busy, one did not get so nervous, but at night when the black curtains were drawn (the tapissiers have made fortunes in Zeppelin curtains) and we were working and reading by one dim lamp, we didn't feel quite so brave. I was living with Madame de T. just under the Eiffel Tower, and not far from the Ecole Militaire, when the guns gave the alarm-signal before we heard the sinister "sirène" wailing through the streets; as soon as we heard the guns, we put out all lights and established ourselves in the basement, with our cloaks, papers and jewels in case we should be obliged to seek refuge elsewhere. All the locataires of the house (all women, mistresses and maids) came down to our basement, and one child also came with his mother and such a good English nurse, who talked to him and read him stories by the one little lamp hidden away in a corner so that he should not be afraid. However none of the alarms was very serious until the 11th of March, when we had an awful night, not only the signal-guns, but the guns from the Eiffel Tower, which only fire when the enemy avions are directly over Paris—so we knew they had got through the lines. I must confess to a most tightening feeling about my heart when those guns fired, so near us that it sounded as if they were in the garden, and made the house shake, but strangely enough no windows were broken. We hurried down-stairs, some this time into the cellar under the basement, and the same troop of frightened women came rushing down from all the upper stories. Many people took refuge in the concierge's lodge, and when the door opened we could hear people running to the various abris (shelters). The noise was terrific for a little while—not only our own "feu de barrage" which continued steadily, but the noise, quite different from the steady gun-fire, of falling bombs and crashing buildings. The servants (not ours, they behaved well) were frightened to death, the little Bretonne cook on her knees quite quiet behind a door, saying she would take the first train in the morning out of Paris *if* she wasn't killed. The women of the other people, sobbing and hysterical, were making such a noise that

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we told their mistresses they must calm them, or send them to an abri—there is one just across the street. Bessie was in a terrible state, her head wrapped up in a shawl, screaming every time a shell fell and very often when it didn't. Every noise terrified her. Her sister, with her Italian maid, was on her knees on the stone floor saying her chaplet, and it certainly helped them; I suppose the effort to remember how many beads for each prayer distracted their attention. We had an awful hour, but soon the firing grew fainter, the shots were at long intervals, and even before the "berloque" sounded J. and I went to the door and out into the wide avenue. It was perfectly dark and empty save for one or two soldiers from the Eiffel Tower. We saw several aeroplanes, ours of course, high up in the sky over the Eiffel Tower and heard the noise of the motors. The soldiers told us it had been a sharp attack, several bombs had fallen, one quite near the Ecole Militaire. While we were talking to them, we heard the welcome call of the firemen dashing full speed through the streets, and the bugles sounding the "berloque." No one will ever forget those bugle-calls—first the "garde à vous" when the alarm is given, and then the longed-for "berloque." We waited to see the people pouring out of the abris, a wonderful collection,—women half-dressed, with babies in their arms, older children covered with blankets or long cloaks which trailed on the ground, holding on to their mother's skirts—a few men, some with umbrellas, lamps, cushions, and all cheerful and talking. The danger was over for this time, and in the relief of their own escape, they didn't think of the poor victims who had been killed. We had an agitated morning, trying to telephone to our various families, but that was difficult as everybody was doing the same thing—however J. heard from her daughter who had spent the night in the cellar with her two children. She lives just around the corner from the Ministère de la Guerre which was badly damaged—two or three people, one policeman killed. Charlotte too telephoned; she and her boys were all right.

Tuesday.—Went to lunch with Dsse. de B. and, as I said before, impressions depend upon the quarter you live in, and the people you live with. None of them had been frightened. She and her two daughters were dining Monday with some French and British officers in the Ile St. Louis, where there are still some beautiful old-fashioned houses. It was a very pleasant dinner, everybody heard the guns but didn't realize what was going on. The only difference they made was not to come home at 10.30 when the firing was still going on. The officers said they must wait for the "berloque" and they would take them home. They said the streets were quite full of people pouring out of the abris as they came home, and so dark that locomotion was very difficult. Ctsse. de V., one of the daughters, still has her children here but she is going to send them away. They go down to a friend on the rez-de-chaussée of their house when there is an alarm, and the children think it is "fun" to be waked up in the night and hurried down-stairs. The little one always takes her doll with her.

Friday was the day of the great explosion of the powder-factory near St. Denis. We were lunching with Victoria and the two heavy explosions shook the house. We all thought it was a Gotha with bombs. She rushed for her children, and carried them down to the cellar, but by the time we got down-stairs the panic had ceased. People were walking about in the streets and the soldiers and policemen told us it was no Gotha, but a powder-factory near. One bright-faced little poilu said to me:—"Doesn't madame know the difference of sound?—an explosion doesn't sound at all like a bomb"—"No, madame didn't know"—however, all these accidents and occasional mild alarms keep one nervous. I went in the afternoon to two of the ouvroirs. At the rue Pierre Charron all the women had taken refuge in the cellars and they had several panes of glass broken. The police had warned them that there might be other explosions in the course of the afternoon. At the rue St. Didier there had been a real panic. There is only a glass roof over the workrooms at Courneuve near St. Denis, and all the women had been sent home. The Relief Work was very efficiently and quickly organized and of course the U. S. Red Cross were almost the first to arrive. Not only men but women did splendid work dragging out people and bodies from under the ruins—of course there were

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many victims. The days went on quietly —lovely bright weather, mild "alertes" from time to time. We didn't mind them so much early in the evening, about nine o'clock just as we were coming up from the dining-room, still we always went down-stairs, sat in the dark, and wondered if the Tour Eiffel was a safe or dangerous place. There were two opinions—some people thought it most dangerous, as the Germans would certainly want to destroy the wireless telegraph—others that they would not risk it, as they would be certainly brought down by the tower guns.

Saturday the 23d, we had a disagreeable reveil. Heavy cannonading from we didn't know where. The soldiers of the Tour Eiffel, our resource for all information, told us that they are "canons à longue portée" firing from a great distance away, eighty or one hundred kilometres, which seemed impossible. The shots went on all the morning until two in the afternoon, quite regularly with an interval of about twenty minutes; it was most énervant, for at any moment we thought others might begin, and bombard heavily different quarters of Paris. None of us went out, and the few people who came in, mostly fournisseurs, brought all sorts of reports—houses destroyed, people killed, always in the same quarter—also that half Paris was leaving, the gares densely packed with people, not nearly enough trains, the employés nearly crazy. At five o'clock the "berloque" sounded and we went to tea with Mme. S., where we found a good many people—some American officers who would not hear of the possibility of firing from such a distance—no such gun existed, still they could give no explanations, and unfortunately the guns spoke for themselves—there were very few people in the streets, although the firing had stopped. Bessie was very nervous, wanted to go away.

Palm Sunday was an awful day. We had a serious "alerte" in the night, the guns sounded just over our heads and it lasted some time. We felt as if we had hardly got to sleep again when the big cannon began—tremendous shocks shaking the house and at regular intervals, every twenty minutes. I went to early church; there were a great many people, but everybody grave and preoccupied. I telephoned to Cte. de S., where I lunch every Sunday, should I come. He lives across the river. He replied promptly—No, he couldn't send me home in his auto, no private ones were allowed, and told me not to go out at all, but that of course I couldn't promise as I had no news of the children. I counted that there was always twenty minutes between the shots, so I got quite ready, and as soon as I heard one I started out. It would only take me fifteen minutes walking quickly to get to the rue de Lutèce, across the Alma Bridge and the Trocadéro Gardens. As I was crossing the bridge, I met an officer, a general, who looked at me, half stopped, evidently wanted to speak to me, but I didn't know him. However, he stopped me, saying:—

"Permit me, madame, to give you a piece of advice, go indoors, it is not a time for women to be out." He didn't say "at your age," but I think my white hair impressed him. I anwesred:—"I must go on, mon général, I must go and see my children." "It isn't prudent, madame, in what direction?" "Over this bridge and across the Trocadéro Gardens." "Still more then I beg you will not continue, there's no shelter of any kind in that quarter, one never knows where the next shot will fall." "Thanks very much, but I really must go," and I hurried on to lose no time. I felt he was looking reproachfully after me, but it was nice of the old officer.

I had made my calculation very exactly—just as I got into Charlotte's apartment, another shot fell. I found her very nervous. She and her little boy had taken refuge as usual with the friendly neighbor, but she couldn't get any news of her big boy who was at school at Neuilly until twelve o'clock when the college telephoned, "All boys well." I stayed to lunch with her and the shots gradually died away. After 2.30 there were practically no more. She will go and establish herself in her sister's apartment who has a rez-de-chaussée, and she has pretty much made up her mind to go away. The Easter holidays began on Thursday and she couldn't stay in Paris with the boys always in the house; she couldn't let them go out as long as the bombs were falling and we were having broken nights. About four the "berloque" sounded, and

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instantly heads appeared at all the windows, people on the balconies; and the firemen in their red car were loudly cheered as they raced down the streets.

Tuesday the 26th.—We decided that Charlotte and the boys must go, Bessie too; she neither eats nor sleeps, will certainly have a serious illness. We went to the Cte. de S., who is vice-president of the Compagnie d'Orléans, to see if he could reserve places for us. He says the company has its hands full—neither carriages nor men enough—every one is going in the same direction. He gave us a letter for the chef de gare and advised us to go at once. We did go immediately after breakfast, and without his card could not even have got inside the station. There was a long procession of people carrying bags and bundles (no luggage was allowed; only hand-bags), and the police only let them pass through in groups of twenty. We made our way with difficulty to the office of the chef de gare but couldn't get anywhere near it. There also was a crowd of "privilégiés" waiting to speak to him; everybody pushing and talking and trying to get ahead of his neighbor, the men far worse than the women.

One strong, broad-shouldered man not more than forty pushed me so hard that I remonstrated vigorously to which he replied, "Madame, I must pass, I beg of you to make way for me," to which I made no answer but held firmly to my place. "But, madame, it is most urgent, I have a letter for the chef de gare." "We, too, monsieur." "Madame, you must let me pass." "You don't suppose, monsieur, that we two women are going to give you our places; besides, you look to me quite strong and well. Why are you not at the front?"—which remark produced a burst of laughter from the bystanders and the man disappeared.

We waited some time but it was getting late and we thought it better to leave and take our chance the next day. We got our places comparatively easily on Wednesday and as Bessie and her little grandson were going by the same train, P. R. of the Italian Embassy had a carriage reserved. It was curious to see the baggage that people had. The great majority of passengers were third class, servants—they say almost every cook went out of Paris and various households were seriously inconvenienced, *all* their servants leaving. One couple, mother and daughter, shopkeepers of a rather superior class, were carrying all their things wrapped up in a pink satin petticoat; an old woman was dragging a heavy mattress down the quai. She was jeered at all along the train (already filled with passengers who had arrived two or three hours before the hour of starting). No one would let her get in anywhere, one woman called out to her: "Couche-toi, ma vieille, sur ton matelas sur le quai." Poor old woman, I didn't see what became of her, I was so busy seeing my party off. They were all separated at first, Charlotte and her boys and packages in an empty third-class compartment, the others, Mme. de T. S. and their maids, in a first-class compartment where there wasn't one vacant seat, and the couloir also packed with people sitting on their valises. It didn't look very comfortable for a six hours' journey; they were going to Valençon, Charlotte only to Orléans for the night to go on the next day to Cluis, a village beyond Châteauroux, where her brother-in-law is stationed; but they were so anxious to leave Paris that I think they would have stood all the way. The reserved carriage was finally found, and all the party together, except Bessie, who sent me word she would stay where she was. She had a very good place in the first-class compartment and had found a charming American officer who would take care of her. I heaved a sigh of relief when the train started. J. and I took up our quiet life again. Her eldest son arrived from the Italian front—a good-looking young fellow, very Italian and very interesting telling of his life in the trenches. War news is bad, the fighting furious. The Germans have advanced quickly and have taken back all the villages they had evacuated about Noyon and Soissons. Bands of refugees are flying before them; poor people, who thought their troubles were over, and who were so pleased and grateful at everything the Americans were doing for them.

Friday night we had tragic news. The big gun had gone on all day, keeping every one's nerves on end. About 4.30 I went into the English church in the rue Auguste Vacquerie; it is always open, was

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lighted dimly, a few kneeling figures about. There came a violent crash, but in the church I felt safe. So did every one else apparently, no one moved. When I came out I saw a group of frightened women in the street, not knowing where to go. I tried to reassure them, but while we were talking there came another shot which sounded very near. The poor creatures were terribly frightened. I didn't like it either and advised them to go home. I walked very quickly and I must say nervously across the bridge, but heard no more shots. We had settled down to a quiet evening when, about nine o'clock, the concierge appeared with his tragic news. The Church of St. Gervais, just behind the Louvre, had been struck by a shell, during the afternoon service—all one side crushed in—many people killed, and I had felt so secure in the little English church! Probably the heavy shot I heard was the one which struck the church.

There was no alarm Saturday night and the news is better. Germans hesitating a little and their losses tremendous. British too have lost enormously. The big gun still going and everybody that can leaving Paris. It was a melancholy Easter.

The women at the ouvroirs behave extremely well—very few have left—one or two volunteers at the head of their rooms, but all the paid workers remain. I was in the big workroom of the rue St. Didier the other day, talking to some of the women, when we heard a very heavy shot, not one woman moved from her place, though all stopped working, and those at the table near me got deadly pale. One young one half got up, saying rather wildly, "Oh, mes enfants, mes enfants, ou sont-ils?" The others quieted her and I tried to encourage her—she looked straight at me, saying: "Madame has no little children." "Yes, I have two little grandsons who are in Paris and their mother too is away from them, she is working for the wounded at the rue de la Faisanderie." That seemed to comfort her a little; there has been too much said about "les riches" who *could* go away and "les pauvres" who *couldn't*. I went down the room, stopping at all the tables, telling them they must not be afraid, but must go on working. What would become of our wounded men on the battle-field if we women at home didn't do all we could in the hospitals and the workrooms? They all smiled and nodded, and I heard them saying: "Madame says we must not be frightened, there is no danger." "No," I said, "I didn't say there was no danger; there is always danger when bombs are falling; one never knows where they may fall, but one can always take precautions and find shelter—just now the shells fall far away from this quarter, and we must all lead our normal lives as much as possible and try to be calm and encourage others."

The streets are depressing, so many people have gone, they say nearly a million. It is a good thing in one way, there are so much fewer to feed. We have had one or two more alarms but we take them more easily. The other night J. and I were alone, working and reading as usual, when those awful guns gave the signal. However, we didn't hear the Eiffel guns, and so didn't go into the basement and sit in the dark. We put our table in one corner and went on with our book, rather a ghastly one—a life of Lucrezia Borgia by Gregoronus, such a description of the Popes of that time and their loves and their crimes and their luxury, and above all such an extraordinary picture of Lucrezia—"la belle dame sainte et chaste"—however, all that we learned in our childhood is contradicted now by the searching critical spirit of these later days. There seems to be a movement of troops. We hear the clairon now often in the early morning and see regiments passing with their full front equipment, their womenkind as usual walking alongside carrying their bags. They all look young, and that is the pitiful side of it. We see so many young soldiers in the streets and hospitals with legs and arms gone, or blind. I think that must be the saddest of all, the eternal darkness. The other afternoon I was standing at the Rond Point des Champs-Elysées, and my attention was attracted to a young soldier, quite blind, leaning on the arm of a woman and evidently not yet used to his want of sight as he knocked against the benches.

The big gun was going at regular intervals, but no one seemed to mind much—some of the men took out their watches and counted the interval between the

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shots. I heard the clairons in the distance and saw a long blue line coming into the avenue. The little blind soldier heard it too, and the measured tramp of the feet, and asked the woman with him what it was. Either she didn't or couldn't answer, for he went on, in a voice half-strangled with emotion, "Mais dis-moi, qu'est-ce que c'est. J'entends le clairon, et mes camarades qui marchent—ou sont-ils, que font-ils?" Again there was a pause and the young voice went on:—"Ce sont mes camarades avec qui j'ai si souvent marché." I couldn't stand it, so I went up to him saying: "Mais oui, mon ami, ce sont tes camarades avec qui tu as si souvent marché, et tu marcheras encore avec eux, et maintenant c'est le drapeau qui passe, et tout le monde salue et tu vas saluer aussi comme les autres"—and the poor fellow drew himself up at attention and saluted, hardly moving until the last sound of the clairon and the tramping feet had passed.

It seems the wounded men in the hospitals are very nervous about the bombardment. Of course they know quite well those brutes never respect the Red Cross and they feel their helplessness in case their place should be struck.

We hate the dark nights, not that we ever go out at night, but if we hear an unusual noise, many people in the streets, or sometimes a very sharp steamboat whistle on the Seine which might be a "sirène," we go to the door to see if anything is going on, but now we hate the bright moonlight nights more, as the avions always choose bright moons for their operations. I am looking about for a house in the country, by the sea if possible, where we could go if the bombardment suddenly should become more violent which everybody seems to expect. Mareuil is out of the question now, even if there were any unoccupied rooms, as it is directly in the firing-line of the big gun, and the other day a shell fell just outside of our garden. If I can get a house, as the American Red Cross will give me a motor to go away, I shall feel happier about the children. It is no life for them, the poor boys, they have heard cannons enough since the beginning of the war; the big boy at boarding-school at Neuilly got an awful cold being ordered out of his bed, and hurried down to the cellar, half-dressed, with no stockings on. Caroline dined the other night—just from Soissons, where she has been doing relief work until the Red Cross ordered all their women away. She says bombs were falling freely in the streets of Soissons, and they spent all their nights in the cellar. Paris seemed to her a haven of peace. One certainly gets accustomed to everything. I scarcely heard the big gun at last, much to the indignation of some of my nervous friends. It was a pose, and absurd to say I wasn't afraid. I don't think I am afraid yet of the big gun, it sounds so far off, but I can't answer for the future if Paris should be badly shelled. I am always frightened at the avions, one is so absolutely powerless, but happily for me, and my friends, my nerves don't take the form of screaming or getting hysterical. What I do feel very keenly is the humiliation of having our beautiful city damaged by those brutes, and to think we can't prevent it. We have got so accustomed to the war look of the Paris streets that the various changes don't strike us. Nannie is with me now and she can't get over the Champs-Elysées. When she has been here before, in perhaps the most beautiful time of the famous avenue, the chestnut-trees in full bloom, all the little booths, goat-carriages and shows crowded with children—handsome equipages filled with pretty, well-dressed women, passing all day long, it seemed to her a unique picture of the beautiful, gay, pleasure-loving city—and *now*—absolutely deserted, no children, no shows, no carriages, except military autos and sometimes ambulances with their melancholy burden—wounded, mutilated soldiers sitting in the sun on the benches, and yet the atmosphere is not sad. The soldiers laugh and talk with the women who pass with the vegetable and flower carts, are very grateful when some lady gives them cigarettes, sometimes a little bunch of flowers. Nannie is doing fine work—has just been close up to the French front starting a canteen, literally under shell-fire. She loves the "poilus," says they respond so instantly to any expression of sympathy. One can't look forward, but I wonder sometimes how it will be after the war is over. Everything must be changed—none of us can ever take up the threads again in the same way.

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"Julie, what became of Jimmy Mannes?"—Page 198.

"A-SWINGING IN THE LANE"

By Mary Dowlin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

EVERYBODY knows and loves Temple Haven, away down on the long, sandy Jersey coast, and Temple Haven for years had been mysteriously calling, calling to me. I had had such a beautiful picture of it in my mind since my last visit there three years ago—a picture of gently rounded dunes, a long stretch of white sand, beyond the ocean rolling in in masses of pale green and deepest sapphire, a faint violet rim outlining the horizon, and over all the glorious, golden September sunshine.

The people in this picture of mine seemed to keep so modestly, almost reverently, in the background. There were two or three congenial souls, and after all, perhaps, it was the spirit of their fellowship which mellowed so beautifully the scene in my mind.

Last week, when Julie and I again visited the place, and thereby hangs this very long story which I am about to relate, I feared that my picture might be destroyed—not because of Julie, for Julie responds to the very best in everything both in nature and in humanity, but because beautiful things are so much more beautiful when, as the good poet Campbell told us years ago, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

I had forgotten the attractiveness of the ride to Temple Haven—the flat country, of course, with undergrown pines and oaks that we are accustomed to see in southern New Jersey, and with, at this fall time, an exhilarating touch of spiciness in the air.

The train bore us along so steadily and smoothly, and at what seemed such a moderate pace, through fields and meadows, meadows and fields, rich masses of color, golden-rod, Queen Anne's lace, wild sunflowers, pale violet milkweed—

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masses of it—the blue of the vervain, asters white and purple—a perfect riot of color, one of those scenes that stays with one all through the gray wintry days. Nothing could have been more exquisite, excepting perhaps the meadows near the sea, where Mother Nature in a perfect abandon of prodigality had spread out great stretches of burnt orange and purple grasses, and sprinkled everywhere, twinkling up at us, the delicate little sea-pinks, and nestling softly and shyly here and there clumps of the delicate, misty sea-lavender. If we could only have had the sunshine to make all nature joyous!—but that was denied us. Nature was not in angry mood, though, for everywhere when the brilliant meadows were passed was a soft grayness—bay and ocean and sky.

Expectantly we alighted from the train; a cold, strong breeze greeted us from the sea, and—less poetical perhaps but very, very satisfying—the comfortable hospitality of "The Anchorage."

But the color of "The Anchorage!" We looked for the soft, weathered brown of the post-card view; alas! we were not prepared for the indescribable shade of biliousness with which it had been afflicted. Still, though, an attractive-looking building stretching its long, rambling length from the familiar tower looking out to sea back to the bay. The halls gave one rather an oppressive feeling, with their low-girdered ceilings, but the exchange and parlors were big spaces, inviting one to lounge in their wide, comfortable chairs and couches.

A number of people sat about with an air of eager expectancy, for the home-folk were coming down for the holiday—fathers and husbands hard at it in town during the week, happy in the rush and everlasting round of business, eager as schoolboys to leave it, but only for a few days.

Well, we thought it wise to get a refreshing nap that we might look our best for the evening, for there is always that little element of interest to spinsters when going among strangers that the married and settled-down sister is denied—we still have our ideals, at least. Blessed is she who has found her ideal, but blessed too is she who still has the spice of looking for him.

What good beds they were! I fear delight in creature comforts will spoil soon the illusion of looking for the ideal. Things are well planned, after all; there is always compensation; and then to test the beds, snowy linens, soft blankets, and the sea to lull us to sleep. What more could we desire?

When we awoke we found the blessed sunshine streaming in at our western window; so we yawned and stretched, and with much chatter proceeded to make our toilets for the evening.

"Julie," I asked as I brushed my hair,—"Julie, what became of Jimmy Mannes?"

"Oh, married long ago; last time I heard of him he was in Canada; an engineer, you know—builds wonderful bridges and things."

"Breaks hearts now and then, too, or rather used to, didn't he?" I hazarded.

"Not for a pastime, but you simply couldn't help loving Jimmy any more than he could help making love to you. Jimmy was irresistible. Such a great big, wholesome, handsome, manly fellow, and jolly—he kept one always bubbling over!"

"Why didn't you marry him, Julie?"

"Oh, Aunt Margaret interfered. She lived with us and managed us, to her heart's content and our discontent, after mother's death. Heavens! how he used to beg me to run away with him! Well"—and here Julie sighed heavily—"Aunt Margaret persuaded us Jimmy was too wild for her very superior niece; so Jimmy went his way and I went mine, only he went considerably further, for he has a wife and two kiddies, while I—I am a 'Mamselle Doctor,' as Cousin André would say. It seems a long time back through all those years to Jimmy, but of one thing I am sure—that since then, after Jimmy, all men have seemed but poor things. So then Jimmy went away and married."

"Quite natural," I interrupted; "out of sight, out of mind."

"You always judge men so harshly, Cherrie. Jimmy married, I know; she was rich and he was poor, but Jimmy had such extravagant tastes. I understand she has gone her way rather and he his; there is a boy and girl, I know, whom he adores. I haven't seen him for ten years. Jimmy

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Drawn by Maginel Wright Enright.

The room was soon alive with children, dancing, sliding.—Page 200.

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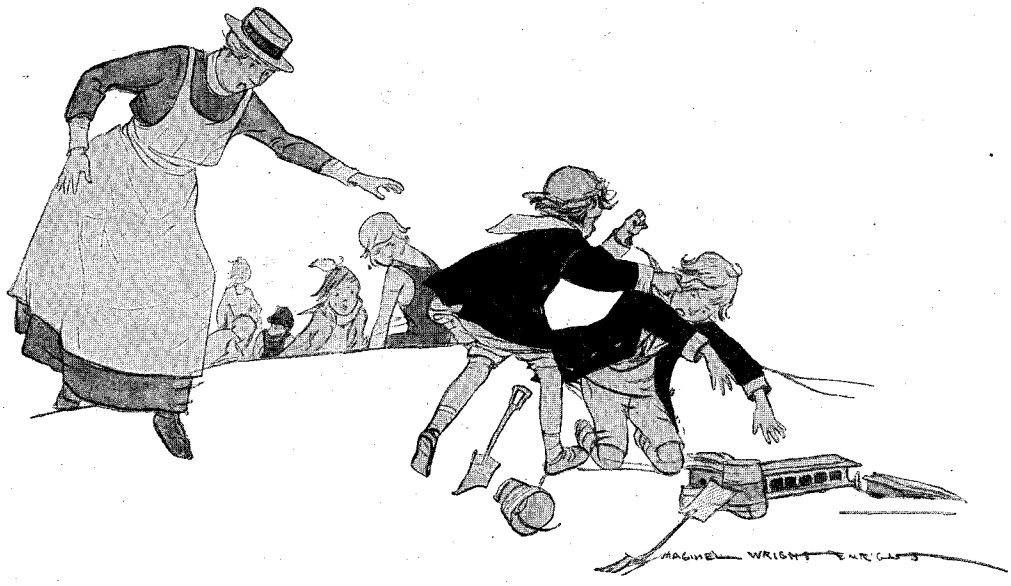

Quick as a flash she pounced upon him, pinning him down

was so fondly foolish! He used to kiss the little curl on the back of my neck; and I—I spent hours brushing my hair and tied it up at night in the most daintily perfumed caps. No doubt, Cherrie, Aunt Margaret meant well; she was very good to us, but I would rather have been swept away by the passion of Jimmy's love for a while than to have had a lifetime of the devotion of any other man."

Julie stared moodily out of the window at the sea, but it was not an afternoon for moodiness.

When we descended for dinner we found men—men everywhere, that is, the half of everywhere, for each man had his wife along. They must have been perfectly mated, for I am told if one can sit in silence with a person and not feel bored, that, then, is the test of true companionship. It is always surprising to me how a husband and wife can go through a meal in public and say so little to each other. But these men were wallowing in comfort—now I know why Temple Haven houses so many of them. Canvas shoes, sweaters, old hats, pipes, cigars—surrounded by dozens, but still let alone. The wives down there understand giving the animals their comfort, and everything else is added unto the wives.

If they had only put a few monkeys into the jungle of the dining-room wall-paper, it would have seemed so much more realistic. Then the food appeared, but I have forgotten the god that presided over the feast—a great blond giant—or perhaps he is descendant of the Vikings—a descendant running to flesh. But he roared so very gently, almost as gently as the demure little serving-maid who brought us our dinner. Such delicious food, too. "The Anchorage" is quite pretentious; they served us an ice in the middle of the dinner. I'm sure had we been curious we should have found out that it stopped effectually the digestion of the most excellent roast duckling which preceded it, but we were not curious.

A ball was talked of for the evening. We were satisfied to play the rôle of spectators, so we hurried in and secured two comfortable chairs near the entrance. The ballroom is next to the tower; the walls my favorite combination of faint gray and dull pinky violet. The room was soon alive with children, dancing, sliding, and here and there a pair of heels immodestly in the air. For unexcelled naughtiness I shall never forget little Isabel, all dainty lawn and laces and pink

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in the sand.—Page 201.

ribbons, an aureole of yellow hair, her little tanned face, snub nose, and missing tooth. A perfect demon of mischief, on all fours, playing dog, hurling herself against unsuspecting shins, kicking, squealing, and when Miss Ridgway sang, and Isabel perforce had to keep quiet, she relieved herself by the most remarkable succession of "snoots" that I have ever seen. It was a relief when they were tugged off—the children, not the "snoots"—unwilling to bed. Then the grown-ups streamed in, such a motley crowd of women. The young girls might have come straight from a ball of Josephine's at "Malmaison," such quaint pictures they made in their dainty high-waisted frocks.

Passing through in this throng were very young men and a few decrepit old ones, but where were the real men of whom we had seen so many at dinner, men of from forty to fifty, the age when the American man is most attractive? We soon tired of the spectacle and wondered if it were cold outside—and there we found them in groups of twos and threes, all up one side of the piazza and down the other, smoking, smoking, smoking—then again we understood man was taking his comfort at Temple Haven.

Arm in arm we passed out into the cool, starlit night and walked silently up and down the almost deserted walks. We soon discovered that we were pleasantly tired; so, hoping the fates might continue the sunshine for the morrow, we retired.

The morning dawned gloriously. The board walk at Temple Haven is such a delight compared to the board walks of those other seashore places, crowded with a humanity flaunting its vanities in the face of nature. Sometimes it is on a level with the sand, sometimes elevated several feet. A ripping breeze hurried us along, blowing all the perplexities from our brains, all the lassitude from our bodies.

Groups of little folk were busy building most wonderful erections in the sand. We watched a charming boy and girl of, say, five and six who had built the most wonderful railway and bridge. A toy engine and train of cars steamed, supposedly, along the top of a most high and precipitous embankment. We watched them with interest for quite a time, so happily and quietly they played together. The next development was very amusing, but startling too. The boy must have done something very displeasing to her young womanship—young ladyship is not the proper word—for quick as a flash she pounced upon him, pinning him down in the sand, clinging to him like a little leech. The nurse had to come to the separation which she summarily effected with a hand on the collar of each little reefer. Had Theodore Roosevelt seen this child and little Isabel he would have agreed with us that the woman child, at least, is not losing her "fighting edge."

Soon back again they went to their play, as busy as little nailers; the damage soon repaired, a flight of steps was constructed with infinite care down the side of the high and precipitous embankment, much to the relief of the imaginary train-load of people imprisoned there during the fray.

And so we left them. When quite a distance away we turned and saw the sturdy little forms laden with shovels trudging through the sand, a train of cars trailing after, and we heard a high little voice singing:

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"The boys and girls would ofttimes go
A-fishing in the brook,
With spools of thread for fishing-lines
And bended pins for hooks."

Julie's eyes grew bigger and bigger as she listened. "Cherrie!" she exclaimed, "Jimmy used to sing that old song—I never heard any one else sing it! 'Rosy Nell' was always playing him false and going off with that other more fortunate youth 'A-Swinging in the Lane!' They couldn't possibly be Jimmy's kiddies?"

"Well," I replied, "stranger things have happened in story-books, and, as truth is stranger than fiction, there is hope. But I fear me, my dear, that contingency is very remote, for my Uncle Jake, of blessed memory, sang me to sleep with that same 'Rosy Nell' time and time again, so you see it did not belong exclusively to Jimmy."

"Wouldn't it be lovely, though, if they were Jimmy's kiddies! Wouldn't it be fun!"

"Yes, might be very funny if Mrs. Jimmy's disposition is a large edition of her daughter's—say, for instance, if Jimmy began nosing about to see if you still affected the same perfume for your hair."

But Julie could only say: "Oh! I am so excited! I'm all in a flutter!"

"I fear, Julie, your erstwhile romantic Jimmy is now settled down and loves his comfort like the rest of them. Could his face, by any chance, Julie, have gotten fat and his chin receded? Have you noticed those beautiful peculiarities among the men here? But, really, Julie, now that I come to think of it, did you notice what the nurse called the little girl?"

"No, I didn't notice; what?"

"As sure as I'm alive she called her 'Jimmy'! Come, my dear, arouse yourself; we go to annihilate Mrs. Jimmy and to restore to you your Jimmy and his young."

"Are you sure, Cherrie? Did she—did she call her 'Jimmy'? Oh, I do believe they are his children! They were really so like him! Let's go back at once; maybe we can find out where they live!"

But they had disappeared—not a vestige of them! So with many conjectures we returned to the hotel for luncheon to await their appearance in the sand again on the morrow.

George Holmes, Cousin George Holmes, my cousin, had invited us to go out on his boat that afternoon. George is a seasoned old bachelor, big and brown, and he will have a beautiful rotundity preceding him some day if he doesn't watch out. The *Aphrodite* lay anchored in the bay. Mistake not that George's tastes ran all the way back to ancient Greece. Oh, no, the yacht only perpetuated the name of a favorite race-horse owned by George before he became rotund and which had once done big things at Sheepshead Bay.

George is just as good as gold, which he has galore, and, although Julie had sighed deeply in the morning for her lost love, usually Julie can see but one use for a masculine such as George, and that is to appropriate him for purposes of flirtation.

Like the rest of my sex, I dearly love a romance, and had been picturing all sorts of pleasant outcomes should Julie's old sweetheart be in Temple Haven. I wanted her, you see, to be true to her old attachment; and then, too, there was no *use* in her flirting with George. George doesn't seem quite himself, somehow, since he came back from California.

I didn't say anything to Julie—I thought it rather unfeeling toward the poor lady—but I heard somewhere last winter that Mrs. James Mannes, who had always lived a butterfly existence, had caught cold during the extreme weather of the winter before while attending some affair. Pneumonia, I believe, soon carried off the poor lady, thereby adding to Mr. Mannes's other graces that of widowerhood. Julie, evidently, had not heard of this. I couldn't quite bring myself to tell it to her now as a piece of welcome news. One doesn't know just where to draw the line between commiseration for the one and felicitation for the other.

Well, away we sailed on George's boat out into the, to us, unknown. We left dull care disconsolate on the landing. My soul that day was not "far away, sailing on Vesuvian Bay," to quote my own home poet, but my soul that day was there with me sailing the blue Atlantic sea. Later the moon came up, and that

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was superlatively perfect. I was almost sorry then that I was not personally conducting a romance in which Julie and George figured. But I knew it would take a blast of dynamite to arouse George.

He is not my really, truly cousin, you know. He is only the nephew of my long-departed stepfather. You would not suspect, it but George is really uncannily roaring mad as a youngster at the liberties taken with my small person. He got roaring mad at old John McBride once. George and I used to take our pennies to the "corner" store and invest them in one lemon and one lemon stick, all that our finances permitted. Then we stuck the stick into the lemon and took the most delicious alternate pulls. Nectar for the

When we left him I . . . said: "Good night, Georgie."—Page 204.

keen. He made his big barrel of money, which he enjoys so hugely, out on the Pacific coast somewhere, and you should see his farm in the Chester Valley—the Chester Valley than which God never created anything more fair. Sometimes I used to plan that when I was sixty and spectacled and ugly—no, I always intended being a good-looking old lady—I was going out there to live with Cousin George—Cousin George, who is not my really, truly cousin after all. More like a brother, perhaps, and not a brother either; I wonder what category George does come under? A brother would have been tickled to death, and George used to get gods! Old John was always sitting round, and he thought it great fun to hook my spindly shanks with the crook on the end of his long cane. Once, when we had the lemon stick drawing just bully, Old John, in an excess of jocularity, toppled me over, and our glorious confection was ruined in the dirt. But if I took time to relate all our fortunes, good and bad, as children, it would be a long story.

Let me see: George must be forty now, and he has no more romance in his make-up than a big oak. And that, perhaps, is just as well as to have broken his heart over some fickle woman, as I broke mine over Doctor Halsted ten years ago.

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Thank heaven, it's all mended and sound again now.

At nine o'clock we landed. It was good of George to give us all that pleasure. He had been so quiet all evening I wondered if he were quite happy. When we left him I patted him on the sleeve and said: "Good night, Georgie."

"What are you going to wear in the morning, Julie?" I asked when we were alone.

"I don't know—I think I look nicest in my cream coat and skirt and rose-colored hat."

"Just the thing," I replied. "It's down on his marrow bones at once for Jimmy."

"Don't joke, Cherrie, when it's all so hopeless; but, just to put my affairs aside for a little bit, I think George is adorable; why haven't you married him long ago?"

"Marry George! Bless me!" and I dropped a very juicy section of orange that I was enjoying into a box of pink rice powder. "Don't startle me again like that! Marry George! Why I could never think seriously of George any more than George could think seriously of me! Why, George! George, for one thing, is not the type of man that I admire! Why, George is just symbolical of creature comforts, that's all! I should have to marry a man who was my superior in intellect and culture. We would not be congenial. He would not really be companionable to me. I never thought of such a thing, and I'm sure George——"

"Oh, nonsense, with your confounded culture! You make me downright tired! You are always living under a culture delusion. I don't think your intellectual tastes are half what you think they are, anyhow!"

I sat down on the bed and began laboriously: "Four into nineteen goes four times and three over, four into thirty-one goes seven times and three over, four into forty-two—no, thirty-two—goes eight times and nothing over! Hurrah, Julie, keep your temper—it *is* leap year! If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Julie dear; I'll go to George at the dawn—no, George loves his bed of a morning—I'll go to him after lunch, when he is very content, and say, 'George, will you marry me?' and you must be watching round the corner, Julie, and see the look of suicidal woe on poor old George's face."

"I saw the look on George's face when you patted him on the sleeve and said, 'Good night, Georgie,' and I've had more experience in reading masculine expressions than you have had."

"Good night, Julie," I mocked in a feignedly sleepy tone from beneath the covers where I had taken refuge. But, do you know? I had noticed it, and George did look queer. Then I fell to imagining George's opinions of some of my favorites. Well, he might tolerate Theocritus and his shepherd-boy, but as for my favorite novelist, George would vote him a fool instanter. He might at a pinch use an ugly little adjective which only requires three letters in the reformed spelling.

But what nonsense! And so I fell asleep to dream that George had gone to Egypt to fetch me back a rose, a blue-bird, and an amethyst ring.

The next morning, as we used to say in our little diaries, we arose at eight, said our prayers—no, we didn't say our prayers—at least I didn't, and Julie not so that you could notice it. It seems to be the custom now for girls to say their prayers only at night.

We breakfasted at nine-thirty, weather fine. Julie devoted much time and attention to her toilet. Her hat was bewitching—of soft American Beauty rose color—and with it coquettishly tipped to one side, with a soft pat here and a tuck there, she looked the splendid young woman that she is, and oh, Jimmy, beware the "come hither" in her eye! She wore her cream serge coat and skirt. As I was to be an onlooker and instigator only in this affair, I went forth bravely in all the peace of mind which a well-worn and much-loved old frock brings—a thin, dark-blue swiss, which discloses so well the good lines of my back and shoulders, of which I am fully conscious. And my hat, George particularly loves the blue hat, corn-flower blue tulle and navy-blue velvet, that I wear with this dress.

I wondered what George was doing. Did I tell you he had left for Denver on the seven-o'clock train the night before? Somehow George was always away, and then I thought—suppose this man steals

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my Julie from me; for I felt it in my bones that her old sweetheart *was* in Temple Haven.

"We will go down on the board walk," planned Julie, "and saunter along, and just naturally talk to the little chaps. You know my old gift of sand-modelling; well, I'll possess those children in about five minutes."

"Well!" I interrupted, "You'll never find George and me walking out with the pair of you. Languid brown eyes, forsooth; are they limpid and lambent also? George would never take a prize at a beauty show; he does have a jolly twinkle in his eye, though, and his mouth—it's a mile too wide! Isn't his hair the funniest thing? That's one thing that did bother

On and on we trudged.—Page 206.

You know it's awfully hard for me not to tell things, so I told Julie what I had heard about Jimmy being a widower. I know she felt like walking round and round in delirious circles, but she refrained.

"Julie, what does he look like?" I asked.

"Very tall, over six feet; broad shoulders; very dignified; carries his head well up; with a clean-shaven face, perfect features, and the nicest light-brown hair, almost blond; languid brown eyes."

George; it came within an ace of being red, you know, years ago, and it curled up so impishly. George disciplined it, though, and now it's real lyquite stylish. You should hear George sometimes when he goes to the little church at the Green Tree—his bass fairly shakes the rafters. He comes out specially strong on 'How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord.'"

"Oh! of course, George is a different type of man from Jim," Julie said, rather giving herself airs. "You would enjoy

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Jim so much. He is so well read, so finely grained and receptive to everything that is the best."

"Don't mistake yourself," I responded, "that George is unreceptive. He has an innate taste for everything that is fine, but George's life has been spent in the great out-of-doors. You need only look at him to see that. George is one of nature's gentlemen."

"Hear, hear!" laughed Julie, "you can abuse George to your heart's content, but others beware. Oh, Cherrie, you are such a darling!"

I made a face at her. "One time," I continued, "years ago, George and I went to hear 'Tannhäuser.' Krauss sang the erring knight, and George said——"

"Oh, they are not here!" cried Julie in a tone which suggested that everything was at an end.

"Sure," I replied; "I think I see them down there beyond that little curve in the beach."

"No, they are too big, Cherrie. Oh, of course, that's just the way it would turn out!"

"Well, they may come later. Oh, yes," consulting my watch, "it's barely ten, and yesterday when we came down it was after eleven. Suppose we walk up the beach a little way toward 'The Hob-and-Nob'; they are sure to be here when we come back."

"I don't care," moaned Julie, "if we don't see them to-day; I'm sure they are Jimmy's babies; I'll stay here until I do see them. I'll just wring my deserts out of this mean old world, so I will."

So on and on we walked, looking, looking, but the little builders of yesterday had as completely disappeared as their own handiwork. We reached the end of the board walk, picked our way carefully down the steps, and landed in a most unpleasant depth of sand. On and on we trudged. "Is this a penance, Cherrie, we are doing? I don't like it, and we shall be tired to death getting back. Oh, let us turn around! I know I'm silly, but I'm just sick and disappointed over this thing—foolish, for there was so little to build on. I just can't stand it, so I can't, and I know I'll never see him again." Here Julie sank in a heap in the sand, the picture of grief.

"Come, honey," I persuaded, "don't do that; cheer up!"

"I'll pull together after a bit; just let me sit here awhile. I'm a pig, anyhow, Cherrie, spoiling your walk like this," and Julie, her eyes swimming in tears saltier than the salty waters of the ocean, stared disconsolately out to sea, and I waited till Julie had it out with herself.

Presently she stood up. "Now I think I've scattered the blue devils. I have a horrid disposition, Cherrie; you are always so calm and hopeful."

But I was singing by this time, proclaiming to all nature that—

"At last a cloud of sorrow came.
A strange young man from town
Was introduced to Rosy Nell
By Aunt Jemima Brown."

And then Julie joined in—

"She stayed away from school next day.
To me the truth was plain:
She'd gone off with that city chap
A-swinging in the lane."

But here Julie broke in with one of the sudden changes so characteristic of her. "What were you and Mrs. McCormack talking about this morning, Cherrie?"

"Oh! she was telling me about a young man who took his sweetheart to a party, and he was so proud of her because she——"

But Julie had stopped and stood as though rooted to the spot. I followed her gaze—and coming toward us in the distance was a man, a splendid man. He seemed to be getting much comfort out of a calabash pipe.

"Is it him?" I ungrammatically gasped.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, and oh, the look of gladness in her face! But she didn't go pale, she didn't tremble; oh, no, she frantically waved her hand, and Jimmy stared and stared; then he put his pipe into his pocket as a concession to this unexpected salute—and then he recognized her!

"Julie!" he called. "Jimmy!" she echoed. He plunged through the sand, and in an instant she was swept off her feet in a giantlike embrace. Presently he remembered me, and he didn't have the grace to look embarrassed the least bit.

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"This is Cherrie," announced Julie, remembering her manners.

"Julie," I said severely, "I thought you told me this was a dignified young man."

"Well," he laughed, "I believe I did carry a lot of dignity when I was a young chap, but years teach a fellow what an unnecessary burden it is."

"Oh, well, then," I said, "in that case you might kiss me, too, if you like"; and he did like, and so our acquaintance began very auspiciously.

softly. Here I interrupted the awkward pause. "Tell him, Julie, about the children, and the song; and where are they to-day?"

"Have you seen them, the kiddies?" he asked, turning to Julie, and continued: "We are moving back to Haverford to-day; their nurse took them up this morning; and, by George, I'm forgetting that I must make the two-o'clock train. Big engagement in town at four o'clock."

"O Jim, how nearly we missed you,"

"Come, honey," I persuaded, "don't do that; cheer up!"—Page 206

Julie was fluttering around him like a very much excited child. He has the most fascinating little waves in his hair, just tinged with gray above the ears. Julie had gotten this far in her investigation of him.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "your hair is so pretty," and she softly smoothed it.

"Julie!" I said again severely.

They radiated happiness, they glowed happiness, they beamed happiness.

"We forget the children," I interrupted. "Isn't your family here?"

"Yes, my boy and girl," he answered. "You heard about Clara, Julie?"

"Yes, Cherrie told me," she answered said Julie in a fond tone that delighted Jimmy's heart.

"You won't miss me soon again, girlie" — this with tone and look prophetic. "Tell the girls I'm going to camp in their parlor seven nights next week."

"I wish there were eight nights in next week," cooed Julie, and more fond looks.

By this time we had reached the board walk, and, Julie clinging to one arm, I to the other, we gave the recital of our detective work of the past two days, with many interruptions and much merriment. He did look adorable in his blue serge and white flannels — a bit careless, though.

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George does have a perfect genius for dressing himself; and when George smiles — well, he is like George and nobody else. George has such nice hands!

When we reached "The Anchorage" Jim had to hurry away to his train, Julie happy in the thought that she should see him again that evening.

Well, any one could see what the outcome would be. I should lose my dear old chum; how lonely it would be—bosh, Temple Haven calling, calling all these years! Then I felt sorry for myself, and it always aggravates me when I begin to pity myself. So with head erect I descended the stairs quite as though I were master of my fate. As I passed the desk a boy handed me a letter; it was in George's well-known scrawl. And all at once I felt unaccountably happy. I slipped into a secluded corner and opened the envelope:

"Dear Eleanor," I read. "I shall reach Philadelphia on Tuesday evening of next week at seven o'clock, and I'm coming right out to your house to tell you that I am going to marry you, and then we are going to Egypt for the winter. You will like going to Egypt with me, won't you, my——"

But I'm not going to tell any one what else George said. That was my letter. Wasn't that a pretty fancy that Temple Haven was calling me!

I said nothing to Julie until we had almost reached home; then I read her George's letter. She has a long list of adjectives, and they all came out of her rapture pretty well worn.

"When George comes to your house on Tuesday evening," she planned, "you must wear your blue swiss dress."

"Julie," I replied, "I shall not be at home on Tuesday evening when George comes."

"Oh, Cherrie! you wouldn't be such a simpleton!" Julie stormed. "How can you? Oh, I could hit you with something!"

"Julie," I answered slowly, "I shall not be at home on Tuesday evening when George comes, because I am going to the station to meet him. We might want to celebrate."

In an instant she was swept off her feet in a giantlike embrace.—Page 206.

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THE HOUR

By Major Lauchlan MacLean Watt
Author of "The Heart of a Soldier," etc.; Chaplain to the Gordon Highlanders and Black Watch

I

THIS is the hour when nations have the making and unmaking of history in their hands. And no national leader can keep apart from the task of his people.

It is true that history is not, as it was largely taken to be, the mere external biography of kings or leaders, and the dates of battles. It is rather the record of great evolutionary movements, the story of intellectual and political tides, the record of phenomenal levels, uplifts and downfalls, in the inner life of a people. The date of Magna Charta is of more importance than the date of the Norman conquest. The biography of Isaac Newton is more momentous than the record of the reign of Charlemagne. Britain's response to the call of honor when the foot of the conqueror plashed through the blood of Belgium lifted her nearer the light of eternal things than her conquest of India. It set above her the glory of the morning star. And when at last America turned from words to deeds the Statue of Liberty took on a deeper world significance amid the tides that hurry in their errand-bearing to every shore of the earth. It was the crisis in that crescendo movement which began when the last signature of freemen dried upon the Declaration of Independence.

And yet history is after all hung like a garment about the moments of the wise and brave. It takes the shape of epoch-making individuals who proved themselves, being awake to holiest duty, to be heart-inspiring and soul-awaking. For no nation or people will spontaneously rise till it is roused. Every heart is knocked upon, and every ear receives the rallying message long before the drum-tap regulates the rhythmic feet that go out gladly along the way of victory. Many a Paul Revere rides forth to call the sleeping household, yawning, to the door, suddenly to forget its slumber, and to sleep not again till the task is accomplished. True men nurse the slow but steady flame that finally sets the land on fire, often before the enemy of freedom suspects anything until he sees the skies red with general conflagration. They have been listeners, watchers, and doers, while others did the talking. Their souls have been tuned to the highest good, and their stride gives pace and measure to the onward march of their people toward the triumph of liberty. The true philosophy of history is, therefore, the record of the progress of the general human soul in relation to what is best within and without—the great, grand story of divine humanity "on active service." And America has commenced to write a chapter-heading of the world's new book. It will be the greatest book ever written. If she keep her hand steady there will be a fine story added to the record of human progress. And she will be proud of her share of it, if she grow not weary.

For this, of course, the individual must be true all through, for the story of the mass is a kind of composite echo of the story of its elements. And a nation's experience is just like that of the souls which make up its voters' roll. It is true that, left to himself, a man might never stir from the primeval mould. He might be inclined to drag his environment about his shoulders like a ragged blanket, or cower behind each day's chance for a little shelter when the winds blow keen between the stars. But a divine influence envelops his being, and gives him a lift along the upward way. Yet custom stales the round of daily duty. Familiarity with what is best may make it contemptible to many, who get on to the narrow watershed which lies between the hour of noblest sacrifice and the hour of basest denial. The lack of unity of effort and honesty of aim, set in a background of stubborn petulance and selfish hedonism, is fatal then. When union, which is

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the secret of strength, and unanimity, which is the secret of success, are absent, the natural purpose of a people's progress may be paralyzed, and noble words, divorced from noble deeds, become a subject of laughter among the nations if not, indeed, a subject of remorseful tears.

The victory of liberty, when it does come, is often the result of isolated honor leaping forward at the throat of tyranny, a thing never to be forgotten while hearts beat true anywhere. The true freeman does not argue, does not threaten, does not think of time or cost or phrase in the offset. He sees liberty lying, a bit of bloody pulp, where tyranny has brutally assailed her; and he gets into the work before the brute thinks that any one has observed the foul attack. That is what the free nations of Europe did. And it should never be forgotten. When the achievements of the slain are mentioned with pride, they who lingered or refused are apt to be remembered forever. It is good for America to get on to the page of a story that shines with the record of the free who never thought of any wage in freedom's greatest battle but the wage of sacrifice.

II

WHEN honor, liberty, and life are at stake no true soul can stand back, deliberately and meanly neutral. Searchings of heart that are not fruitful in action are signs of spiritual poverty. What is the value of great resolves, dusting of banners and polishing of swords, if nothing come of them? To stand like reeds by the river's marge, trembling in the forward breeze, yet to be rooted in the mire, unmoving? To sing old melodies and songs of things beautiful and precious, for which others in the deadly battle front are dying, as in days that are past men like them died?

"Who is on the Lord's side?" is the cry. "Of course *we* are, all of us. But the shepherd must stick to his flock, and the shoemaker to his last! There are plenty quarrelsome people who wish to fight! Let *them* fall in, and march. There are accounts to keep, and rents to gather, and the home fires have to be kept burning. Is it mad to be sane when the world plunges into madness?" Name of God! what is money, or comfort, or business, if liberty be slain? And the tragedy is that the majority of those who go out, wide-eyed, to conquer or to die, are not men of quarrel, but men to whom peace is most dear and precious, yet men who could not live one hour if freedom withered from the world.

Or some begin to search for the slippery stone neutrality that lies in the weeds, between duty and expediency. But can any true soul shut its eyes and fold its hands against the triumphing of wrong, or close its ears against the wail of children tortured, the cry of women ravished, maimed, and slain, and the example of the brave who have been roused to sacrifice? Where is the kingdom of neutrality, then, but in the No Man's Land that slopes away from heaven on the swift road down to hell?

It is because liberty means light and beauty, hope and promise to all, that it means most to each. Every freeman has something to do, to bear, and share now. All men's business is every man's job. The universal necessity is every man's duty. The individual is intimately concerned in the welfare of the mass. That is the real tragedy of personality. I am bound together in the bundle of life. I am one with all in the great mesh of God. And the meanest thing in the world is to allow another man to die for my liberty—to lie naked that I may be clothed—to be hungry that I may be fed—to toil and suffer while I do nothing, or the least I can, for him and for those who must be the poorer for his death and pain. It is when a nation realizes this truth that it slips in, from its remote and belittling perspective, and looms big, broad, and large, before the hearts of men, as worthy of a place in unforgetable history. When liberty and honor are gasping in the struggle for existence, neutrality wheels the biggest nation away, beyond the smallest star, out of sight, into the limbo of mean things. And it is set among those of variable purpose, that once had glorious names, yet could not decide whether to clutch to its grip a shining chance of God or a low Judas trick when heaven sent duty calling out for men. For it is not mere slacking—it is treason to refuse,

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when liberty, gagged and blindfolded, has her back at the wall, and honor has been put to shame. What a blessing for history that America remembered what was written on her lintel by the brave long ago, and kept the honor of her house!

Instability is the shifting sand on which no lasting house of life can ever stand—the stone that turns beneath the forward foot. It carries always its retribution with it, dragging its dread punishment, like a shadow behind it, through every court of honor. While it lingers, the battle swings from victory to defeat. While it argues the point nations, exhausted, praying in vain for reinforcements that ought to come, die where they struggle, and freedom's scream makes the world grow pale in that hour. Instability has searchings of heart, like a door blown open and shut in the wind, when *yea* should be *yea*, and *nay* should be *nay*, as when a man drives a strong nail hard home with one blow of his hammer, and leaves it so.

III

THERE are, in such a crisis as to-day, too many who discuss things in a large way, and do things in the smallest way they can, if they do anything at all. They seek for an excuse when action is needed. To give a dying man a cup of cold water is surely better than to let him die of thirst because you have not champagne and ice to offer.

The time for all debate is past. Battles have been lost and liberty has been put in chains before now, while talk has been going on. The nemesis of *too late* and *might have been* has changed the map of Europe just as much as German guns and divisions. Russia rotted into disaster because men talked when they should have been watching and guarding, when words and not swords were masters of the fateful hour. Anything, even an honest defeat, would be better than fruitless scheming, and vain talk, and formulated dreams that fall still-born into a needy world. The talkers forget how the clock of opportunity runs down while they are speaking. The time for doing is constant. War does not stand on one foot, waiting till you finish your sentence.

To face the world and the stars without fear, being true—to get out of an easy chair and set your back up against the cross—to watch in the mud of Flanders, or die in the fevered plains of Mesopotamia lest wrong should triumph for one day and the jewel of the soul be tarnished, shows little profit, of course, against the price of wool in the war markets. It is, in fact, loss, as some men measure gain. But it is what grandeur of soul is built from. It is what moulds true greatness and light. It has an excess profit, which the world can never find time to calculate a tax upon. For it is the crucifixion standard of the divine that is in man. It is God in the clay.

Better, ten thousandfold, to die rolled in the bloody mire of battle, and lie naked till the funeral drums roll the march, after victory's blast is blown, than make successful selfishness the glory and the measure of a life, and to be searching for an argument or excuse for judgment-day when the ghost of the murdered free nations would ask you why.

This is the day of sacrifice. We need not go far afield to find our cross. Men are dying to make a better thing of the dusty star on which we live. Surely God is awakening the ages by the terrible revelation of agony, where the rain runs red along the roadside ruts in Flanders. And that red rain shall never cease to run until our hearts take to themselves their duty, though it sting. For the shell-holes in a shattered world are becoming the birthplaces of a new age, the foundation of which is the broken and the contrite heart, as of old.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Instantly seizing her wrist he twisted her arm so that he almost brought her to her knees.—Page 218.

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SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

BETTY ALLISON tripped along without a thought in her mind that could really be called a thought. She would, indeed, have denied energetically that there was a waking moment when she could be accused of being in such a state, for she was a very active, alert young person who was always doing something or planning to do something. Truth, however, compels the statement that at the moment she had not a distinct idea in her pretty head. She was merely serenely, carelessly happy.

The afternoon was a bright, cheery, and warm fulfilment of the promises of the early spring. The illustration which she had just finished at her own studio was certainly the best she had ever made and would cause the art editor into whose office she would carry it the following day to open his eyes. She was going to the Escotts' apartment to see that it was all right, the key of it having been left with her under particular injunction from her greatest friend, Irene Escott. Irene had anxiously informed her that she could not be entirely satisfied that the little maid who only came in during the day when they were there could be depended upon to inspect everything regularly when they were out of town. They had been away ever since Escott had given up his occupation as an engineer early in the winter to go to Washington for confidential government war service. There they had taken an apartment and there Irene had gone to be with him, as he would only be returning to New York for a day at a time as his work called him. So Betty was going, as she had often gone before, to find if all was well. Moreover, she had agreed to meet there at five o'clock Captain Richard Burnham, whom she liked very much—well—perhaps liked a little more than very much. Well, she would see——

As she walked she noticed and felt, as she had before, the subtle metamorphosis of war New York. All the flags, the posters, the objects in the shop-windows, all made little differences which in the sum made a great difference. This brought her to what was a constant unhappiness for her. She was thinking now and her mind was busy with the one care which troubled her. How could she do something to help in the war? What could she do? Certainly she belonged to half a dozen committees. Undoubtedly, she was engaged in several forms of "war work." However, making "dressings," even selling Liberty Loan Bonds or, for that matter, learning how to take automobiles apart was nothing active as she understood it. She wanted something in which there was real danger and excitement and a chance for action, and what opportunity was there for that here in New York, where everything was going on almost exactly as it had been going on when she had come there five years before to study art, and as it had been going on ever since. There was very little change in her own existence or the existence of her friends. People were doing other things—like the Escotts. Brothers and husbands and—Richard Burnhams had gone off to camps. That and trying to get on with one's old clothes. No, she had no reason except for the black head-lines of the papers to believe that there was a war—If she could be in France where things were happening and where she longed to be, only they had told her that superfluous women were in the way.

She had walked across North Washington Square and onward and westward, and had come to the wide, empty street in which was the building in which was the Escott apartment. It had been a very broad, old dwelling-house, but the ground floor was now a business stationer's and printer's shop, and the second story had been transformed into the Escott flat.

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Above that was another flat, empty, as the sign "To Let" in a dusty window testified. Above that, as Betty knew, were store-rooms belonging to the tenants of the shop. The quietness and inexpensiveness had been in accord with the Escotts' wishes and means, and Betty approved entirely of the pretty nook they had made of it. The place was, indeed, almost more of a home for her than her own studio, where sometimes she had been very lonely.

She went up the narrow stairs by the side of the shop and reached the hall above. There was another stairway leading farther up, but Betty's light steps seemed to sound as steps sound in a house known to be empty. Momentarily she thought how curious it was that in swarming, strident New York she could be so isolated and in such silence. She opened the door of the Escott apartment with the key she had and entered. Walking along the narrow, short little hall she reached the diminutive drawing-room.

Yes, a glance about assured her that everything was all right. All of Irene Escott's wedding presents were in place exactly as she had left them. Betty had not expected anything else. However, Irene worried when she was away, and if she got any comfort in being informed that the mirror in the old Spanish frame—sent by Uncle Horace—was uncracked and hanging perfectly straight—that Cousin Clotilda's gift—the China rug, was carefully rolled up against the wall—that rich old Mrs. Munson's splendid present—the grand piano, was unscratched, she was delighted to write the facts to her.

What jolly good fun they had all had there! Little dinners, little suppers after the theatre. Richard Burnham had always been one of the party, and there she had first met him and—and——

Betty pushed aside the portière and passed from the drawing-room into the still smaller library. All was right there also. She returned to the drawing-room. Seating herself on the arm of a chair she gazed out at the blank windows of the houses opposite. Dick was coming presently, and she knew what he was going to say, only she did not know what she was going to say in answer—or was not quite sure—or, well—she had not said to herself that she knew what she was going to say exactly—well—she had not said it yet, anyhow——

She turned her head quickly.

Certainly some one was moving in the short hall. Could Dick have come already? She glanced at the clock. It manifestly had stopped. No, she could not expect him yet. But some one was in the hall. The distance from door to door was only half a dozen steps. Why did not he, she, it, they—come in?

She must have felt the strain of this question and the response to be made without knowing it, for the slight wait and suspense made her disproportionately nervous. She was ready to cry out sharply in interrogation when the person who had caused the slight disturbance entered. The appearance he presented though was so eminently usual, conventional, correct, that, coming after the brief, nervous tension, she gave a slight hysterical laugh.

Then she stared with open eyes.

A man stood in the doorway. He was a young man and he was a large young man, though the effect of largeness was produced rather by heaviness than by height. He had a large body and a large head, and a large face in which were singularly little eyes. Betty felt that they were at that moment looking at her with very sharp, startled attention. He was dressed in the height of the mode for late afternoon, and the effect produced was that of clothes worn by the man rather than that of a man wearing clothes. The European continental peculiarity which causes the wearer's garments to sit less easily on him, and with less appearance of unconsciousness than on an Englishman or an American, was subtly evident. When he spoke his words came with perfect ease. There was, however, a faint, scarcely perceptible, accent about them which was not the accent of any particular country or language, but carried a certain general suggestion of vague cosmopolitanism.

"I beg your pardon," he said in quick composure, "I came to see my good friends, the Escotts——"

"Why," exclaimed Betty, starting up, "Baron von Hippe!"

The stout young man gazed at her with an expression of mild astonishment as

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he slowly opened his heavy, firmly set mouth.

"I beg your pardon again," he said blankly, "I——"

"I suppose, of course, that you don't remember me," interrupted Betty eagerly. "It was eight years ago, when I was only fourteen, but I remember you very well on the steamer. I was crossing with my aunt, Mrs. Carnes, to go to school in Paris, and you were devoted to her, but of course you never noticed or remember a little girl like me——"

"Really, you are so—hasty," he said with a smile which came and went very quickly. "It is I who am not remembered; or, I cannot say that, for you have never seen me. I have not the honor to be of the name of the person you mention, and I never crossed the ocean eight years ago with your aunt, whom I never had the pleasure of knowing or seeing and consequently not yourself either."

"Then who are you?" questioned Betty, still staring.

"I," he answered, "I am Maximilian Lopez, who knows, I think I may say, the Escotts very well."

"Oh!" exclaimed Betty, "the Mr. Lopez whom they have met in Washington? Why, Mrs. Escott has written to me about you. She has written to me a great deal about you and most enthusiastically. You have been so very nice to them, and found so many pleasant things to do for them. But you must have known they were away."

"Oh, yes," he replied after the slightest hesitation, placing his hat on one chair and seating himself in another, "but to-day Jack Escott was to be in town and I half expected to find him here."

"But usually," remonstrated Betty, "he only comes early in the week."

"This, you see, was different," he said blandly. "And you are undoubtedly Miss Allison of whom I have also heard much, and also most enthusiastically."

"Yes," she said absently, "I am Elizabeth Allison," and she continued: "I was sure I had shut the door."

"Then, apparently, you are mistaken again, Miss Allison."

He paused, bowing gravely.

"The door was open. As I believed that no one would be here but Jack Escott, I made bold to enter as one would into a bachelor's quarters whom one knows well when one finds his door open. Miss Allison, I assure you that it is a very great pleasure to meet you at last."

Again he bowed and gave his listener to understand that he had been living only for that moment. Betty, sitting with her back to the light, gazed at him without taking her eyes for a moment from him. He straightened himself up, gave a twirl to his mustache, and assumed the air of one receiving a fitting tribute of attention and admiration.

"So you thought you once saw some one who resembled me. Poor devil——"

He simpered consciously.

"Yes, wasn't it odd?" murmured Betty.

"However," he continued, "you must put up with poor Maximilian Lopez, whose only wish is to be of service to you——"

"Since you know the Escotts so well, you must know Captain Burnham too—must have met him with them in Washington. Indeed, he has spoken to me about seeing you."

"Yes, indeed, I have seen Captain Burnham often and know him well."

"He is coming to meet me here at five o'clock——"

She checked herself suddenly, flushed and bit her lip as if displeased with herself for what she had so quickly said. A shade of something passed across the face she was watching. There was the merest momentary change, and she might well have believed that she was mistaken in imagining that there was any at all.

"How delightful!" he exclaimed quickly. "Captain Burnham is in town. I am so pleased. Ah, when the Escotts return and we are here all together we have been counting on having such—what do you call them—larks. We have planned to make a little merry in these sad times. And perhaps then you will be so good as to make one of us—" He stopped short. "Five o'clock. I wonder what time it is now?"

He glanced about and she saw his look.

"The clock has stopped," she said.

"It is a pity. Usually I carry a wrist-watch, but to-day I have it not on."

"I haven't a watch, either," she said, and asked: "You have never been at the Escotts' apartment before?"

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"Alas! You see, I have only known them in Washington."

"Yes, they have been away all winter. I wonder what time it really is? I know," she jumped up, "the telephone operator will tell us."

She moved toward the door as the man she addressed rose from his chair with his heels close together. He took a step forward, then drew back his foot and stood rigidly erect. She disappeared through the door to the library, and a moment after the sound of her voice came back to the room.

"Central! Will you please tell me what time it is?" A pause. "Thank you."

She returned at once and sat down in the chair she had just left.

"Twenty minutes to five," Betty said, "and Captain Burnham is to be here at five. The recruiting-office where he is in charge is only a few blocks away, and I do not think that he will be late——"

"Yes, yes—probably." The response was given slowly while the speaker looked at her, cast his eyes about the room and glanced toward the door. "He will be here in twenty minutes."

"Perhaps sooner," said Betty. "I should not be surprised if he were a little early."

"Ah—a little early——"

The words broke off and the man who had uttered them appeared to be plunged in thought. At length he aroused himself, as if suddenly becoming conscious that his silence might have become noticeable.

"Really—really," he said briskly, "how regrettable. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to see at once the excellent Captain Burnham."

"But if you wait you will see him—" she urged.

"Yes—yes," he said, rising quickly. "That is exactly the unfortunate part. I cannot wait. I have an engagement. I am really late now, but I wished to have a word with the Escotts."

"If you could only stay as long as this," laughed Betty, "it would have had to be a very short word indeed."

He gave no heed to the speech, but turned and, as he turned, said abruptly:

"I cannot stay. I shall hope at another time, Miss Allison."

"Wait, wait just a minute," entreated Betty. "You mustn't go yet, I cannot let you."

He wheeled about quickly.

"And why not?"

A note of hardness which had not been there before rasped out suddenly in his voice.

"Oh!" Betty exclaimed, "when I have heard so much of you from the Escotts—when I am so glad to meet you—I really am——"

He scrutinized her face very closely indeed, and after a moment his countenance relaxed. His mouth stretched in a wide grin of gratified self-satisfaction.

"You have," he said, "a very pretty smile. We should be great friends. Yes." He kept staring at her and the leering look which had lain in his eyes gave place to one of renewed and troubled uncertainty. "No. No," he shook his head shortly, "I must go. I must fulfil my engagement."

"Oh, don't," Betty protested earnestly. "I have just had a great idea. I will tell you what we will do. Give up your engagement. I will telephone Dick to meet us there and that he must give us tea at the Ritz. It will be great fun. We can talk as well there as here and there are always so many amusing people to see."

The man to whom she spoke came to a sudden standstill. His brows were wrinkled in thought, like one debating some important question for which an answer has to be found immediately. He drew a quick, deep breath and addressed her suavely:

"Very well. Indeed, the prospect which you offer is too delightful! It cannot be resisted. I will let my engagement go."

"Then I will telephone at once," called Betty, as she ran again to the door leading to the library. She disappeared as she had before, and in an instant her voice was heard giving a telephone number. After the lapse of a few moments she went on rapidly:

"Oh, Dick, is that you? I am here at the Escotts' apartment. I have a plan. I have found Mr. Lopez here, whom it seems you know. What do you say to going to the Ritz for tea? I think it would be great fun. You agree? Then I'll meet you there with Mr. Lopez at five instead of here. All right."

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She came back into the room, walking slowly. The man whom she had left there had sunk into the chair which he had occupied. As she advanced he did not rise. She stood for a second irresolutely looking down at him. While she did so he threw himself back and, crossing one leg over the other, drew out a cigarette-case.

"I do not think that you have asked my permission to smoke," she said sharply.

He laughed loudly and still with an air of bravado as he looked up at her and answered:

"And why should I?"

He leaned over. Taking a match from a tray on the table he lit it.

"I can understand," she said coldly, "that you should find no reason why you should."

"Then you know me—at length."

"I see that you recognize yourself in my description."

A hot flush of anger burned across his face and his teeth snapped viciously.

"I do not think I meant to let you know that I did, but you made me angry," she went on.

"I rather thought you knew me all the time," he answered brusquely, lighting his cigarette and watching her. "That is why I was going. Now there is no such haste. Yes, I am Von Hippe. There is no reason, now that you have placed yourself in my power, to make a mystery of it any longer."

She clinched her hand as their eyes met.

"In fact," he went on, "with what I have to do that would be impossible."

"What is that?" she asked shortly.

"Escott," he replied calmly, "is in the government employ, as you know. The relations—which I established—with the Escotts enabled me to learn certain facts. In that desk—" he pointed to a corner—"are certain papers which will be of great service to me—and others. This is the only occasion which I can hope to have of obtaining them. There are also certain people whom I have observed noticing me too closely of late. You have recognized me. The game is up. This evening I shall be out of New York with what I wish to have. To get that I came here this afternoon."

"Then I did not leave the door open," she said dully.

"No, I opened it. One day in Washington Jack Escott lost his keys. He found them, as happened, again very quickly. Still they were out of his possession for a time and——"

He paused significantly.

"I am not surprised," she said disdainfully.

"To work!" he exclaimed, disregarding her speech and rising.

"And when you go, if I give an alarm——"

"I shall arrange so that you shall not do that."

He moved to the corner, sank down on one knee. Drawing a small key from his pocket he inserted it in the lock.

"Ah," he said, "you should have trusted to first impressions. The eyes of the sharp little girl who saw so clearly."

Betty had seated herself and with her chin on her hand watched him as he worked at the desk.

"Do you know," she said, "as I was coming here I wished that I could do something in the war—something real and active."

"Well," he muttered, throwing open the desk top, "you had your chance and lost it. I am a prize that they would be glad enough to capture."

"It doesn't seem to me now that this can be really happening here in New York."

"Much happens nowadays that no one could believe before."

"You are proud enough to think that you have outwitted me."

"Ach!" he exclaimed contemptuously and indifferently, examining the handful of papers he had taken from a pigeonhole. "A woman. What is that!"

"I will tell you, Baron von Hippe, what I think," she said slowly, "I think that is where you and your nation have made a great mistake in this war. You have made it a man's war on your side. On our side, in France, in England, here all the women are helping and their help is sought and welcomed. In your country they would help too if they were allowed to do it, I have no doubt, but your man rule there despises them. That is one of the reasons, the great reason, why you are going to be beaten. Women are to you as something to be pushed from

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the sidewalk on which you are walking. Really, you think of them as good for little more than to work in the fields like beasts."

"Women are fools!" he exclaimed contemptuously, busy with the papers.

"The result is," she continued steadily, "that you are not only fighting all the men of the Allies but you have all the women against you."

"What adversaries!" he laughed scornfully. "What have we to fear from them? What had I to fear from you? Why, you played into my hands like the pretty little simpleton you are. With big Captain Burnham coming here it was a different affair." He was glancing over the documents rapidly as he spoke. "You tell him not to come and— This house is empty. At this hour no one will be about. With Captain Burnham arriving at any moment I could not do my work. Uncertain if you had not found me out I had to get away, but in a moment all is changed with the danger of his presence removed. I need be on guard no longer. I have even time to find exactly what I want."

She watched him as he continued to run over the papers, which he had brought to a table before which he was standing.

"You must think me a fool."

"I think you foolish to believe that a woman can match herself against a man," he replied in high good humor.

"You are sure she cannot?" she asked as she rose and drew near to him.

Placing herself on the other side of the table, with a quick movement of her hand she swept all the documents before him onto the floor.

"*Donnerwetter!*" he cried furiously. "Why do you do that? It is child's play. You think to stop me so! Pick them up."

She stood motionless.

"Pick them up," he roared.

"I told you all that you think women are good for."

"Will you pick them up?" he threatened.

She did not move or speak.

Instantly seizing her wrist he twisted her arm so that he almost brought her to her knees. He held her, bending thus until with her free hand she began to pick up the papers. Then he relaxed his hold. Puffing his cigarette he watched her, not deigning to help her and exulting in her subjugation. In his enjoyment of the situation he did not hurry her, but watched her as she slowly gathered the scattered documents. She seemed to suffer from the mortification of her employment, for her fingers worked awkwardly and often dropped what they held, which necessitated her picking the papers up again to place with the others on the table.

"So," he said, when at length they were again before him, "I think I will need all of these, and I will take them with me." He placed the letters and documents in his pockets. "Now, really, I must go. You are a very charming miss, and at another time—but this is business and I cannot trust too much to chance. You were kind enough to remove the possibility of Captain Burnham's interruption, still some one, after all, might appear. Ah, yes, I see what is in your mind. As soon as I have gone from the room you will follow, and you will denounce me to the first person met. That is what you think, but that shall not be." His glance travelled rapidly about. "There is nothing I see very practical with which to secure you."

"You wouldn't dare to tie me up?"

He lifted his eyebrows and blew out his breath.

"You think. Would I let a woman stand in my way when I am playing the game I am? That is a trifle."

He went to a door and threw it back. The opening revealed one of the closets so frequent in apartments where advantage is taken of all space.

"That is better!" he exclaimed. "There is a key. The door is strong enough for the purpose. You will not be heard beyond this room."

"You don't mean," she demanded in evident amazement, "that you would shut me up there—that you would dare——"

"I would dare," he replied grimly, "and a good deal more. Will you step in or——"

Her clear young voice interrupted him strongly and piercingly. The cry for help filled the place, and rose higher and higher in acute intensity, so that, as it seemed, doors and walls would hardly serve as barriers or distance check it and it must be heard by the passers in the street below. He was manifestly startled and dismayed.

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"Hush up that," he called savagely. "Will you keep quiet!"

He seized her arms and shook her, but she screamed the louder.

"Help! Help! Quick! Quick!"

He held her with one hand, and, putting an arm about her, dragged her toward the door. She was young and strong and hardy with the out-of-door life of a modern girl. She struggled desperately, and he had all he could do to hold her at first, much less force her to the prison he intended for her. She clung to him so that he could not move, and for some moments they remained in the same spot where she had sunk to her knees, while he bent over her. At length, reaching forward, he picked her up bodily and carried her to the closet. Stopping short at the threshold he tore her hands from him and threw her into it. Before she could rise he had half closed the door.

"Stay there," he hissed. "I wish that I had more time."

He banged the door shut and she heard the key turn in the lock. She did not stand up. She stayed on her knees and, instantly stretching her head forward, listened intently.

"Oh! Oh!" she moaned.

The panels were thin and she could hear his steps as he walked swiftly away. He went to the desk and the sounds indicated that he hastily gathered up some of the papers. Then he moved toward the entrance door. He passed through it and had hardly taken a step beyond when she caught clearly the tones of a man's voice. She cried out frenziedly:

"I'm here, I'm here!"

A quick exclamation followed. At once came words which were audibly a question and a broken reply. Next the noise and crash of a contest as the stamp of men struggling was mingled with the smash and overturn of furniture. A moment of silence—and Betty heard the dull thump of a heavy body striking the floor. Then the key turned and the door was wrenched open.

Betty's glance about the place showed her that the man who had made her a prisoner was on the floor raising himself slowly. Before her stood a tall young man in khaki.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "What's he been doing?"

"Oh!" Betty gasped, and stammered: "He is Baron von Hippe."

"Von Hippe?" frowned the young man. "Why, that's the chap all the secret service has been after for months. If it's really he it's a good capture."

"It is," Betty hurried on. "He crossed on the steamer when I was a little girl. I remember him perfectly, though. He came here after I did while I was waiting for you. He must have had another key that he had made or something with which to let himself in. At first he denied who he was, but I knew all the time, and I was certain that there must be something wrong. I wanted to tell you and have you see him—but he insisted that he was going away. If he did I felt that he would escape altogether——"

"So I should," sneered Von Hippe, who had risen and was standing up, "except for the unexpected arrival of Captain Burnham when he should have been somewhere else. It is always fortune which helps the stupid. If, as he was telephoned to do, he had gone to the Ritz——"

"Telephoned to go to the Ritz?" repeated Burnham, turning to Betty in evident astonishment.

"Yes," Betty laughed shortly and wildly, "you may not know that I telephoned you just now from here to go to the Ritz."

"Telephoned me from here!" Burnham exclaimed. "Why you couldn't, the Escott's haven't any telephone. It has always been one of their pet economies."

"Yes," answered Betty, "that is just it. They haven't any telephone."

"There isn't any telephone!" roared Von Hippe, taking a step forward as Burnham slightly raised the revolver which he had drawn out and held in his hand. "But," he stuttered, "you telephoned."

"You thought I did, Baron von Hippe," Betty trilled merrily. "That amounted to just the same thing. I saw that if you believed that Captain Burnham was coming—I was so surprised I said that impulsively—you would not wait so that he could see you, and I was afraid that you might do with me just what you did

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so that I couldn't follow you. The only way was to make you think I didn't know you and that he wasn't going to be here, and the only way to do that was to make you think there was a telephone."

Von Hippe stood staring.

"There was nothing?" he spluttered.

"It was camouflage, baron. When you thought I telephoned first and came back into the room and said, 'twenty minutes to five,' you believed that it was earlier than it was. Then you made up your mind to stay, and that was just what I wanted. I pushed the papers off the table to gain time."

Von Hippe's face had turned from red to white.

"I remember that you said some very uncomplimentary things about women, and how little they were to be counted in war."

Burnham threw back his head and broke into hearty laughter as he watched Von Hippe's helpless fury.

"Stung, baron," he chuckled; "I don't know what you call it in your language but that's what we call it in America, and you and the rest of you had better not try to stand up against our American women when they get into it as they have, you see. However, you'll have plenty of time to think over all this when you're down in Georgia. What is it, Betty?"

He sprang forward beside her and put his arm about her, swaying, with her hand resting on the table.

"I won't faint," she panted, "or anything of that silly sort. I just won't, but I am tired. The last fifteen minutes have not been easy. I was frightened—awfully frightened at the end, for I was afraid that you couldn't get here. Take him away," she pointed to Von Hippe, "and really, we'll go to the Ritz for tea or somewhere, and you shall hear all about it, and —Dick—perhaps—I've got something else to tell you."

TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO DIED

By John Bunker

I saw you only once or twice,
And then I thought you very nice,
Like other little girls
With curls,
In lace and fluttering strings
Of ribbons, and silks, and things;
But after a time I scarce recalled a trace
Of eyes or hair or any delicate grace;
I knew no more your face.

And then . . . I heard . . . you had died;
And drawing to a lonely place aside,
Unseen of all—this is a secret true
Between us two—
In that most lonely, lonely place aside
I cried.

Now scarce do I remember any trace
Of your lost innocent face;
Yet sometimes, sometimes, when I see
A little girl such as you used to be,
Her ways, her eyes, her hair,
Or some slight thing that little children wear,—
It shakes the heart of me.

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THE FAITH OF THE MAN IN THE RANKS

By Harold Hersey
Lieutenant U. S. N. G.

THE average man in the ranks, not being a trained psychologist, would and does experience great difficulty in telling of his ideals. The soul of the soldier grows beneath a huge exterior of health, care-free manners, and a stern sense of discipline. He is trained to a type, and in consequence the differences that are always present among men remain hidden from sight, even from his officers, unless, perhaps, one makes a special effort to discover them and bring them to light. Men are not prone to speak of their inner feelings. Their thoughts, sensations, dreams, are concealed beneath a rather gruff exterior. It is considered an unwarranted privilege to break in upon this spiritual seclusion that is at once the privilege and property of every one, in or out of uniform. For this reason most studies of a soldier's mind have been futile, a waste of time. The question is not to be settled by asking them questions or by inquisitive strangers who visit camp and deliver platitudinous sermons, followed by "intimate" conversations with the men. Ninety-nine articles out of a hundred that appear in our periodicals are based upon such slender foundations as these, however. In fact, the American soldier in the cantonment has suffered exceedingly from inquisitive "guests." His personal feelings, his ideas, his thoughts upon the war, his mental aspects of all kinds, have been sought out, weighed, tested, considered by hundreds of superficial writers. At times it has seemed to him as though he were some sort of an animal in a cage at which thousands of people stared at all hours of the day and night, commenting freely, seemingly without regard for his feelings.

We all know that this interest springs from the most sincere, the finest sort of sympathy, but much of it has been so unintelligent, so hollow, so pitiful. The American people are wrapped up in their new army—how could they help it? I am not one to disparage such an excellent situation. My only objection has been the mode with which the soldier has been treated by the periodicals and the press. To read some of the articles one would imagine that the writers were treating inanimate objects, pure automatons that worked by machinery, when in fact there is no one quite so fine, so human, as our soldier. He is a refinement of American manhood, a concrete example of what the practical application of an ideal can accomplish. He has not changed. He is still the "civilian" of other days, but he is now making continual use of the higher functions of his manhood, bringing to the foreground all the combined elements of good, and subjecting the useless, the bad. The same man is there but gradually he is rising out of himself. This, however, is a matter of time. It will not make him a stranger to us when he returns. On the contrary, it will make him all the closer. He will come out of this bloody conflict sure of the things that now are moving him to action, the finer aspirations that must pass the acid tests of fire and privation.

So, once and for all, let us cease talking about our soldiers as though they were strangers in a strange land. The uniform is only the sign of a high duty, not one setting up an obstacle between the wearer of the olive drab and ourselves. He is doing work that requires twenty-four hours' concentration out of twenty-four. We cannot expect to have our pie and eat it. Because of this you are lending your sons, your husbands, your brothers, relatives, and friends to the government for a certain period. This does not mean that because of this humanitarian transaction they have changed into beings that no one understands or can ever appreciate except through cold studies by so-called "experts." The ideals of the men are precious metal. It does not improve matters at all to dig down suddenly and lay them open to the daylight. To

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one who has associated intimately with men in uniform for the past year, such action only leads to inane conclusions that have no basis in truth.

The most prevalent mistake made by observers and writers is concerning the faith of the men. They seem to think that the religion of the soldier has undergone a mysterious change, when in fact the same faiths exist to-day in the army as in civilian life. These men are huge receptacles of feeling. They are sincere. Their hearts are in the battle. It may be that they lack the power to express this as splendidly as the President can, but when one of them says, "Every decent chap ought to fight when his country is at war," he is saying in his way what more clever men express with smooth phrases.

The faith of their fathers and mothers —that is the faith of our soldiers. No man can get away from his early years. His training clings to him through all of life. So is it with the soldier. He comes to the army with his entire spiritual baggage. Perhaps he dwells more upon the thoughts of a hereafter than he did previously, but I doubt it. He firmly believes that death is only a door to a future life and he rests content with that. At least, this attitude of mind has been my experience among them at all times.

This faith, this religion, does become wrapped up in patriotism, to be sure. The men are conscious that there is a horrible evil in the world which is attempting to crush every decent thing known to them. They have heard of the submarine outrages, the use of gas for the first time by the Germans, April 22, 1915; they know that almost every fiendish method to kill, rape, and destroy has been put into effect by the German Government—it is not strange, therefore, that a faith should become interwoven with the aspirations of our country to combat and crush out such an evil.

In most men this faith is not often brought forward. There is no "lip service" in the army. Sincerity or nothing —that is the watchword. The soldier may air his troubles to you, he may grumble as men do, but he will keep his ideals to himself, and it is certainly surprising how quickly he drops this cloak when something comes up that seems below standard. Then this faith is expressed in action, not words. No doubt this lack of the faculty of expressing one's self is a universal failing. Men do not care much about telling the world their inner feelings. We are all secretly disgusted with the individual in the smoking-car who retails his family troubles to strangers. The soldier is doubly sensitive, in the first place, naturally, and in the second, because of his uniform and what it stands for nowadays.

In all these months of service it is only natural that my close observations have taught me much about the faith of the man in service. I have learned, for example, that he believes sternly and irrevocably in a higher being. I have not yet met a man who did not believe this. I have gathered that although sharp religious discriminations separate certain individuals, they are perfectly willing to seek advice from a chaplain of any faith, provided that chaplain proves himself a real man. I have seen ghastly failures in chaplains and successful ones, and I know how the men feel concerning them. It is amazing how quickly they size up a man and how accurate they are in their conclusions. They place their trust only in those whom they have tested and found true blue.

The faith of these men is something concrete—definite. It admits of no subterfuges, no half-answers to anything. No lines are drawn so sharply that they exclude any one or anything. Beliefs are all right, but they will not concede that any belief supersedes comradeship, sympathy, or those homely attributes that men insist upon when thrown closely together for months at a time.

Distinctions of faith have largely disappeared among the Protestants, for instance. Each man clings to the early lessons that his mother taught him, and he finds that those same lessons are strangely similar to those of opposing faiths—the Baptist chums daily with the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist with the Episcopalian. The higher elements are forgotten, the hair-splitting differences unknown among them. The result is that the men are gradually moulded into a hardy faith that rests only on the fundamental solidities of human nature—

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honor, courage, and truth being the main ones.

The shadings of emotion that separate the various classes of Catholics, Hebrews, and Protestants cling always, but they are never forced or needlessly enlarged. After all, each one of them is a soldier, and as long as each lives up to certain standards it makes little difference.

An amazing thing about the successful chaplain in the army is the lack of platitudes one hears in a sermon. The men who are daily undergoing training for the one purpose of destroying the enemy, hardening themselves to the idea of dealing out death or having it inflicted upon them, are not going to have much patience with speeches or sermons that are not grounded firmly in their daily schemes of life. To appeal to them, one must speak a direct, vital language. They want also to believe in the man who is asking them to do things. Lengthy talks are worse than useless. They are naturally busy; their training is so enormous that they cannot bother with anything but swift, sharp ideas that cut and burn.

The religion of these men is a strangely simple thing, after all. We can't expect them to have any patience with nebulous fancies or far-away theories. They are training to kill—this precludes any hypocritical matters—any extraneous ideas. The more we consider the subject the nearer we come to elementals.

Cleanliness of mind and body—how supreme are these two things—how much they mean! The routine of their days takes in these facts as it does every concern of theirs. Nothing is stricter than the laws governing cleanliness in the army. It is recognized that many more men die of disease than of wounds in war, and regulations are drastic. Every day contains its period of "house-cleaning." Army kitchens are models that any housewife might do well to imitate. The uniforms are watched closely, the equipment inspected regularly. Nothing causes more trouble for a man than an untidy appearance. His cot, his blankets, his few treasures, all are part of him and he is expected to keep them in excellent condition. Punishment is visited swiftly upon those who fail in this. The system is exact, it allows no excuses. A man is either neat or untidy, and if untidy he has to mend his ways or suffer for it. A course of instruction is given to all recruits in personal hygiene. They are grounded firmly in what to do and how to do it from the very start, no excuses being accepted from then on.

Consider this fact for a moment. Here is a vast number of men brought from the four points of the compass. Their lives have all been governed differently, some carefully, most of them carelessly. Suddenly they are swept into a machine that requires cleanliness first, last, and all the time. In no time at all this becomes second nature. An individual pride is the result. It reacts on the mind. It has a distinct effect upon the entire being of the man. Is it unnatural, then, that he should develop into an individual of clean motives and higher desires? The physical has tremendous influence upon the mental at all times. In this case I have been witness to hundreds of just such marvellous transformations.

From this we can gather much. It is evident that the soldier's faith is clean, aboveboard. The few exceptions are lost sight of in the large mass of sincere good that is present everywhere. The ones who prove impossible are weeded out. They gradually disappear and when the day of battle comes, they are far behind the lines, being considered worthless material in time of action.

I have no theories about this, I know whereof I speak. I am not glorifying what does not exist. I am in touch with this every day in the week.

There can be no doubt of the fact that we are producing better men all around—higher types physically, mentally, and spiritually. The faith of this higher man is based on the same things that held our forefathers to the work of settling the Civil War and it cannot help but produce that ideal that gave us the material for our great leaders—our Lincolns, our Hamiltons, our Franklins.

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THE TROUBLE-MAKER

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

TRUCK 2 had just been housed after an early morning false alarm, and Captain Gile was on his way up-stairs when Flint, the deputy chief, rolled up to the open door in his red motor. He joined Gile on the stairs, and the two entered the captain's office on the second floor. It was not a social call; the deputy's manner was grave. He bit off the end of the cigar which Gile had given him and then, as was his wont, came abruptly to the point.

"What's been the matter with your company lately, Dan?"

Gile flushed.

"Matter!" he parried. "This outfit has won the company efficiency medal eight times in the past ten years."

"Well, it won't win it this year." Flint smiled grimly and then, frowning, went on. "Your company has deteriorated, Dan—gone all to pieces. This morning you were first due; you reported in third. And at fires—" The deputy shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use my wasting my breath on something you know as well as I do? Now, if you can't find the trouble, I'm going to take a hand. Get me?"

Gile nodded and then leaned back, his teeth clinched upon his cigar. He had found the trouble all right. He said so.

"Well, then, what is it?" asked the deputy.

The captain puffed contemplatively upon his cigar.

"I've been in the department twenty-two years, John," he replied at length. "I've had Truck 2 for ten of them—the model company of the department most of the time——"

"Oh, that's all right." Flint gestured with his cigar. "Nobody has any kick on *you* . . . only," he added, "if something's got out of hand, why——"

"The lieutenant caught Mechler and Allaire trying to throw each other down the pole-hole last night," said Gile interrupting.

The deputy chief raised his eyebrows.

"Oh! So *that's* it, eh."

"Yes—that's it." The captain arose and began to pace the floor. "John," he continued, pausing, "this thing has been going on for months—ever since Mechler and Allaire came here. I wasn't on for a long time; couldn't find out nohow. But I'm wise now."

"Did the scrap get on the company record?"

"You bet it did."

Flint regarded the man quizzically.

"It did, eh?"

"Yes, it did. I'm through. I've suppressed a dozen charges against Mechler since he's been here. Now he goes on the carpet—before the commissioner. That'll let him out, all right; he's through."

"How about Allaire?"

"He's all right; a little nifty in his ways . . . Mechler started the scrap; he admitted it."

"Sure." Flint frowned. "I knew Mechler when he was a kid in the gas-house district." His face softened. "I know the shop where he pawned his two life-saving medals. And I know his wife—who had to run away from him. Oh, I know *him*." He smiled vaguely as salient points in the career of the man passed through his mind.

Mechler was pretty widely known throughout the department as an "Indian." His six years of service had been marked by a succession of misadventures which had brought him time and again before the commissioner. That he was still on the city pay-roll was due to his superb fire-fighting qualities. His education and power of inductive thinking would never permit him to rise in the department. But he was a fireman in all that the term implies—a man whose response to whatever physical emergency

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was instinctive. He never thought out anything; he simply *did* it. The commissioner had sent him to Gile as a last resort, trusting in the veteran commander's renowned ability as a disciplinarian. But Gile's failure was tacitly admitted in his expressed intention of bringing the present issue before the commissioner.

Flint fully understood the captain's position. None the less he loved a good fireman—Mechler was all of that. Now, Allaire—? Allaire was a college graduate, a handsome young fellow who believed that the Fire Department offered as many chances for a man with brains as any walk of life within his reach. Flint knew him as a man who did what he had to do—nothing more. As the departmental saying has it—"he took care of himself." Already high on the eligible list for lieutenants he had given himself twelve years in which to wear the white hat of a battalion chief. Flint knew his sort—the direct antithesis to men of the Mechler type.

Allaire was the nephew of a prominent politician. For this reason—because, too, of his swagger and good clothes, he had asserted a strong influence upon the company, and had, of course, come into conflict with Mechler.

"Yes." Flint arose, the situation clear before him, and yet perplexed. "I guess you've lost out on Mechler. Keep him working at fires every hour"— he tossed his hand—"but you can't do that." His face assumed a humorous expression. "With Mechler out, and Allaire at your back—! Well, Gile, you're the doctor——"

The captain gazed at the retreating form of the deputy with puzzled face. He had expected some word of commendation over his intended course of action. Instead—well, he couldn't grasp the chief's veiled attitude at all. What was Flint getting at, anyway?

He was still frowning over his thoughts when an alarm from lower Broadway sent its clanging summons through the building. Gile, with emotions akin to relief, ran to the officers' pole and slid to the floor. The men were stepping to their places on the running-board, putting on their helmets and struggling into their rubber coats. The apparatus was throbbing and quivering under the kick of the motor, and volumes of oil smoke bit at throat and nostril. The captain leaped to the platform at the side of the chauffeur's seat, glanced back along the truck, and nodded.

"All right, let 'er go. . . . We're first due, Hartigan," he growled warningly.

With his experience of twenty-odd years, Gile had never outlived a certain curiosity when responding to an alarm as to what might lie ahead. But the thought was now deep in the lower recesses of his mind. He was still thinking of Mechler. Whether Flint approved or not, the man had to go. That was final. The commissioner had sworn to break him on the next charge. He would have his chance to make good the threat. It would be a good thing—the only thing.

The very impressions received as the big hook-and-ladder rolled out of the house had added the last element of convincingness to this conclusion. In the old days his stalwarts had gone to a fire as soldiers go into a charge. They would come down the pole and hit the floor in a jocular heap, and roll out of the house with a zing and a whoop that would have inspired any commander. He had never had to look about before picking one of his men for extra-hazardous work. The first fireman he saw with a red shield and the "2" on the front—he was the man.

Once a politician of the district had smuggled a gallon of port wine into the quarters. It was on New Year's eve. Before Gile knew about it nothing but an empty demijohn remained. Then an alarm had come in and the crew had gone to the fire—singing. It was a two-alarm affair, and the company made so much noise with their laughter and smashing that the deputy had turned scowling to the captain.

"What's the matter with your company—gone crazy?"

Gile's reply had been accompanied by a troubled face. He guessed they had been celebrating New Year's—just a little bit. Flint had chuckled.

"They were first due—all right. Take them back to quarters—and let them finish it out."

That was how Truck 2 had stood with John Flint in former times. Now, today, he had seen fit to drop into quarters

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and complain about the outfit. Well, all right. Mechler was through. That was final. He didn't fit. Gile scowled, tightening his hand upon a seat stanchion as the truck slewed around a corner into Broadway. No, Mechler didn't fit. . . . There came another thought, a quiver of uncertainty. Truck 2, by thunder! had always been the company of all outfits in which this Indian *would* fit. Was this the secret of Flint's quizzical attitude? Did he have the wrong slant on this situation? Was he losing his grip? Flint had never grinned at him in that way before.

The deputy chief's motor snored past the truck. A block away Gile could hear the siren of Engine 26 wailing and moaning down Church Street. Ahead policemen were cutting off traffic, and still farther, bellying out from the tenth floor of a big office-building he saw a flood of thick black smoke. It rose slowly into the wonderfully delicate June sky, smudging the heavens and tincturing the shell-pink of the little morning clouds.

He turned to Dorgan the lieutenant, who stood just behind him.

"The Eastern Trust Company Building! Looks like something."

Dorgan nodded and a hard look came into his brilliant gray eyes with the puckered underlids. He was one of the old crowd. Mechler, on the other side, had turned his inscrutable cave-man face toward the burning sky-scraper, jaws working tensely on the tobacco he always chewed at a fire. And Allaire? As Gile's eyes found the young fireman he was waving his hand in jovial salutation to a friend of the traffic squad.

Hardened as the veteran commander was to the exigencies of fire-fighting, his instincts were not so blunted as to cause him either to forget or overlook the mental processes of the average young fireman in the face of hazardous duty such as this fire seemed likely to involve. Allaire's jauntiness was, thus, impressive—even though it was the sang-froid of inexperience. Yes, Allaire had nerve, all right. Gile reached this conclusion as the truck came to a stop in the middle of the block. He leaped to the street, and ran at the head of his men to the deputy chief who stood on the curb in front of the burning building. The crew of Engine 26 arrived at the same time, bearing rolls of hose in their arms. Flint gestured impatiently toward the front door.

"Go up to the ninth floor. Fire's on the tenth. Hurry. I'll send two other lines up as the companies report in."

A battalion chief, who had been upstairs, emerged from the building with streaming eyes. He set forth the situation in a short jerky sentence, and Flint, without reply, turned abruptly to his driver. "Send in a second alarm, Tully," he said.

In the meantime, the truck and engine companies—between which no love was lost—were racing for the building. The engine crew won and, entering the one elevator car, piled in and slammed the door in the faces of Gile's men, who stood impotently cursing as the car arose to the accompaniment of jeers and taunting laughter. Arriving at the floor beneath the fire, the enginemen would detach the building hose from the stand-pipe and use the lines they had brought with them. Firemen have no faith in private hose.

Gile, whose rage at the action of the other company knew no bounds, was about to order his men to run up the nine flights when another car appeared. It contained the few tenants who had happened to be in the building at this early hour—eight o'clock. They plunged out of the cage and made for the street, the operator leading the way.

"Get in, hang it, get in," roared the captain. "Who can run this car?"

Allaire ran to the lever, smiling easily. "I was educated for the elevator-boy business," he said. "Hurry up."

The group of truckmen entered just as Flint stepped into the corridor. He stared at Gile in angry surprise.

"What the——?"

But Allaire had jerked the crank and the deputy's voice, as well as his figure, disappeared.

The elevator was one of the older type, and it arose deliberately. The lights in the top of the car glowed upon the helmets and rubber coats of the firemen. Wisps of smoke curled down the shaft and twined about them. Intermittent showers of sparks rattled upon the domed roof, or found their way to the floor, there

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to be stamped out by Gile and his men. Allaire's hand trembled on the lever and the smile left his face.

"The fire is all through the shaft up there," he said. "Shall I take her down again?"

Gile crashed his hands together with an oath.

"Take her down! You going crazy, Allaire? Go on up to the ninth." He glanced curiously at the fireman. "What's eating you, anyway?"

There was no reply. The car continued its deliberate course upward. The building was one of the original tall buildings —its eleven stories long since dwarfed by the pinnacled heights of surrounding structures. The hall floors and the stairs were of wood, and the trim also. It had long been regarded as a menace by the firemen of the district. And as Gile and his men went upward it became clear that the flames had taken a firm hold. Passing the sixth floor the car entered a region of heavy smoke and gases, through which the lamp in the roof of the car became merely a luminous blur. Above was that steady sigh and surge of the fire—the sound a strong wind creates in a forest of pine.

"What floor are we at?" Gile flashed his electric torch which failed to pierce the smoke. "Do you know, Allaire?"

"Don't know. Guess it's the ninth now."

"Just passed the seventh." Mechler's raucous voice tore through the murk. "I touched every floor door with my hand."

"All right—two more floors," replied Gile. "Stop when Mechler sings out."

Over their heads developed a sound like the blast of a great organ; there was a livid blood-red glow, intense heat.

"Past the eighth," called Mechler. "Ninth coming."

"All right. Stop—" There came a sudden change in the captain's tone. "Stop her, damn it! Allaire——!"

Allaire's shout of terror blurred out the angry voice.

"She won't stop. I—" There came the sound of a clanking; the car trembled but continued to rise.

"Good God! Allaire, you—" The anathema was lost in a shout from the captain.

"Heads down—under your arms!" Gile's voice died as the car, like a sodden, inexorable thing rose into a flux of hot gases and stabbing flame. For two seconds there was the blast of heat that seared and fumes that choked, while seven stalwart men bowed helpless and stricken before the element they had been trained to combat.

There came a sudden relief and with a metallic grinding and crunching the car came to an abrupt stop at the top of the shaft on the eleventh floor. Gile sprang to the door and opened it.

"Everybody out here."

As the men dived out the door Gile ran to a stand-pipe at the corner of the shaft.

"Get this hose down and kill this heat," he ordered in a hard, cool voice.

Mechler already had the nozzle, and was pulling the line out of the reel.

"Hurry there—! It's a case of fight, boys," Gile went on, speaking in a low, tense voice. "We're here; we can't get down; no one can get up. We can lick this thing ourselves. Go to it. Where's the valve? Dorgan, turn it on when I give the word."

He hurried toward the nozzle. Mechler and Ryan were at the pipe, vague, ghostly figures in the reeking gloom.

"All right," growled one of them. "Give us some water." Gile faced toward the stand-pipe.

"Water!" he roared. There was a moment's silence. The line still remained flat. Mechler cursed brutally.

"Water—! Dorgan, what's the matter?" Gile ran back to the knot of men grouped around the pipe. The lieutenant had opened the valve and was now twisting it to and fro.

"No water coming," he muttered. As a matter of fact the subcellar section of the pipe had been disconnected the previous afternoon by plumbers. Gile guessed it at once. They were always up to something of the sort in these old buildings.

"No water!" The motive to utterance struck most of the men simultaneously. "No water!" In a flash it came to all that they were trapped without a weapon with which to fight.

Their situation was precarious. The

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building was constructed around a court. The five windows opposite the elevator-shaft gave upon this square opening, and the flames and smoke from the floor below were sucked in through these vents, as well as up the elevator-shafts and stairway. It was, as with the incident in the elevator, one of those sudden deathly emergencies which sometimes open up with such grim unexpectedness in the life of a fireman. Gile stood poised, thinking, crouched with his men in a corner out of the more intense heat, but enveloped in choking smoke.

"My God! We've got to get out of—" Allaire gagged and then rushed blunderingly toward the stairs, already invested in flame. Most of the men followed him but retreated before a fiercer gust. They came piling back to the corner, crowding and jostling their captain, thoroughly disorganized.

"Quitters!" Gile's voice ended shrilly. "You pack of——"

There came the crash of an axe, the crackling of glass, and the splintering of wood. Mechler's voice filled the shrouded hall.

"Here's an office with outside windows. Come on."

Guided by his voice the company ran to the shattered door of a suite of offices at the end of the hall, retreating before a flood of flame that set the entire hall to blazing. It was the outer office of a brokerage firm; into it the fire leaped with the men. They plunged into the inner apartment, shutting the door after them and gaining momentary surcease.

Mechler was standing on the window-sill, having raised the sash.

"There's a ledge out here!" he cried.

"All right, Mechler. Come back to the floor." Gile's voice was surcharged with viciousness. "You're all going out on the ledge, men. Before you go," his voice rose, "before— I want to tell you guys this: you're a bunch of pussy-foots; a gang of white-livered quitters—all except Mechler and Dorgan. I've been fooled for months. I've got you all down cold, now. Truck 2 has been going to hell for a year. I thought it was Mechler. I was wrong. It was *you*, you, with your dude clothes and your ice-cream manners. Allaire—" The captain's voice broke into a fusillade of curses—"Allaire, you, with your pull and your—your— Damn it, you balled this company up—made it into a joke; and now, by God, you've quit cold! Truck 2 layin' down! But I'll fix you. If Truck 2 gets out of this it will be the old Truck 2, not a cabaret show. Allaire, you've been wanting to beat it for the last fifteen minutes. Get out on that ledge—quick."

As the man, his nerve gone, silently obeyed, the captain turned to another.

"Now, Gallagher, you. Ballin, you next." The men made their way out the window to the ledge as ordered, and Dorgan and Gile followed, preceded by Mechler, whose iron face showed no sign whatever of emotion.

The ledge, or coping, upon which they stood was merely a decorative appendage to the building, having a width of slightly more than a foot, offering thus a desperately precarious foothold. Smoke gushing upward from the floor below, as well as from the windows at their back, hid the fugitives from view of the street. It was as though they were gazing down into a black, heaving sea; indeed, they, themselves, were immersed in it. Below they could hear shouts, the clanging of bells, and the splash of water—all faint, unreal. On their dizzy perch they stood as though in another world, alone, dependent solely upon themselves.

But Gile, who had long ago accepted the death hazard as part of the philosophy of his profession, was not thinking so much of his plight as of his sudden enlightenment concerning his company. The softening process which they had been undergoing for nearly a year was now as clear in his mind as anything could be. His only real thought of present danger related to its employment as a means of welding his company, of teaching them once and for all that a fire company requires men and not dilettantes. The men standing with their backs pressed tightly against the wall were murmuring. It began with Allaire and came down the line to Mechler—where it stopped. Mechler stood as silent, as immobile, as one of the great stone statues which decorated the façade of the towering structure across the street, his face was as devoid of expression.

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Drawn by George Wright.

He was waving his hand in jovial salutation to a friend of the traffic squad.—Page 226.

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The position was patently untenable. Already fire was breaking out of the windows. A quizzical smile wrinkled the captain's leathery features:

"Ahead there!" he called. "You can't stay there. This ledge goes around the corner. You boys turn your faces to the wall. Every man put his right hand on the other man's back. Press it tight. That will hold us as we work around."

He faced the wall, placing his hand upon the small of Dorgan's back. The lieutenant did likewise with Mechler, and so on until the chain was complete.

"All right." Gile's voice was sharp. "Hurry up, Allaire. Get a move on."

Inside came the crash of a segment of falling floor. Several voices arose in wild, profane protestation.

"Can't move—it's too narrow."

"Can't, eh!" Gile's voice was a growl. "You'll move or be pushed into the street. Come on Dorgan, Mechler, shove the line along."

Thus slowly exerting the pressure of their shoulders, the men ahead were compelled either to advance—or jump. They chose the first alternative, and with each fireman pressing the other against the wall they negotiated the dizzy advance, passed the perilous corner, and once more turned their faces outward, away from the heat.

There was fire here, too. But the situation was not so immediately desperate as it had been on the front. It soon would be, however. The upper part of the building was doomed. The structure stood on a corner, and the one which adjoined it on the other side was a low, five-story building. An old bank across the street from where Gile and his men were standing had been torn down, and the empty skeleton work of a new structure reared itself above the clouds of smoke.

"Throw your hats down and see if we can attract attention," ordered Gile. He suited action to words by casting his own helmet into the billowing smoke. "They know we're lost; they must be looking for us."

As the last of the hats disappeared the men stood in breathless silence, waiting. Presently shouts were heard beneath them and the report of a gun followed.

"A life-line. Look out for the weight."

The men strained their eyes, but nothing came. Probably the projectile had fallen short. At all events the firemen in the street were aiming blindly. Another report. But flames were gushing out the windows and darting along the ledge; the men were compelled to bury their faces in the break of their elbows. The line was not to be found when the gust passed.

"Well—" Gile turned to Dorgan, but shifted his gaze to Mechler as the fireman pointed upward.

Above them, just out of hand grasp was the gutter of the roof coping. Above that the roof with its fluted tiling ascended sharply to the peak. Without a word, Mechler turned slowly until he faced the wall, his head thrown backward, face upturned, arms above his head.

"Steady me, Dorgan, as I jump."

Thus saying, he sank to a crouching position; and then, bounding upward as though released by a spring, he caught the coping above and, steadied by the lieutenant, chinned upward; and then, throwing a leg over the gutter, scrambled prone to the narrow runway.

"It's better up here, Cap." There was a ring in the gruff voice. Catching his arm under the heavy grating of a skylight, he reached down with the other. "Come on, Cap."

But Gile waited until all his men had gained their temporarily improved position, and was then hauled up himself.

"We can't stay here," he said, glancing about. "Allaire, Ballin—you two lead the way up to the peak. Hold on to the tiling."

Neither man moved. Gile, livid, beat his huge fist into his hand.

"Allaire—Ballin—go up! Damn you! The first insubordinate man goes off this roof head first. Allaire——"

But Mechler was already clawing up the steep incline, and so continued despite his captain's angry shouts of admonition. With example thus set, the remainder of the company, Gile last of all, hanging literally by their finger-nails, made the ascent.

They were now looking down into the courtway—a veritable crater with flame and impenetrable black smoke, spouting past their shoulders, forming a sable

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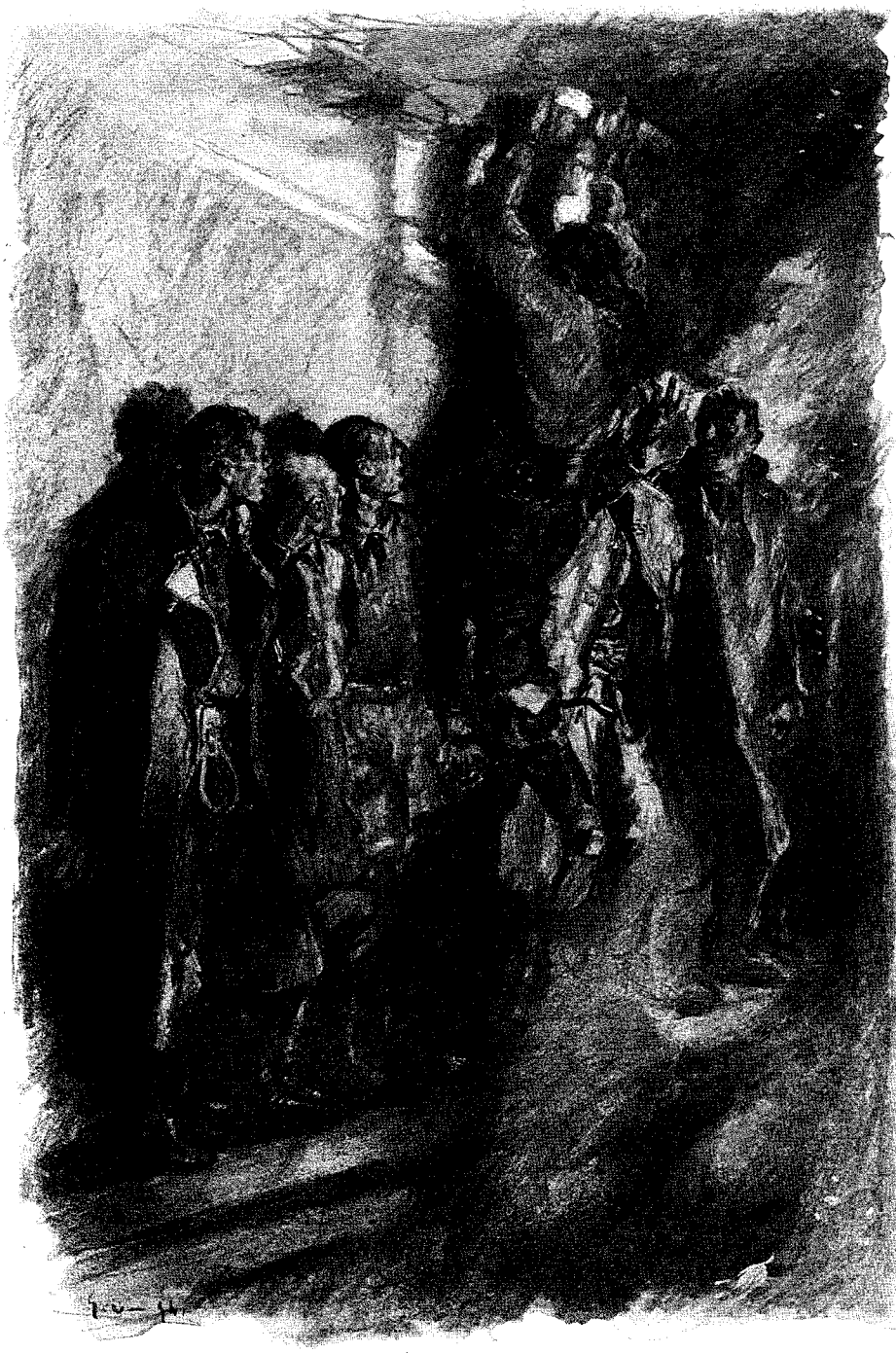

Drawn by George Wright.

He caught the coping above.—Page 230.

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plume high above the city. The company lay prone upon their stomachs, clinging to the vitrified length of tiling which formed the ridge-pole. The brick beneath them was hot and spouts of fire were coming out of the skylight. Gile prodded his neighbor.

"Move along—all the way along," he ordered, "we might as well be lying on the sidewalk as here."

They wriggled along the roof until they came to the rear. The tiling was not so hot, but beneath they could feel the surge, hear the roar of the fiery tempest. It was only a question of time when the entire roof collapsed. Across the street they could see through the smoke the green, time-stained copper sheathing of a cupola which adorned the eight-story building on the corner. It was of Moorish design, and there were little grinning faces above each of the narrow window-slits. They seemed to mock the men and at the same time emphasized the suggestion of height above the street.

The firemen could go no farther. Beyond them the roof had fallen in, and a sagging of the part over which they had made their way indicated imminent collapse. In fact a fifty-foot segment went in as Gile cast his glance backward. Gile's thoughts were sardonic. Only a little while ago he had been worrying about the future of his company, as to discipline and *esprit de corps;* apparently that future was in other hands. His men were not cowards at heart; he could see that now—and it brought a meed of comfort. They were lying still, not moving. They were going to take it—whatever it might be. . . . And then through the smoke he made out the figure of John Mechler.

He was standing by a chimney, his hand upon a thick electric cable which entered the roof at his feet.

"Mechler!" There was a note in the captain's voice that drew every face upward, turned in the direction of the man.

His arm was outstretched, and, following it, they saw that the cable went outward—to the cupola of the opposite building. There was a sharp exclamation, which died suddenly as sarcastic laughter came from Gile.

"All right, boys. Fine! There's a hundred-foot trip, hand over hand. Who wants to go first? Allaire—Ballin—Gallagher——?"

But the three men merely sat still, gazing hungrily at the stretch of cable, its one end above a death pit, the other attached to something that would endure. The contrast was bitter, stupefying.

Gile, watching them, spoke with gentler voice.

"Well—? There's the chance for those that want it. . . . I can't do it. Never could."

"Shut up!" Allaire glared at his captain. "No one can do it, you old fool. You—" He broke into a string of curses.

Gile took it with a grim settling of features. It was the outburst that comes from broken nerves. He understood. He didn't mind—so long as it was only Allaire. The others were still silent, their eyes fastened upon the cable as though debating the chances of working their way to safety.

Mechler, meanwhile, was working with a coil of lighter insulated wire which some electrician had left against the chimney. Its great length was revealed as he unrolled it. His movements were deliberate, but there was something in his deft manipulations that suggested a fully formulated design. This impression was carried to all the firemen and they watched him curiously.

"What you doing, Mechler?" Allaire's voice was surcharged.

The fireman only grunted. He was gathering in the end which he had allowed to roll down over the roof.

There came the sound of rending and grinding; followed a vast uproar as the entire front portion of the roof went inward, cutting its way down through the building from floor to floor.

Mechler straightened up and beckoned to Gile.

"Cap, look over here."

As the captain approached Mechler steadied himself, then bent down with great care and knotted the smaller wire to the cable, drawing then a small hatchet from the pompier belt which it was his habit always to wear.

"This company's going to be saved, Cap."

Mechler's words contained a quiver of

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exultation. He began hacking at the cable.

"Look out," warned Dorgan. "It's a live cable."

Mechler shrugged and laughed through his teeth, continuing his assault upon the covered mass of twisted wire. As it fell in two he straightened up.

"It's too far to go hand over hand, Cap, and too straight to slide down the wire. All you got to do," he added, "is to hang on to this end while a man pays out the leading line. That'll land you near one of the windows of the building across——"

His further words were obliterated in a great shout. Not a man but comprehended the idea instantly, not a man but was exalted at the prospects of this eleventh-hour reprieve from a fate which all of them had regarded as inexorable. There was a general movement toward Mechler, who stood with the severed end of the cable and the smaller leading line in his hands.

"Praise God for you, Jack!" Dorgan gained his feet and smote the fireman upon the back. Gile was at his side.

"You first, Mechler. Swing out. It's your discovery. Here—give me the wires."

But Mechler shook his head, and pointed silently toward Allaire.

"Him," he muttered. The voice was expressionless, and yet it seemed to carry an underlying note of vast meaning. And there was not a man that did not catch it—except, perhaps, Allaire.

"Sure—all the valuable men first," gibed Gile.

Bracing himself he . . . lowered the man gently.—Page 235.

Allaire eagerly snatched the cable and passed it under his arms, working his way gingerly down to the gutter.

"Hang on!" he cried.

He stepped off into space and, as the men above paid out the lighter wire, sank

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slowly and easily downward until he brought up flush against a fourth-story window of the opposite building. Here, standing on the ledge, he cast off the cable which was drawn up to the roof.

And thus man after man of the company was lowered to safety until Mechler, Dorgan, and Gile alone remained. The lieutenant put out his hand to push his subordinate to the cable, but Mechler struck it down.

"Go on, Dorgan," he growled. "I won't."

He stood there, stalwart, indomitable, proud, waiting. . . .—Page 235

Gile glanced at the two a second and then gestured at the lieutenant who without further words attached the cable to his body and sank to safety.

The two who remained drew up the cable in silence. For the first time it oc-

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curred to Gile—whose mind had been busy in arranging the order of departure—that the man who handled the leading line upon this occasion would have no comrade to serve him similarly. He, or Mechler, would have to face death, alone. But his face gave no expression as the end of the cable came to their feet.

Suddenly he put his hand upon the fireman's shoulder.

"Jack," he said, "I get what you're thinking. But it's no good. Wrap that cable around you—and get. That's my last order. Understand."

Mechler's head was shaking like a sullen dog's. The captain went on.

"I'm an old guy, Mechler. I haven't got many more years anyway. You're young, go on. Damn you, do you hear your superior officer's command?"

Mechler had drawn close; his face almost touched Gile's.

"I ain't goin', Cap. I'm a loss. I know it. I—I ain't human. I was never hep to it before. I am now. It's all come to me. I ain't meant for a civilized world. I'm meant for somewhere else, I guess—somewhere; hell maybe. Go on, Cap. Where do I get off?"

"Dorgan will clear off those charges against you!" cried Gile. "I told him before he went."

"There'd only be more charges. I don't know how to live, get me; never did. I ain't afraid—of this; never was. Maybe that's what I was meant for—" He paused a second. "If you can ever find Aggie—my wife; who used to be my wife—tell her—tell her what I've said. Come on, Cap."

Gile raised his hand.

"As I love God!" he cried, "I won't ——"

The remainder of the oath was lost in a groan as Mechler's huge fist suddenly crunched against his captain's jaw.

As Gile sank to the roof the big fireman bent down and swiftly twisted the cable around the prostrate man's body, letting him slide down the roof to the gutter, and thence over the edge, whereupon, bracing himself he caught the slack with the leading line and lowered the man gently.

Soon the strain ceased. Mechler stood tense a moment. He tugged at the cable. It moved upward. He held it, as though undecided. Then, with the wire still in his hand, the fingers grasping it mechanically, he stood against the chimney amid the smoke and the stabbing flames.

His black hair streamed down over his forehead. His dark eyes glowed over the high swarthy cheek-bones. An inscrutable smile pulled at the corners of the thin, straight lips. Rodin, alone, could have hewed that grim, elemental brooding figure, dulled and stupefied by thoughts that were too big for him to encompass. Only, something instinctive, something deep within, told him he had done well, had justified himself, had made his life, at last, after all doubts, worth while.

Now, he felt this clearly and felt as one glorified, bigger than the elements raging about him—above them, aloof from them, scorning them. There was the calm knowledge that Destiny had spoken in his behalf.

And, as he stood there, stalwart, indomitable, proud, waiting, a great shout drifted to him from the street below. He looked about him dazedly; then he started, his eyes falling upon the wire which was still twisted about his fingers. Mechanically he pulled it upward. There was a new feel to it. With something of curiosity he hauled steadily. . . . A thick, new rope with sliding whip attached wriggled up over the gutter. He gazed at it a moment, scowling. He picked it up and raised his hand to throw it back to the street. . . . Then the thought came that those below had thought enough of him to devise this expedient. It was startling. . . . Suddenly, a light broke over his darkly set features. He glanced upward toward the sunlight which silvered the black smoke-clouds. And now something born of those nameless emotions which had surged through him as he stood prepared for oblivion thrilled him, seemed to show him something definite and worthy lying ahead.

"Is it a hunch?" His lips moved. But no sound came. "J'ees!"

He walked to the chimney and made the rope fast. He put his legs through the whip. Then with one backward glance he turned his face steadfastly toward the world.

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Drawn by George Wright.

The intruder moved across a shaft of moonlight, so that she could see his features.—Page 242.

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XXIV

LIKE ADAM AND EVE

THERE was an instant of pregnant silence, and then Mrs. Royal spoke.

"What did you call her?" she demanded of the solitary diner. She leaned toward him almost menacingly.

"I think I am not mistaken," said Judge Ligon amiably. "I was addressing a former—er—acquaintance, Mrs. Herkimer."

Mrs. Royal's eyes became almost round. "Herkimer!" she echoed. Plainly her thoughts were seeking out a somewhat faded memory. "Herkimer! Isn't that the name of the thief they found over in Quitman?"

Judge Ligon stroked one wing of his beard deliberately. "Such reckless speech, madam!" he exclaimed blandly. "She was never convicted of being a thief, so far as I know. I beg of you to remember the facts."

"Oh! So you're a friend of hers!"

"I am Judge Ligon, of Quitman. Mrs. Herkimer will tell you to what extent I am her friend."

Mrs. Royal turned toward Susan. Fear and fury combined to make her quite terrible. "What's your name?" she demanded.

The gaze which Susan turned to the infuriated woman became suddenly almost calm. She had felt overpowered by the mischance that had befallen her; by the suddenness of her ill fortune. She had felt miserable and humble at first. And then she discovered that the people in the dining-room were looking at her unsympathetically, and that others who had finished their supper were filing back into the dining-room to witness her downfall. She caught a glimpse of Mann, who occupied a near-by table, and it seemed to her that his face expressed only a dismay which had in it no pity for her at all. Then she brought to her aid that consciousness of rectitude which always stayed her in her unsupported moments. She had done no wrong, and these people should not be provided with a kind of cruel amusement at her expense.

"My name is Mrs. Herkimer," she said. She had profited by giving a thought to the high, violent tone which Mrs. Royal had employed, and her own voice was low and firm.

"You're the Quitman Mrs. Herkimer?"

"I have been in Quitman. I never belonged there."

"And you're not married to Mann at all?"

Susan faltered an instant, and then she replied evenly: "No, I'm not married to him."

"He's the kind of man, then, who would go running around with a woman who wasn't his wife?"

"I'm the kind of woman," amended Susan with quiet emphasis, "who would go running around with a man who isn't my husband."

Mrs. Royal gasped. "You mean something by that!" she cried. "You'll have to explain what you mean! You know you mean something!"

Susan could not guess how the arrow had found its mark. She resumed: "There was no harm in my being with him. And you've no right to make me out a bad woman before a lot of strangers. I've never done you any harm. I've done what any good woman would have done since I've been here. I'm not going to have you abuse me. You've no right to do so."

Mrs. Royal seemed almost dazed. She stared at Susan speechlessly for an instant. Then she found her tongue again—and something of her temper. Still,

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she felt that she did not know how to deal with the situation adequately. "You needn't tell me what I'm to do," she retorted. "And I want you to gather that mess up right away and bring this gentleman his supper."

"I'll not bring this gentleman his supper. You've made it impossible for me to work in the dining-room any more. If you like, I'll go into the kitchen and help."

She spoke with so much quiet assurance that Mrs. Royal stared at her with wavering eyes. Her breath came in gasps. Then with a suddenness which was startling she began to weep. It seemed a kind of climax to the ugly little drama.

Some one began to gather the scattered dishes from the floor. It was Royal, who had mysteriously appeared from nowhere and who moved about now with mild, apologetic submission.

The group of spectators regarded him idly and with expressions of finality, as if he were gathering up the broken fragments of harmony.

Mann, taking advantage of this diversion, approached Susan quietly. "Come, let's go," he advised, touching her on the arm.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Royal heard again.

"Go where?" she demanded, checking her grief as if by an automatic process.

Mann hesitated. "Oh, anywhere, for the moment," he replied. "What's the use of having a scene?" There was an expression of strong distaste in his eyes.

Mrs. Royal's anger was unloosed again. "Well, I'd like to know what right you've got to get her to do anything. You're not her husband."

Mann frowned. "You may say I've got the right of an innocent bystander. Or a friend."

"Whose friend, I'd like to know?"

Again Mann hesitated.

"He means my friend," explained Susan.

"Ah, I thought there must be two of them," remarked Judge Ligon, who appeared to be addressing nobody in particular.

Mann caught the words and perceived that Judge Ligon was vastly pleased with himself; also he realized just how Susan's cross had been placed upon her.

He turned again to Mrs. Royal. "Excuse me," he said, "but I infer that the gentleman with the tapestries hasn't had his supper yet. You know the classic saying, 'Business before pleasure.' Why not wait until after work hours to straighten out this little misunderstanding?"

Susan was keeping control over herself admirably. She addressed Mrs. Royal politely. "If you'd like me to help in the kitchen, I'm willing," she said. "If there's nothing for me to do I'll go to my room."

The dining-room was being gradually vacated as a result of Susan's tranquillity; but the doorway filled again when Mrs. Royal exclaimed loudly: "Indeed, you're not going to your room. You've got no room. You're not the sort of woman I'd be willing to trust."

Mann's expression darkened, and when he saw the flash of pain in Susan's eyes he touched her arm again. "Come, let's go," he urged.

Again Mrs. Royal turned her attention to him, and this time she read an unmistakable expression in his eyes—sympathy for Susan and disgust toward herself. Her eyes became quite childlike from the effort to comprehend this condition of affairs. She was standing apart from the other members of the group. Then, without any warning at all, she pitched forward to the floor. A choked cry died in her throat. A large curved comb dropped out of her hair, with the result that she presented a sadly dishevelled appearance.

"She's fainted," said Susan, with swift compassion; and then to the others: "Please go away and leave her with me." She took a glass of water from one of the tables and leaned down by the prostrate woman's side.

The evening twilight was rapidly giving place to the deeper shadows of night when Susan emerged from the front door of the Horseshoe Hotel, her possessions all in hand, and slowly descended the front steps. The expression on her face might have been analyzed only as despondency by one lacking an intimate knowledge of her; yet it might have been seen that back of the despondency there was sturdy resolution and the pride that stands fast.

She had been ordered to leave the hotel.

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Mrs. Royal had summoned command over her faculties long enough to bid her begone instantly and to despatch a humble appeal to the deposed Janey, and then she had taken to her room and to her bed. And Susan had bidden her good-by quietly and had taken her departure.

She did not hesitate as she descended the hotel steps, though she had not the slightest idea where she was going. She stumbled awkwardly at the last step. She could not see very well. There was but little daylight left; and, besides, there were tears in her eyes. She wavered a moment when she reached the sidewalk. She realized that her every footfall was as a loud announcement to the town that she was coming—she, Susan Herkimer, who had been ordered out of the hotel because she had been suspected of being a thief.

She could not understand why Mrs. Royal had taken the whole affair so seriously, so tragically. Even if she, Susan, had been a thief, there would have seemed no warrant for such a state of mind as that into which her late employer had lapsed. It seemed to her that she had been in the hotel a long time, and she was sure Mrs. Royal ought to have found out that she had no intention of stealing anything.

She kept to the sidewalk at first, despite the irksome noises made by her feet on the hollow planking. She meant to change her course as soon as she could shape her thoughts. She had an idea that if she were to go into the town square and ask leave of some of the campers, to whom she was unknown, to share their accommodations for the night, they might not have refused her. Yet it would be dreadful to be turned away; and what single word could she speak that would give her standing with strangers?

Then it occurred to her that it would be best to go out into the country somewhere; anywhere, so that she might be beyond the reach of the people who knew of her downfall.

It was then that she was arrested by a voice. It was a familiar voice, and the word it uttered was——

"Jehoshaphat!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed brokenly, when she recognized Mann; "it's you!"

Then she felt an unwonted desire to laugh; for Mann held a halter-strap in his hand and his response was: "Yes, it is I, and the constant Cleopatra." He was smiling serenely, and Susan felt somehow that they had been moving in a circle all the time. They seemed to be just where they were before they came to Horseshoe.

"Where are *you* going?" she asked.

"Where am I going!" he echoed blankly. "I'm going with you, of course."

She stood still in the dusk a moment, facing him. She felt a thrill of relief, of gratitude, stir within her. "That's good of you," she said humbly.

"Good of me!" he exclaimed. "I wonder how you figure that out?"

"You know I refused to go with you, as long as I had a place to stay!"

"Well, I haven't got any place to stay. If I lingered around that hotel until our late lamented friend got on her feet again, she'd be likely to hurl the range at me, or spring a trap-door under my feet. I couldn't possibly consider the Horseshoe Hotel a health-resort for me if I ever ran into it again."

"But, oh, it seems so good to have you with me!" confessed Susan. "I couldn't think what to do. I felt dazed. With you to help me, maybe I can get out of sight somewhere. That's what I want to do now more than anything else."

Almost timidly he drew near enough to pat her on the arm. "Don't take things to heart," he besought her. "You know, it will be quite dark in a few minutes now, and nobody will see you then. And—happy thought!—I've got a place for us to go, though I don't believe we'd better let the people around here know where we've gone. I think the best thing to do is to kill a little time. They might see us now. And don't think too much about those fool people back in the hotel. They're scarcely human. You're going to be as right as a fiddle. Don't you have a moment's doubt about it."

He paused; and speedily he noted that her eyes had become misty as a result of his friendly words. "Do you feel so badly about it as all that?" he asked incredulously.

She could not tell him what it was that had moved her to tears. "I don't think I feel so very badly about it—now," she

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replied. "I suppose I sha'n't know until to-morrow just how I do feel about it."

"Ah, that's a wise woman. I never knew of a better plan than waiting until to-morrow to find out how badly we've been hurt to-day."

Susan looked off across the darkening spaces, in which figures both animate and inanimate were beginning to appear as mere blurs. She was deriving a wonderful warmth from this companion who had never failed her yet.

"But what made her so mad at me?" she suddenly thought to inquire.

Mann mused uneasily. "Well, she must have had special reasons," he admitted. And then—"Come, let's be moving. I don't believe any of these yokels can see where we're going now. I know of a good place for to-night; and to-morrow——"

He did not finish the sentence. Instead, he started forward into the dark.

He was headed for the little deserted cabin which lay outside the town, forlorn and outcast, as if it too had come under the ban of a narrow people's displeasure.

XXV

SUSAN ENCOUNTERS A THIEF

MOONLIGHT flooded the world, spreading a golden mantle across the shabby floor of the silent cottage. Breezes passed fitfully through the single room, and there were occasional wee noises out in the night—the voices of dreaming insects. But of these things Susan was oblivious. Lying on the bench, which was the only article of furniture in the room, her head pillowed on Mann's coat, she slept.

Although front and back doors were wide open, there was the odor of disuse in the air—the odor which settles upon rooms which have been long untenanted and in which the plaster is yielding to the fingers of time. But otherwise the ancient structure was not an unpleasant haven. It was as a barrier between two unconventional souls and the suspicious, begrudging eyes of a community.

Mann sat on the floor, against the wall, dozing occasionally, but thinking during other intervals of the farce which life was forever becoming for him when he tried to make it some sort of genuine drama.

He could not help feeling glad that circumstances had relieved him of the shameless course he had meant to pursue toward Mrs. Royal; yet he was not altogether gratified by the knowledge that he had tried once more to shape an event in his life, and that the most deliberate planning had come to nothing.

And then the whimsical aspects of his situation appeared to him. Here he was, wholly shut off from all the world, with the exception of two creatures upon whom he had no claim whatever. Back in the fringe of bushes bordering the creek the animal he had called Cleopatra was tethered for the night. With perfect docility it had followed him to its new place and had regarded him with soft eyes and had whinneyed contentedly when he turned back toward the abandoned hut. By what earthly logic could he justify the fact that he had become groom to a lost animal which seemed altogether useless?

And here was his companion, a creature with the face and form of a lovely woman, but with the mind and the morality of an unspoiled boy. Why should he have followed after one who continued to be a stranger to him—of whom he could learn nothing save that she was compounded of a thousand absurdities?

And then he remembered certain glances she had given him occasionally, and he knew well enough why he had followed her. Where else in the world was there a woman who would look at him with shy worship in her eyes but who steadfastly refused to draw near to him and whose sole desire seemed to be in the direction of loyal comradeship?

She was going to take the train in the morning and go back to the city. That had been their decision.

As for Mann, no plans had been made for him at all. He was not to go with Susan. She had declared stoutly that she must go alone. She had had enough of deception and its consequences. The kind of hardships she had anticipated when she had set out upon her unique adventure—these she might have borne to the end. But to have the eye of virtue continuously turned upon her with suspicion and condemnation—this was the test she could not meet.

Before she had gone to sleep Mann had

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ventured to remark: "I'm wondering what the city will have to offer you when you get back. I'm wondering if you'll find Herkimer again, and if he'll be glad to see you. I'm wondering if he knows what a strange creature you are!"

If he had meant this as an indirect argument in favor of a course other than the one she had decided to adopt, he was unrewarded. For Susan had remained silent a long time, and then she had said: "I'm wondering about the same things." And then she had gone to sleep.

Now the night had come—the late night, from the Horseshoe standpoint. It must be close to midnight, Mann thought. A few lights glimmered out across the wide common, where the street lamps of Horseshoe were still visible. These, doubtless, would burn all night. All the aspects of nature seemed almost desolately silent and motionless.

Suddenly, as if she had been disturbed by a palpable force, Susan stirred and sat up.

She rubbed her eyes and looked about her. She was trying to think where she was and how she had got there. Her eyes travelled along the room until they came to Mann, who was sitting quite erect.

She remembered everything then. "Haven't you gone to sleep yet?" she asked.

"I've dozed a little. I somehow don't seem to feel very sleepy."

"I don't either now. I feel as if something was about to happen. Did you ever feel that way?"

"I suppose so. But you couldn't expect to feel right, lying on a wooden bench in a strange place. Don't worry. Maybe this will be your last night of hardship—hardship of this kind, anyway. Are you sure you've got money enough to buy a ticket home?"

"I'm not quite sure; but that isn't what I'm worrying about. I could walk the last part of the way if I had to. Something is troubling me about what happened in Horseshoe. I feel as though those terrible people might hurt us—as if they might want to lock us up, or something."

Mann reflected. As a matter of fact, he knew that Susan's fears might be by no means unfounded. He had known of authorities in small towns—and in big towns, too, for that matter—doing strange things where helpless people were concerned.

But he tried to reassure her. "If they meant to do us any harm we'd probably have heard from them before this. Put your mind on to-morrow morning, and daylight, and the train. Then maybe you'll go to sleep."

Susan detected in his tone a finality which stirred her strangely. She saw how his hands were clasped about his knees in a relaxed fashion, and how his whole bearing indicated resignation. She was trying to think of something friendly, yet not too friendly, to say to him. She did not wish him to believe that she was unmoved by his loyalty, untouched by his kindness.

But before she could frame a sentence her mind was forced into a wholly different channel. She jerked her head around sharply, so that one ear was turned toward the town. She leaned forward in an attitude of apprehension, of concentration. And Mann arose with alacrity from his place on the floor and hurried to the door which looked toward Horseshoe.

"What is it?" whispered Susan. She was much alarmed.

"I can't tell," answered Mann, musingly. "It sounds like men shouting."

Susan joined him at the door. "Would they be shouting if they meant us any harm?" she asked.

"No, surely not." The color had receded from his cheeks a little; for in the moonlight he could see one figure, and then others, emerge from the town and sweep forth in the direction of the cabin. And the sound of men yelling in the distance fell with sinister effect, because the world was otherwise so soundless. He saw that the runners were advancing in disorder, like animals. Their movements bespoke power without thought, without restraint.

"And we haven't done anything," said Susan. Neither had spoken above a whisper, though they might have shouted without being heard.

Mann realized that this fact was not always to the point; but he replied: "There's nothing to worry about. There's

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no telling what might happen in that town while hundreds of yahoos and cousins are swarming about. It may be a footrace, or a game. We'll shut the door. As a matter of fact, they can't know we're here. Whatever they're after, it is not us."

But he closed the door only partly, and he and Susan continued to stand near the narrow aperture which remained. They looked out across the barren stretch of ground which separated them from Horseshoe: Susan with a nameless dread, and Mann with eyes in which wonder steadily grew. To himself he was musing: "What in the Sam Hill does it mean, anyhow?"

The advancing men were moving in the form of a wedge, or a fan. One led by a considerable distance, as if he were setting the pace or showing the way. All seemed to be moving at a high rate of speed.

Then Mann thoughtfully closed the door. "Come," he said, "we'll stand by the back door. If they come in we'll be ready to step out. They are not looking for us—you may be sure of that."

In the dim light he tried to smile at her, but it was a wry smile at best, and it speedily passed away; for now, in addition to the sound of shouts, could be heard the thud of feet on the hard ground.

It was now that Susan's simple common sense asserted itself. The crescendo of that unloosed human force outside was terrifying to her, but she was not incapable of thinking promptly and clearly.

She touched Mann's arm. "You go away and hide," she whispered. "Let them find me alone. They can't have any cause for action then—if it is really we they're looking for. If they find us together——"

She stood at the back door and indicated almost peremptorily that he was to go away. Their being together was, after all, a circumstance which strangers could not be expected to understand—which nobody could be expected to understand. "Please go!" she urged, as the wave of sound of those thudding feet broke more strongly upon their ears.

For one brief instant Mann stood in indecision. Her argument had been a soundly logical one, if her premise were to be accepted. But the thought of leaving her alone face to face with a problem which he was still unable to fathom was repugnant to him.

Then with startling violence the drama moved forward. The door was thrust open violently and a breathless man entered the room.

Susan, standing at the back door, added the force of her hand to the logic of her words, and Mann sprang across the threshold and was gone.

Then the whole amazing episode divided itself into two acts which moved forward simultaneously.

What really happened was that the running throng, who really were in pursuit of the man in the lead, saw that their quarry had entered the old cabin. They saw also, an instant later, a figure speeding away from the back door of the cabin. They believed the man they were pursuing had sought to throw them off the track by seeming to take refuge in the cabin. Thus they continued their pursuit—but it was now Mann whom they followed in the darkness; Mann, who, being quite fresh, speedily outdistanced them.

As for Susan, she shrank noiselessly against the wall and gazed fearfully at the solitary intruder who confronted her. She could see only the blur of a figure, could hear only the rapid, distressed breathing; yet it seemed to her that she was greatly menaced. And then it dawned upon her that this other human being, like herself, was frightened and at bay.

Then an amazed cry escaped from her. The intruder moved across a shaft of moonlight, so that she could see his features.

It was Herkimer!

She stealthily closed the door. "Herkimer!" she whispered tensely. She moved forward as if she were walking in her sleep; she heard him respond in a rasping tone: "Susan!" Then both stood in their places and listened. Something quite incomprehensible was happening outside the cabin. Men were pounding their way around it; the shouts were giving place to the gasps of spent runners, and the sounds now came, not from toward Horseshoe, but from the other direction.

Susan slipped to the back door and

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looked out. The same spectacle which had moved down upon her and Mann from Horseshoe was now moving toward the patch of woods. One man, with a good lead, was being pursued by a wedge-shaped group of runners. But now it was Mann who led in the running. The ancient hut had ceased to figure in the pursuit.

Susan turned and stood wonderingly before Herkimer. She thought to question him; but when she saw that he was in physical distress, and that his eyes were like those of a hunted creature, she had no word to say. Instead she put forth her hand as if she were trying to locate an invisible object. Her fingers rested falteringly upon his arm. "Herkimer!" she whispered again. Bewilderment was giving place to a prescient knowledge of things evil and terrible.

He thrust her aside. "I must get out of here," he said. He was not resentful toward her; he seemed rather to be only partly conscious of her presence. He was thinking only of himself and of his urgent need. "They will be coming back," he added. "They must have been blind not to see where I went." His chest was still rising and falling rapidly. He spoke with difficulty.

"They were after you?" asked Susan.

"Fool! What else could they be after?"

"I thought . . . I was afraid—Why are they after you?"

"I was doing a job. They caught me at it."

"A job . . .?"

He ignored her. He had heard the sound of tramping feet go by. He went to the back door and looked out warily. But his pursuers had all disappeared in the woods.

He swung around toward Susan with a sudden betrayal of amazement. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I am working . . . I have been working . . . in the town over there—Horseshoe."

He regarded her with furrowed brows. "You're looking pretty good," was his blunt comment; and then—"How did you ever find out, anyway? That's what's been keeping me guessing."

"Find out . . . what?"

"Oh, the whole thing. A man never worked up a better system than mine. The imitation I gave of a working man fooled the landlord and everybody else in the house—in the whole neighborhood. I was so careful I even had myself fooled half the time. Why, I used to spend a whole week taking soundings before I tackled one of those Saturday night jobs. How did you ever find out?"

She did not give him a reply to that question. An icy hand seemed to be passing slowly along her spine. "And in Horseshoe," she began, "you were doing . . . a job——"

"I was cracking a safe. I must have begun too early. They heard me."

"Herkimer!" she cried shrilly. She battled with herself an instant and then she placed her hand on his shoulder. She experienced the puzzling sensation of touching only the husk of the man who had been her husband—not the man himself. She was troubled by a sense of great remoteness from him. Between these two, who had been so intimate, there arose barriers which she could not remove, which she could not comprehend.

She was glad when he withdrew his attention from her wholly. "They may be coming back in a couple of minutes," he said, again looking out of the door and into the shadows of the night. Then he examined the floor of the hut. He put his hand to one place and another. Presently there was a tearing sound and a plank came from its position. He got down on hands and knees and looked under the floor. There was room for a man's body to disappear through the open space; and a gray light beyond indicated that he might crawl under the floor and escape into the open. He arose, putting the plank back into its place. "If they come back," he said, "I'll know where to go. And you'll put the plank back over me."

Susan had remarked that he had been moving and planning like some wild creature; that he had been terrible and powerful as he worked.

But there was no time for further words. There was the sound of men approaching from the rear—men who were talking in hushed voices.

"You must get away!" whispered

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Susan. She approached him closely. "There's a horse tied back in the woods," she added. "You must ride away before daybreak. You must not fail!"

Herkimer removed the loose plank from the floor and disappeared.

Susan replaced the plank and drew back farther into the shadows along the wall. Her hands were clinched against her breast to stay the violent pounding of her heart.

XXVI

SUSAN SHIELDS A THIEF

WHEN Mann ran from the cabin and out toward the woods-patch he felt clear on only one point: he did not believe that he and Susan were the objects of that search or pursuit which had descended upon the cabin from the town. It seemed all but impossible to him that any one should have known of their whereabouts. He did not forget the keenness of rustic curiosity or espionage, but he was convinced that the night had shielded their movements. Moreover, there was no reason why they should have been molested, even if their presence in the hut had been known; and finally, if there had been any plan to annoy them it certainly would have been put into effect at an earlier hour.

Nevertheless, it had seemed clear that the hut was to be invaded, and he shared Susan's conviction that it would be better for herself, as well as for him, if they found her alone.

As he ran toward cover, however, he realized that at one point his calculations had been faulty. Those running men had passed the hut without entering it. Their leader (as he supposed him to be) must have given them instant information to the effect that the object of their pursuit was not in the deserted structure.

They were bearing on toward him as if with perfect singleness of purpose; and then he felt a new elation. At least, they did not intend to molest Susan; and as for himself, if it should prove that in fact they were after him, he felt confident of his ability to escape them. They must already be nearly winded, while he was splendidly fit for a long run. His life in the open and afoot had given him a physical stamina far beyond the average.

And then the logic of the situation engaged his attention again. It seemed absurd to suppose that a body of men at least a score strong were concerned in running him to earth. The reasonable supposition was that they had some wholly different end in view.

He decided to act upon this conclusion. He heard a cheerful whinny among the bushes, and checking himself in his flight he sought the spot where he had tethered the dumb companion of his and Susan's adventures. He selected a leaf-strewn bank and lay down. He meant to create the impression that he had been asleep—that he had been spending the night in this quiet spot.

Then, almost immediately, they were upon him. The dim light was insufficient to reveal more than vague outlines; yet he could count a dozen blurred figures all about him, and he knew that he was seen.

He sat up with simulated wonder. He looked from one figure to another. He was glad that the darkness made it impossible for any one to read his eyes at all accurately.

"Something wrong?" he asked blandly. He rejoiced to realize that there was no telltale note of anxiety in his voice. He arose leisurely to his feet.

"That's not the man," declared one of the pursuing party to another. And then to Mann: "Have you seen any one pass this way?"

Mann thought quickly. A load had been removed from his mind; yet he felt the need of being wary. Certainly these men might have seen some one running straight toward the spot where they found him lying. "I haven't seen any one," he responded. "I think perhaps I heard some one. Only a minute ago there was the sound of disturbed bushes, and a soft pounding. It came and went in such a way that I accused myself of having dreamed it."

"That would be the man." The response came excitedly from several members of the group. "Which way would you say he went?"

Mann seemed to co-operate with them in their search with suitable eagerness.

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He tried to decide which direction those furtive feet might have taken. For a moment he became in a measure the leader of the pursuit; but this phase of the situation speedily passed. A few of the men were armed and sternly in earnest; their minds were pitched in a far higher key than Mann's. Again they began to rely upon their own calculations, their own leadership.

When he had been able to slip back into a secondary rôle again Mann took occasion to ask of one of his companions: "What did he do?"

"Blew open a safe," was the reply.

Mann halted, swift visions of danger to Susan filling his mind. "And do you know who did it?" he asked.

"He was a stranger. But the sheriff got a close look at him. Some of the others did, too. They'd know him if they saw him again."

Mann pondered. He was becoming acutely uneasy. Where had the safe-breaker gone? It was he, clearly, who had entered the hut. Where had he gone after leaving the hut? Or had he remained there? And Susan . . .

He stopped sharply. "He might have gone into that old cabin in the open," he suggested.

"He did. But he ran straight through. We saw him."

"And nobody even looked into the hut?"

"There wasn't any use. He probably meant us to lose time by stopping. We knew he'd come out again."

"Of course," agreed Mann. He added, a bit insistently: "But isn't it possible that he turned on his course and went back again?"

He received no answer to this. His companion darted ahead, evidently preferring to be with people he knew.

However, at Mann's suggestion, a little later he and two or three members of the party turned back toward the cabin. He would have preferred not to expose Susan's hiding-place, but he reflected that she would need it only a few hours longer; and there was the slight chance that she might be in danger—or at least greatly frightened.

But when they reached the cabin Susan was alone. She was startled, and her bosom was rising and falling rapidly; but the approach of strangers might have been accepted as a natural explanation of this circumstance.

Mann's companions stared at Susan in astonishment. She was a stranger to them, and they had supposed the hut to be unoccupied. But Mann dominated the situation immediately. "This lady was unable to get accommodations in Horseshoe," he explained crisply, "and she is resting here until train-time tomorrow." He turned to her and addressed her in tones of ordinary courtesy: "These gentlemen are looking for a burglar. They thought he passed this way. Possibly you can tell them . . ." He was trying to reassure her fully. He believed that all the circumstances would suggest to her what answer she ought to make.

And Susan, who perceived that Mann was playing a part, paused before replying. She scarcely knew what to say—or what Mann expected her to say.

"We saw him run into this cabin and out the back door," asserted one of the other men. "I should think you couldn't have helped knowing."

"I was asleep," said Susan. "Something awoke me. I hardly knew what it was. I thought some one must have been in the room. I got up from the bench where I was sleeping." She pointed; and when Mann, with the others, looked at the bench, he was glad to note that she had had the forethought to hide his coat. "But whatever it was it was gone."

She sat down on the bench again without further words. Her obvious agitation did not seem strange to those who looked at her.

"He's in the woods somewhere, then," decided the spokesman of the group; and they all went away, Mann following.

Susan watched them go, her eyes shining from the conviction that she had played her part well. She watched until the last step and voice had passed beyond hearing; and then she turned her attention away from the world without and looked with a kind of fascination at the plank which Herkimer had wrenched from its place on the floor. The direct rays of the moon's light had passed from the room, but a pallid haze filled the

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world without and Susan could see everything in the dim interior quite plainly.

Stealthily the plank was pushed up a little. Susan shivered and tried to combat the feeling of horror which had taken possession of her. "It's all right," she whispered.

Herkimer emerged from his hiding-place slowly. He went to the door and looked out. He seemed to stand there a long time. And then he faced Susan. "You used to be a stickler for the truth," he said. "I'm glad that when you learned to tell a lie you told it for my sake."

She sat on her bench quietly. She was trying to obtain a firm grasp of this new complication which destiny had ordered. She was glad that the obscurity of the room served as a veil between her eyes and Herkimer's. She was telling herself that she was mated to a man who was not only unable to make his life and hers a bearable thing, but whose trade it was to injure others. She felt the deeper degradation of this—the greater hopelessness.

It did not seem strange to her that she thought of Mann at this moment, and that she felt infinitely farther away from him than ever before. She had rejoiced not a little to think of herself as a companion to Mann, though all that she was had arisen to declare that she could never be anything more than just a companion. And now it seemed to her that she could not even be that in any genuine sense again. She had a fairly clear conception of that quality in his nature which made for laxity and forbearance; but she felt sure that it was not the sort of laxity which would countenance friendship with the wife of a thief.

And then her thoughts reverted to Herkimer. Long association had woven its bonds between them. If she did not realize that she did not love him, and that she had never loved him, she felt none the less surely that their partnership was a thing which carried with it its mutual obligations. She recalled what seemed to her the orderliness of his life, in most respects, back in Pleasant Lane. She forgot that even that seeming virtue had been, by his own confession, only a few minutes ago, a mere cloak. She thought only that during her absence this man had gone far along the road which meant complete ruin, and which would end in hopeless disaster for him and greater degradation for herself.

She felt a sudden yearning toward him; not as a woman feels toward a recreant lover, but as any human being feels toward the one chance in life to be lifted upward. It seemed to her that with Herkimer utterly lost she could not hope for anything to be saved.

She spoke to him at last, almost as a man might address a business associate whose conduct had been such as to invite ruin. "Herkimer," she said, "you've heard talk about people reforming, haven't you?"

"About settling down and taking things as they come, the bad with the good. Yes, I've heard it."

"I wonder if it wouldn't be possible for you to settle down."

He laughed unpleasantly. "That's what I was asking myself when I struck that front door. I was winded. I couldn't have run any farther to save my neck."

"Well, why not try it?" she persisted.

"Oh—there doesn't seem anything worth trying for, especially since you quit. That was a knock-out, Susan—your quitting."

She felt the waves of limitless trouble engulf her and hold her. She had not the heart to speak for the moment.

A sudden thought seemed to occur to him. "You used to be a mighty decent woman, Susan," he said.

She answered forlornly: "I'm a decent woman yet."

"Yes, of course; but I mean you used to stick to me—that there weren't any other men. You understand."

"Yes, I understand. I've stuck to you yet, in that way."

"No!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"I have," declared Susan. And then, as if more vital matters claimed her attention, she went on: "Why not go to work, Herkimer, and be honest, at least? That's a wonderful thing, just in itself. Other things are not so bad, really, if you can just be honest." Unconsciously she had assumed a new attitude toward him. Formerly she had thought of the things

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he might have done for her. Now she was thinking of his need of help from others—from herself.

He seemed to consider her proposal with an open mind. "It's not easy," he said. "A man's got to have a little stake until he gets a job—and sometimes he can't catch on right away. And it's hard to bend your back again after you've flung their yoke in their damned faces. It's an uphill climb—and nothing much at the end."

This was a sentiment she could understand—which something in her nature and experiences bade her sympathize with. Yet her days and nights on the road had convinced her that this dark philosophy was not a complete statement of the facts of life. It might be impossible to escape from the struggle of existence, but she had grasped the truth that the struggle may be made good in itself.

"Try it, Herkimer!" she pleaded; and then she turned quietly to the little traveller's pack wherein her possessions lay. In a moment she had given him the money she had saved—the last penny.

"It will help," she said. Her own predicament seemed as nothing compared with his. "And, Herkimer!" she cried, "try to make a good use of it. I don't want to think of you as a thief. I believe you're strong enough to win—to win fair—if you'll try!"

He took the money and counted it reflectively. The smallness of the sum seemed rather comical to him. And yet he was not amused. "What will you do if I take this?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll go to work. I'll get along—you needn't worry."

He slipped the money into his pocket. "Well, I'll be damned!" was his comment. He stood before her, seeming to try to make her out more clearly. Then he said, in a tone which was not wanting in stanchness: "Susan, I'm going back to the shack in Pleasant Lane. Will you come to me?"

There was the sound of stealthy footsteps, beating upon their ears like fearful explosions in the stillness of the night.

"Quick!" whispered Susan. She stood by while he slipped into his place of hiding. She had the feeling now that she was trying to rescue him not so much from the people of Horseshoe as from himself.

(To be continued.)

TO A TEXAS PRIMROSE

By Olive Tilford Dargan

A FLAKE of cloud was trembling cast
  Where April walked in dew;
Earth loved the alien, made it fast;
  It blushed, and then was you.

So light it seems you'd upward go,
  Then tender turn and cling,
And like a maid 'tween nod and no,
  Grow sweeter wavering.

Still in two worlds you hold a dower;
  The snowdrop of the air,
And rose of earth, here one in flower,
  A double beauty dare.

But this thing lack you. (May it be
  You will not lack it long!)

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To a Texas Primrose

You've no estate in poesy,
  No pedigree in song.

What lovers of the stern frontier
  Here halted, no less brave
For wondering how you'd glowing cheer
  An uncompanioned grave!

Heroes, but not of those who go
  To conquest pen in hand,
So left your loveliness to blow
  Unmeasured and unscanned.

Royal your robe from ancient time,
  Ere rose and daffodil,
But must for want of broidered rhyme
  Kirtle a gypsy still.

So meekly shining, shyly gay,
  And so for music meet,
I wonder what would happen, say,
  If I were Herrick, sweet.

Ah, he would smuggle you somehow
  Into the Muses' hall,
And proud court flowers there should bow
  To a new queen lineal.

With hint and smile he'd fix your sound
  Unquestioned dynasty,
Sending the happy whisper round,
  Beauty is pedigree.

And Grasmere's sage, if hereabout
  He found your face at dawn,
Would silent sit the full day out,
  And dark would come too soon.

Then mumbling home he'd take you too,
  Imprisoned in a line,
And ne'er would you need sun or dew
  Who there so fixed would shine.

O delicate barbarian,
  I've no immortal art
To sing you as the laurelled can,
  But travel in my heart,

And though my way be bare and brown
  And many a mile we see,
I vow I will not set you down
  This side of Castaly.

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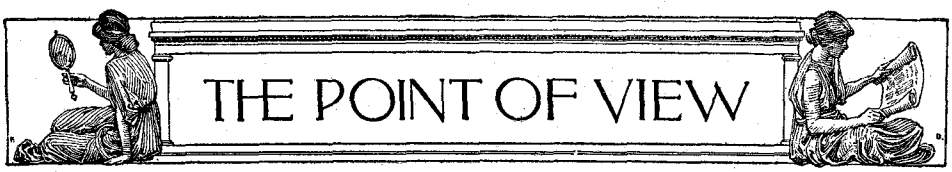

CAPTAIN GILBERT NOBBS, author of that vivid and successful book "On the Right of the British Line," was, it will be recalled, blinded in the battle of the Somme and captured. On his release and return to London he discovered that he had been reported dead and, as he said in a letter: "I have had the unique experience not only of signing a check for my own death expenses, but also of paying for my family's mourning." He has been able to resume most of his former activities and typed half of his book. He has recently explained how immediately on his return he was guided to the right place and put in the way of discounting his great disaster:

St. Dunstan's—Where Blind Soldiers Learn to See.

I first heard of St. Dunstan's when crossing the North Sea in a hospital ship after my release from captivity in Germany. I had been given a champagne supper on board to celebrate my release—the first time that I ever remember having drunk champagne in bed.

A R. A. M. C. sergeant came to my bedside with the inevitable form to fill up, and I am afraid I did not answer his interrogations with that solemn dignity which his official tone seemed to expect.

"Your name, sir?"

"So and so."

"Regiment, sir?"

"So and so."

"Rank, sir?"

"So and so."

"Nature of wound, sir?"

"Bullet through my head."

"Gunshot wound through head," he corrected.

"Same thing."

"Any operations performed, sir?"

"I have had my right eye taken out."

"Right eye excised. Any disability, sir?"

"Blind in one eye."

"Then you can see with the other, sir?"

"No."

"Then you must be blind in both eyes, sir."

"No, I'm only blind in one eye."

"How can that be, sir?"

"Sergeant," I replied quietly, "I have only got one eye!"

And then he dropped his air of dignified officialism, and became human.

"You fairly caught me there, sir. I'm very sorry you've lost your sight, sir. You ought to try and get sent to St. Dunstan's."

"Why, what kind of a place is St. Dunstan's, sergeant?"

"Don't know, sir, but I've heard they do wonderful things there. I've even heard them say they make the blind see!"

And that was how I first got to know of St. Dunstan's. But I did not have to put in any application to be sent to St. Dunstan's, for Sir Arthur Pearson came in person to see me directly I arrived home. Now I am going to make a confession. Before I met Sir Arthur I had got a notion in my head that St. Dunstan's was a sort of Blind Asylum where blind people sat in corners and passed a miserable existence making baskets, while idle and misguided visitors murmured "poor fellow," and left tracts, thereby inferring that a blind man is a sinner whose soul must be saved.

But whatever ideas I had of that kind they were quickly dispelled by Sir Arthur's visit.

I told him I wasn't going to be a blind man—in fact, I was going back to my business, and intended to carry on as though nothing had happened.

"Good," said he. "That's just what I've done, but you must first learn to read and write, so as to get a feeling of independence in your work. Come along to St. Dunstan's, and I will show you how."

And I went.

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The sergeant must surely have been right when he said they taught the blind to see.

I was still a little sceptical when I first entered St. Dunstan's. I had entered the front door, and was walking through the passage; there were a lot of fellows walking about, mostly singing or whistling and making fun one way or another. I was surprised to find out afterward that they were all blind soldiers.

One fellow came toward me, singing "Tipperary" at the top of his voice, and turned off to the right up a passage. Something touched my shoulder ever so lightly.

I asked my escort what it was.

She replied: "Oh! it's one of the blind soldiers carrying a plank of wood on his shoulder to the carpentering-room."

I was no longer sceptical. If he could learn to see to do that in a crowded passage without his sight, then I could learn to see also.

Yes, the sergeant was right after all!

That is how I come to be tapping these lines on the typewriter to-day, and it does not occur to me that I cannot see the keys as I write.

The Myth of the Sectional Conscience.

IF you say a thing often and long enough, and if no one contradicts you, you not only come to believe it yourself but it passes into a generally accepted fact. The very first Pilgrim—or was he a Puritan?—who stepped ashore for the first summer on the New England coast did so with the settled conviction that he and his associates were the original owners and patentees of the conscience. He promptly filed his claim and his descendants have never allowed it to lapse. The one really efficient and reliable conscience, warranted to work under any circumstances three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and in leap-year three hundred and sixty-six, never to get out of order, and always to run up to the speed limit, was the brand known as the "New England conscience." There may have been consciences west of the Alleghanies, there may even have been a few counterfeits below Mason and Dixon's line, but all those which were not mere feeble imitations of the genuine article must have been brought in by New England immigrants.

This well-established tradition has been handed down religiously by novelists, essayists, even by sermonizers, till it has become apparently a foregone conclusion. The Miss Hephzibahs and Miss Ophelias of Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe firmly asserted their rights in the monopoly, and the long line of rigid spinsters who have walked stiffly through the pages of Miss Wilkins, Miss Brown, and their contemporaries have not failed in claiming theirs.

There was a particularly trying exponent of the theory a few years ago, named "Salome," in a book by Maria Louise Poole. Only glimpses of her remain in my mind, but one of these shows her young and charming, ploughing through deep, melting New England snow and slush with her conscience growing more robust and her lungs more rickety at every step. She goes to Florida and the process is reversed. Her lungs reassert themselves and expand into such vigor that she becomes a radiant vision of rosy health, but alas! her moral fibre, though of the well-advertised New England brand, entirely disintegrates under the enervating influence of Florida sunshine. She who has cheerfully sustained a colorless existence on beans and "water from the spring" rather than contract a grocer's bill with no immediate hope of paying it, forges a check in order to obtain money to remain South, and does it placidly without loss of sleep or bloom. When I reached this point in the narrative, like the melodrama villain, I "laughed a loud, coarse laugh!" But worse was to come, for so potent were the demoralizing beams of the Florida sun that even after returning to her native crags this young charmer has no scruples about quite serenely marrying out of hand the fiancé of another lady who has stepped out for a moment's rest from the task of nursing him through his delirium. Though, stated thus baldly, this may tax credulity, yet in the book it seems quite plausible, and the attractive though conscienceless heroine never loses our sympathies, for in spite of Thackeray's theory that we are capable of only envy and jealousy of our own sex, in reality we women never lose our susceptibility to youth and charm.

Gentle reader, believe me when I say that the very innermost citadel of the unrelenting and tyrannical conscience is among the gentle, conservative, orthodox, somewhat old-fashioned women of the South. You

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have all heard of the elderly New England lady who wrote home some years ago from her first visit to Boston that she found there that there were no chemises and no hell and she didn't know what the world was coming to. The Southern ladies to whom I refer have never for a moment, even while away on a visit, contemplated the possibility of there being no hell. Like the well-known Scotch Presbyterian they mentally say: "The Universalists think there is no future punishment, but we hope for better things."

I was "born and raised," as we say down South, as if we were some sort of vegetable growth, under a Conscience (it merits a capital), which, if not of the original Jamestown variety, was at least Hanover Co't House, Va., and which could give points to the most stern and rock-bound New England conscience, for, like King Richard's before the battle, it "had a thousand several tongues." No detail of life was too small, as no event was too large, to be swept by this microscopic-telescopic organ. Doctor Lyman Abbott, speaking to ministers about their sermons, once cited the case of a poor mother working hard all the week who dared to think she would not have come to church again had it not been for her "New England conscience." Go to, Doctor Abbott—I don't particularly care where! The forebear of whom I speak could no more have conceived the idea of voluntarily staying home from church on Sunday than she could have imagined herself aviating thither in a biplane. Should the children stay to church after the morning Sunday-school? The question never was mooted for a moment. The graduated row of little heads filled the pew as a matter of course, and so full that the tallest—who now strikingly resembles and is often taken for ex-President Taft—was always affectionately lifted into the adjoining pew, which was occupied by the then President of the United States, and was allowed to slumber through the sermon on the lap of this lax *New Englander*. This sermon, by the way, was never *less* than an hour long, but the rest of us had to take it standing, so to speak, and were not allowed to wink an eye. I have met, perhaps we all have, people who ascribe their own swing off into nothingness to the fact that their parents were too strict. I listen to this explanation with a slight sceptical sniff when I recall that I myself still *like* to go to church.

I cite this particular instance of the tyranny of conscience not because it was unusual, but because it was not of the New England elect. While I hark back to the local atmosphere familiar to me other observers of different localities may do the same. It was a masculine critic who remarked that the trouble with all women was that they were too damned conscientious. Perhaps he was not especially qualified to judge, but I recall a friend, not young, to be sure, but still not aged, healthy, wealthy, and in many ways wise, with three beautiful homes, domestic peace, and intellectual and religious resources, whose face is yet deeply ploughed with wrinkles which no amount of cold cream and massage can obliterate—conscience wrinkles they are; hers is the kind that gets up early and goes to bed late to torment her.

Have you ever been nursed by a too conscientious friend? There comes to my mind the picture of such an experience. I was ill in a bare little mountain hotel—not desperately ill, but enough so to have to stay in bed, take medicine, and that repellent food called nourishment. By my side sat a dear and kind friend who nursed me unrelentingly. The glare of my one window and the flies made it necessary to keep the room dark. It was more attractive dark, anyway, as there was nothing to see but whitewashed walls. Outside was the glory of changing mountain lights and shadows, the balsam-spiced wind, good comrades, the joy of living. This dear lady sternly turned her back upon it all to sit all day with her watch in her hand to time herself in giving me a capsule once in three hours. In vain I begged her, as the novelists say, to "leave me," to look in on me occasionally, even to leave the medicine to be taken from my own not incompetent hand. I knew that her short vacation was from the routine of an arduous life; she needed every minute outdoors, but her stern conscience, which made her, as my Irish maid said, "too harrd on herrself," would let her do nothing but waste those precious days in an unnecessary self-denial which was as hard for me as it was for her. I was tempted to quote to her Hudibras's saying: "Why should not conscience have vacation as well as other courts of the nation?" Or the

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remark of the delightful philosopher Chesterton: "Most of us have suffered from a certain sort of ladies who by their perverse unselfishness give more trouble than the selfish; who almost clamor for the unpopular dish and scramble for the worst seat . . . in a seething fuss of self-effacement."

Perhaps you know, as I do, a few of the people who conscientiously refrain from ever saying anything but good about others. Oh, how much fun they miss! I do not believe in being censorious, but I count that a very narrow nature which is not willing, as Falstaff said he was, to be "not only witty in myself but the cause that wit is in other men." To say nothing of the inevitable degeneration in character which comes from being a mere mush of good nature, it is really hardly fair to those with whom we converse to deny them the intellectual fillip which comes from a bit of clever characterization or comment, even when this is not complimentary.

I might cite, too, the conscience overdeveloped on the subject of accuracy as one confined to no special locality. There are undoubtedly things about which it is worth while to be accurate and things about which a more general and picturesque style of speaking is not only allowable but a heaven-sent relief from the dull prose of ordinary talk. We don't intend to deceive when we put things picturesquely but merely to give our own and our friends' minds a chance to cut a little caper, to give a touch of color and individuality by telling the thing as it appeared to us—as the impressionists do.

Have you ever heard the husband of a too conscientious woman try to tell a story? I have and it went something like this: "Well, we started off at noon—" "No, Thomas, it wanted fifteen minutes to twelve." "All right. We started at quarter to twelve. We had a jolly crowd of a dozen men—" "No, Thomas, there were only eleven. There were Mr. Harrison, Mr. Brown, Mr. Prendergast—" "Oh, well, eleven, then!" Slight annoyance on the part of Thomas. "And, by the way, Prendergast was telling such a good story. It seems there is a little town in New Jersey and there is a good deal of discussion about the right pronunciation of its name. Prendergast was on a train when the conductor stuck his head in at one end of the car and called, 'Eura*ly*-ah!' and the brakeman stuck his head in at the other end and yelled 'Eur*eel*-yah!'" "Thomas, I don't find any such town on the map of New Jersey." "Oh, come off, Cornelia, you would upset any system of theology!"

Charles Lamb said he came to his office a little late in the morning, but he made up for it by going home a little early in the evening. I admire his philosophy, though I am myself a slave to promptness and waste a large part of my life waiting for the people who come a little late. My conscience, though only a jog-trot, every-day sort of affair on most points, is alert on this one, but even there it does occasionally take a rest and remark to me in a loud, clear, convincing tone: "Let us not be at our desk on time to write editorials this opal spring morning; let us dawdle awhile in the park, see the delicate mist of young green coming out on the trees, hear the birds call and the children laugh."

Widely scattered, too, is the too conscientious hostess whose oppressive hospitality one on occasions gratefully but protestingly endures, who watches your down-sitting and your uprising and meddles with your every plan. She grieves over your not eating enough of the nutritious but perhaps uninteresting food she provides, or laments that you will eat butter and mayonnaise though you are already too fat and, like Joe, "swelling wisibly." She makes intricate plans, involving endless trouble on her part, to entertain you implacably and unrelentingly during every waking minute, till you long, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, for a little wholesome neglect.

From Maine to Florida I have sympathized with children who had to undergo too conscientious mothers, even with mothers who had too conscientious children; with church-members who were too conscientiously pastored, with patients who were too conscientiously doctored.

Oh, yes, there are lots of women whose aggressive consciences put pebbles instead of boiled pease into the shoes in which they tread life's thorny paths. There is no doubt that many of them live in Vermont and Massachusetts. Equally there is no doubt that the sisterhood has representatives in Idaho and California, in Indiana and Kentucky, even in Mississippi and Texas.

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THE FIELD OF ART

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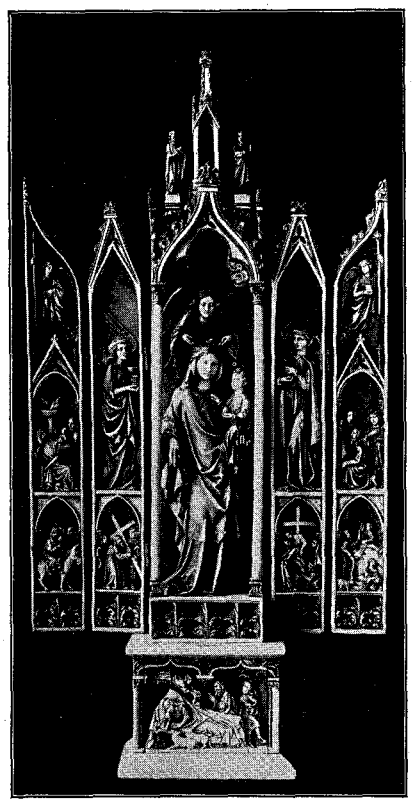
As a rich and fascinating field for a discriminating collector, ivory carvings are perhaps without a peer. Executed in a material that has always been costly, too rare, as a rule, to be subjected to poor or mediocre workmanship, they may well be considered as typical of the artistic development of the time in which they were produced. They represent the art, moreover, not of one people or one period, but, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, of all peoples and all periods.



French shrine. Late seventeenth century.
Colored effectively in dull red, blue, and brown.

From prehistoric ages down through the civilizations of Egypt and Assyria and of classic Greece and Rome have come priceless examples of sculptured ivories. The Dark Ages of Europe, so meagre in artistic treasures, have bequeathed us an unbroken chain of ivory-carvings. Much of the most interesting of such work must be accredited to the centuries of the Gothic Revival, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth. The Renaissance and the centuries succeeding have yielded a wealth of carved ivories of great richness and beauty. From India, China, and Japan come ivories of deep historic interest and, especially in the work of Japan, of genuine artistic achievement.

Periods of exceptional turbulence, such as the Fall of Constantinople, the Reformation in England, and the French Revolution, have caused the destruction of incomparable treasures. That so much has survived seems cause for wonder. The explanation lies in the very nature of the carvings. They were not a subject for the melting-pot, their value was not sufficient to attract looters, and their small size saved them largely from the vandalism attracted to more conspicuous objects.

The Heinz collection contains representative carvings, mediæval and modern, from all the leading European nations, from India, China, and Japan, and also curious and interesting ivories carved by African natives and the Eskimos. The ivories of European workmanship previous to the nineteenth century form a large and exceptionally fine group. It will be possible to mention individually only a few of the most remarkable of these, or those typical of a large or important class of carvings.

Many of the early ivory carvings are articles of devotional use: statuettes of the Virgin, small portable shrines for individual devotion, diptychs, triptychs, and single plaques, illustrated with scriptural scenes

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and widely used for religious instruction in an age when reading was not an accomplishment of the masses. This important class

The artist's dream.
A Japanese carving by Okawa Somin.

of carvings is well represented in the Heinz group. An extremely old Italian plaque, unusual in its realistic treatment of the Crucifixion, and a late-seventeenth-century French shrine—a fine specimen of the use of color in worked ivory—are among the most interesting.

Ivory was by no means confined to religious usages. Because of its intrinsic beauty, its adaptability, and its exclusive costliness, it has been used for a great variety of useful objects wherever a high standard of luxury has demanded that these should be of rich and sumptuous appearance. Jewel-caskets, mirror-frames, fans, snuff-boxes, platters, tankards, hunting-horns, powder-flasks, and many other such things are found in quantities in the Heinz collection.

An exceedingly fine casket of fifteenth-century English workmanship, given by Mr. Heinz to the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, is worthy of more than passing comment. English ivories of early date are unfortunately very rare. In large measure the property of the church, or placed in monasteries for safe-keeping, they suffered from the terrible destruction of religious property during the Reformation and especially during the latter half of the sixteenth century. The specimens that have survived are distinguished, as is this casket, by purity of design and general excellence of treatment.

An old German figure of Charlemagne, constructed in triptych form with high relief carvings in the interior, a thirteenth-century Venetian figure of Marino Falieri, Doge of Venice, and an old English figure of Lady Jane Grey, are statuettes of unusual interest.

Tankards and tall cups, usually decorated with a broad band of rich carving, are among the most beautiful of the numberless objects carved in ivory. A seventeenth-century Dutch tankard and a marriage cup of unusual construction from the Black Forest are possibly the most interesting in the Heinz collection.

In comparatively recent times there has been a revival of interest in ivory sculpture that bids fair to raise it to its former proud position among the arts. At the acquisition by the Belgians of the Congo State, large quantities of ivory poured into the markets of Antwerp. At the instance of the King, and to encourage a revival of the neglected art, some of the finest tusks were placed at the disposition of leading sculptors. The results went far to stimulate the use of ivory for sculpture of merit, as well as for utilitarian objects of genuine artistic value.

An interesting feature of modern European ivory-carving is the revival of the ancient chryselephantine work, the combination of ivory with other materials—bronze, silver, gold, and jewels. A spirited German carving of "St. George and the Dragon" is an excellent example of this type of work. The armor of St. George and the trappings of the horse are of silver studded with jewels. Mounted on a base of ebony inlaid with ivory and silver, it is more than two feet high and almost as long. The "Snake Charmer," a statuette of ivory and wood, carved by Glenz, is a charming piece of work, full of grace and beauty. Many other pieces in the collection

Chinese puzzle-ball.
Composed of fourteen *concentric* spheres, each completely detached and delicately carved.

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show combination of ivory with other materials to produce rich and original effects. Held within proper bounds, the revival of such work holds interesting possibilities for the future.

The Heinz collection contains a large number of ivories far removed in point of conception and technique from the wonderful work of European carvers, but with an interest peculiarly their own. Elephant tusks carved by African natives are remarkable for the spirited action shown and for the surprising mastery of animal form. There are, too, curious examples of scrimshaw etchings, many of them made by American and European sailors, but many of them the work of native Eskimos, as is a cribbage-board of excellent craftsmanship.

Much higher in the scale of artistic achievement comes the work of Hindoo carvers. India has for centuries produced large quantities of ivory-carvings, but the modern work scarcely ranks as fine art, judged from European standards; the decoration is intricate and crowded, its treatment stiff and unnatural. A small statue of Buddha, found in the ruins of Ang Kor Wat, Cambodia, and a relic of the tenth century, is the most interesting, certainly the rarest, example of Hindoo workmanship in the Heinz group.

Dutch tankard. Seventeenth century.
Lined and mounted with silver.

The Chinese, as workers of ivory, are remarkable chiefly for ingenuity, mechanical dexterity, and patient application. Prolific carvers, they lack both the richness of imagination and the fluency of expression that distinguish the Japanese. A group of old Chinese ivories in the collection contains

Fishing with trained cormorants.
A Japanese carving by Yuzan.

statuettes of the Ming dynasty, 1368–1628; of the Ch'ien Lung period, the latter part of the eighteenth century; and examples of the work of the imperial ivory factory of K'anghsi of the seventeenth century. Brush-holders, small round boxes, and table screens, many of them of the Ming period, are decorated with high-relief carvings, usually of flowers, typical Chinese scenes in low relief, and very often pierced work of the utmost delicacy.

Typical of the work in which the Chinese excel is the ivory puzzle-ball illustrated.

In a subject of such scope as this of ivory-carvings, it is almost inevitable that one branch, or one phase of its growth, should develop special interest for a collector. Mr. Heinz has specialized in Japanese ivories to such an extent that one-fourth of his entire collection is the work of Japanese carvers. There is good ground for such a choice.

The ivory-carvers of Japan brought to their task a mythology that had been a source of lofty inspiration, a rich and varied power of invention, appreciation of the value of composition and the beauty of form, and a tireless perseverance in details of technique. It is not surprising, with such equipment, that their work in ivory shows a high degree of excellence.

Ivory-carving in Japan is comparatively modern. The first tusks were taken to that country in the seventeenth century and examples of carved ivory do not go much beyond the middle of the eighteenth. The great mass of it is of much later date.

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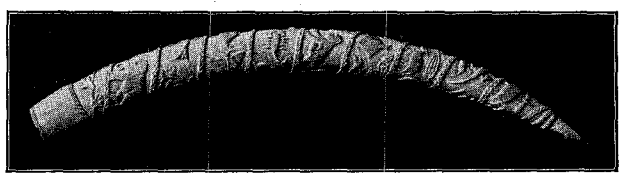
Very early in the Japanese working of ivory small and irregular pieces of the precious material began to be utilized for *netsukés*—pronounced "netskee"—the large button from which was suspended, by a cord passed under the girdle, the pouch worn by all Japanese gentlemen of the period. *Netsukés* had previously been made chiefly of wood, but the adaptability of ivory for this purpose was soon recognized. The demand for these trinkets was practically unlimited, and the making of them grew to an importance hard for us to realize. Anything from buttons the size of a walnut to a statuette of six or seven inches could be used as a *netsuké*, provided merely that it had holes through which a cord could be passed. There seems to be nothing in the range of Japanese plastic imagination that has not contributed to one of these tiny masterpieces. Religious ideas are explained, old fairy-tales are told, practical jokes are played so deftly, with such never-failing fertility of imagination, that a group of these little *netsukés* may well be a veritable collection of short stories.

Many of those in the Heinz collection are of eighteenth-century origin, most prized by connoisseurs. During this period the carving of them was a highly esteemed profession, counting in its ranks some of the master sculptors of Japan. Later *netsukés* were made in enormous quantities, many of them of little artistic value. With the revolution of 1868 a radical change in dress took place. Loose, flowing robes and girdles were exchanged for the modern jacket and trousers, and *netsukés* became a curiosity of the past.

The greatest Japanese ivory-carvers have always held that every piece of work must be packed with meaning, that it must tell a story or illustrate some religious precept. Old legends were a rich source of inspiration, and many of the best carvings in the Heinz collection show a bit of action that is the key-note of some such story. A carving made by Masa Nobu in 1725 and one by Tomo Toshi in 1780 are good examples.

Mutsuhito, the late Emperor of Japan, was a great lover of carved ivories. Under his patronage the famous Okawa Somin, perhaps the greatest Japanese carver of ivory, established the school that bears his name and has contributed greatly to the development of ivory-carving in Japan.

Mr. Heinz has secured a dozen or more examples of Okawa's rare and much-sought-for treasures. One of these, "The Artist's Dream," of which an illustration is given, is typical of the Japanese idea that every work of art must tell a story. In it an artist, engaged in painting the seven Japanese gods on a screen, falls asleep, and, as he sleeps, one by one the deities come to life and step gayly out of the screen.



Elephant tusk.
Carved by a native of the region of Senegambia, Africa.

The genius of the Japanese carvers of ivory was not long in winning world-wide recognition. Demand for their work grew and reached tremendous proportions. And with it came an inevitable change in the work itself—a change in the character of its subject-matter. In much of it subjects that appeal to all humanity are now substituted for the ancient legends of mythology only fully comprehensible to the Japanese themselves. Rollicking babies, cheery old men with wrinkled faces and twinkling eyes, lovely young girls, birds, animals, and flowers, this is a subject-matter of much of the present-day ivory. These subjects are grouped and blended according to an endless variety of themes, through which, more often than not, ripples an irrepressible sense of fun.

Full of human interest, worked out with marvellous skill and patience without end, it is small wonder that Mr. Heinz has given the preference to the work of the Japanese in making his collection.

Myra M. Sawhill.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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An old German figure of Charlemagne, constructed in triptych form with high relief carvings in the interior, a thirteenth-century Venetian figure of Marino Falieri, Doge of Venice, and an old English figure of Lady Jane Grey, are statuettes of unusual interest.

Tankards and tall cups, usually decorated with a broad band of rich carving, are among the most beautiful of the numberless objects carved in ivory. A seventeenth-century Dutch tankard and a marriage cup of unusual construction from the Black Forest are possibly the most interesting in the Heinz collection.

In comparatively recent times there has been a revival of interest in ivory sculpture that bids fair to raise it to its former proud position among the arts. At the acquisition by the Belgians of the Congo State, large quantities of ivory poured into the markets of Antwerp. At the instance of the King, and to encourage a revival of the neglected art, some of the finest tusks were placed at the disposition of leading sculptors. The results went far to stimulate the use of ivory for sculpture of merit, as well as for utilitarian objects of genuine artistic value.

An interesting feature of modern European ivory-carving is the revival of the ancient chryselephantine work, the combination of ivory with other materials—bronze, silver, gold, and jewels. A spirited German carving of "St. George and the Dragon" is an excellent example of this type of work. The armor of St. George and the trappings of the horse are of silver studded with jewels. Mounted on a base of ebony inlaid with ivory and silver, it is more than two feet high and almost as long. The "Snake Charmer," a statuette of ivory and wood, carved by Glenz, is a charming piece of work, full of grace and beauty. Many other pieces in the collection

Chinese puzzle-ball.
Composed of fourteen concentric spheres, each completely detached and delicately carved.

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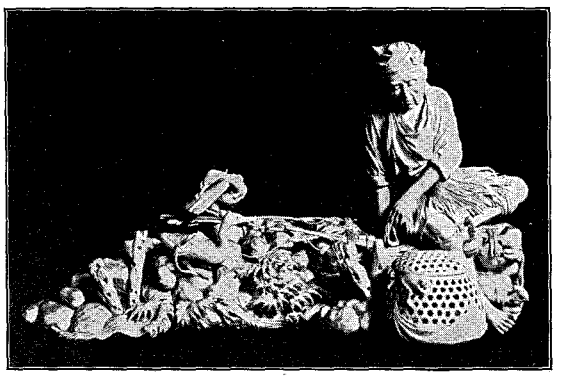
show combination of ivory with other materials to produce rich and original effects. Held within proper bounds, the revival of such work holds interesting possibilities for the future.

The Heinz collection contains a large number of ivories far removed in point of conception and technique from the wonderful work of European carvers, but with an interest peculiarly their own. Elephant tusks carved by African natives are remarkable for the spirited action shown and for the surprising mastery of animal form. There are, too, curious examples of scrimshaw etchings, many of them made by American and European sailors, but many of them the work of native Eskimos, as is a cribbage-board of excellent craftsmanship.

Much higher in the scale of artistic achievement comes the work of Hindoo carvers. India has for centuries produced large quantities of ivory-carvings, but the modern work scarcely ranks as fine art, judged from European standards; the decoration is intricate and crowded, its treatment stiff and unnatural. A small statue of Buddha, found in the ruins of Ang Kor Wat, Cambodia, and a relic of the tenth century, is the most interesting, certainly the rarest, example of Hindoo workmanship in the Heinz group.

Dutch tankard. Seventeenth century.
Lined and mounted with silver.

The Chinese, as workers of ivory, are remarkable chiefly for ingenuity, mechanical dexterity, and patient application. Prolific carvers, they lack both the richness of imagination and the fluency of expression that distinguish the Japanese. A group of old Chinese ivories in the collection contains



Fishing with trained cormorants.
A Japanese carving by Yuzan.

statuettes of the Ming dynasty, 1368–1628; of the Ch'ien Lung period, the latter part of the eighteenth century; and examples of the work of the imperial ivory factory of K'anghsi of the seventeenth century. Brush-holders, small round boxes, and table screens, many of them of the Ming period, are decorated with high-relief carvings, usually of flowers, typical Chinese scenes in low relief, and very often pierced work of the utmost delicacy.

Typical of the work in which the Chinese excel is the ivory puzzle-ball illustrated.

In a subject of such scope as this of ivory-carvings, it is almost inevitable that one branch, or one phase of its growth, should develop special interest for a collector. Mr. Heinz has specialized in Japanese ivories to such an extent that one-fourth of his entire collection is the work of Japanese carvers. There is good ground for such a choice.

The ivory-carvers of Japan brought to their task a mythology that had been a source of lofty inspiration, a rich and varied power of invention, appreciation of the value of composition and the beauty of form, and a tireless perseverance in details of technique. It is not surprising, with such equipment, that their work in ivory shows a high degree of excellence.

Ivory-carving in Japan is comparatively modern. The first tusks were taken to that country in the seventeenth century and examples of carved ivory do not go much beyond the middle of the eighteenth. The great mass of it is of much later date.

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Very early in the Japanese working of ivory small and irregular pieces of the precious material began to be utilized for *netsukês*—pronounced "netskee"—the large button from which was suspended, by a cord passed under the girdle, the pouch worn by all Japanese gentlemen of the period. *Netsukês* had previously been made chiefly of wood, but the adaptability of ivory for this purpose was soon recognized. The demand for these trinkets was practically unlimited, and the making of them grew to an importance hard for us to realize. Anything from buttons the size of a walnut to a statuette of six or seven inches could be used as a *netsuke*, provided merely that it had holes through which a cord could be passed. There seems to be nothing in the range of Japanese plastic imagination that has not contributed to one of these tiny masterpieces. Religious ideas are explained, old fairy-tales are told, practical jokes are played so deftly, with such never-failing fertility of imagination, that a group of these little *netsukês* may well be a veritable collection of short stories.

Elephant tusk.
Carved by a native of the region of Senegambia, Africa.

Many of those in the Heinz collection are of eighteenth-century origin, most prized by connoisseurs. During this period the carving of them was a highly esteemed profession, counting in its ranks some of the master sculptors of Japan. Later *netsukês* were made in enormous quantities, many of them of little artistic value. With the revolution of 1868 a radical change in dress took place. Loose, flowing robes and girdles were exchanged for the modern jacket and trousers, and *netsukês* became a curiosity of the past.

The greatest Japanese ivory-carvers have always held that every piece of work must be packed with meaning, that it must tell a story or illustrate some religious precept. Old legends were a rich source of inspiration, and many of the best carvings in the Heinz collection show a bit of action that is the key-note of some such story. A carving made by Masa Nobu in 1725 and one by Tomo Toshi in 1780 are good examples.

Mutsuhito, the late Emperor of Japan, was a great lover of carved ivories. Under his patronage the famous Okawa Somin, perhaps the greatest Japanese carver of ivory, established the school that bears his name and has contributed greatly to the development of ivory-carving in Japan.

Mr. Heinz has secured a dozen or more examples of Okawa's rare and much-sought-for treasures. One of these, "The Artist's Dream," of which an illustration is given, is typical of the Japanese idea that every work of art must tell a story. In it an artist, engaged in painting the seven Japanese gods on a screen, falls asleep, and, as he sleeps, one by one the deities come to life and step gayly out of the screen.

The genius of the Japanese carvers of ivory was not long in winning world-wide recognition. Demand for their work grew and reached tremendous proportions. And with it came an inevitable change in the work itself—a change in the character of its subject-matter. In much of it subjects that appeal to all humanity are now substituted for the ancient legends of mythology only fully comprehensible to the Japanese themselves. Rollicking babies, cheery old men with wrinkled faces and twinkling eyes, lovely young girls, birds, animals, and flowers, this is a subject-matter of much of the present-day ivory. These subjects are grouped and blended according to an endless variety of themes, through which, more often than not, ripples an irrepressible sense of fun.

Full of human interest, worked out with marvellous skill and patience without end, it is small wonder that Mr. Heinz has given the preference to the work of the Japanese in making his collection.

Myra M. Sawhill.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

AT THE END OF THE FOURTH YEAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WITH the opening of August, it will be possible to say that the European war—or what might be more correctly termed the war of all the nations—has continued longer than any such conflict in a century. On July 31, 1918, four years of continuous fighting will be completed. If Lee's surrender is taken as the end of the War of Secession and the firing on Sumter as its beginning, then the duration of that struggle was slightly less than a four-year period—from April 12, 1861, to April 9, 1865. In the case of the Manchurian War, it was barely a year and seven months between the attack on Russia's Port Arthur fleet in February, 1904, to the Treaty of Portsmouth in September, 1905.

The Longest War in a Century

The Boer War, which seemed a long conflict to people of that day, began on October 11, 1899, and ended May 31, 1902—the duration, therefore, slightly exceeding two years and seven months. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877 did not outlast a twelvemonth; the Franco-Prussian War was over in seven months; the Prussian War of 1866 against Austria in a little more than a month. Two years and five months made up the term of the Crimean War which began in 1853. Not until the record is rolled back to Napoleon's day shall we find a war which lasted longer than what has already been the duration of the present conflict.

Such comparisons naturally suggest at this time another glance at the economic conditions which have been brought about by the four years of the present war, and their analogy or contrast to results in the same field on earlier occasions. Whatever form or direction is taken by the economic changes of such a period, their influence is bound to be cumulative; that is to say, the dislocation of ordinary finance and industry will increase in severity at a very rapid rate, with each successive year of war. For this there are two obvious reasons—one, that the huge expenditure of capital on war will progressively reduce the amount of real accumulated wealth which existed before the war began; the other, that the actual demands of the government on the resources of its people will always, in a long-continued modern war, be vastly greater with each additional year of fighting. To what extent that has been true of the present war, every one knows.

THE United States completed on June 30 the first full fiscal year of the government under war conditions. During that twelvemonth it spent for all purposes, including loans to its Allies, about $12,500,000,000. But within the period our monthly disbursements had risen progressively from $657,000,000 in July of 1917 to $1,103,000,000 in December and to $1,508,000,000 in May. At present, the government's plans for taxation and borrowing are based on expectation that in the twelve months following June 30, if war continues, the government will have spent twice as much as in the twelve months preceding, or something between $24,000,000,000 and $25,000,000,000.

What It Has Cost the United States

This is entirely in line with the experience of the British Government, whose annual expenditure rose from £1,559,000,000 in the fiscal year 1916 to £2,198,000,000 in the fiscal year 1917, and to £2,696,000,000 in the fiscal year 1918, with £2,972,000,000 estimated by the Exchequer for the twelvemonth ending with next March. It is also quite in line with our own experience during the War of Secession. From $61,400,000 spent by the United States Government in the year before that war, the outlay rose to

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$466,000,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, and from this it made successive forward strides to $717,900,000 in the fiscal year 1863, to $863,900,000 in 1864, and to $1,294,800,000 in 1865.

It might be imagined, therefore, that economic conditions, four years after the beginning of the present war, would find some interesting parallel in the American war of half a century ago. But there are very few analogies; the surrounding economic circumstances being in fact entirely different from those of to-day. First among these is the fact that in the Civil War period, nobody was at war except the United States Government and the seceding States. The United States had, therefore, the rest of the world, notably the older and richer communities of Europe, on which to rely for resources either of capital or credit.

Clearly, the resultant situation could not have been analogous to that created by a war in which every great financial and industrial country of the world, Holland alone excepted, is individually and actively involved. This is a war in which, so far as concerns the United States, the government not only cannot draw freely on the rest of the world for military supplies and food, but has had to assume the task of supplying our European Allies with war munitions, construction material, foodstuffs, and the capital with which to pay for them—this in a quantity so immense as to necessitate close restriction of our own domestic use of all these facilities for ordinary purposes.

Depletion of the Ranks of Labor

AT the present time a large part of the problems of our industrial markets arise from depletion of the ranks of labor for military service. There was similar depletion in 1861 and the ensuing three years; but it was greatly offset by an immigration of 703,000 in the period. There is no such offset at the present time; on the contrary, immigration virtually ceased several years ago because of the requisitions on foreign man power for military service. Whereas in the year ending June 30, 1914, 1,218,480 immigrants arrived in the United States, in the twelvemonth ending with June, 1917, the total was only 295,403, a large part of whom were women or older men.

Perhaps our Southern States, after four years of the Civil War, present the nearest analogy, especially to the blockaded nations of Europe; and undoubtedly the depletion of the young white population through army requisitions, the shortage of all supplies except such as were raised on the Southern fields, the exclusion from foreign capital, the extraordinary inflation of the currency and the extraordinary inflation of prices, foreshadowed much that has happened in this war. But neither the United States nor western Europe is blockaded by the enemy, and, furthermore, the fact that the South of 1861 was almost exclusively an agricultural community, and had little or no reserve of accumulated capital, created a situation which no belligerent of this war, save possibly Russia, Rumania, Bulgaria, or Turkey, could reproduce.

Comparison with the Napoleonic Wars

EVEN when we begin to draw comparisons with the Napoleonic conflict, we have first the fact that whereas in 1812 there were a dozen separate governments in the war, the present belligerents number twenty-three, and include, as the list of Napoleon's day did not, the participation of South America and Asia. In only two respects did the industrial situation of that period fairly foreshadow what has happened since 1914, first in the shortage of food supplies, due partly to harvest failures at home and partly to interference with ocean trade, and second in the depreciation of the foreign exchange and the currency. But even in those directions there were no such huge urban populations to feed as there are to-day, and therefore the food problem was one of production rather than distribution; while the network of international commerce and finance, which was torn apart by this war, did not exist a century ago.

It might be added that the losses in battle during the Napoleonic wars were trifling when compared with the losses of these days; and this is true even when one allows for the estimates of an increase in the world's population from something like 700,000,000 in 1810 to something like

(Continued on page 40, *following*)

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Financial Situation, continued from page 386

1,700,000,000 in 1914. For casualties of 100,000 to 150,000 on both sides combined in a Napoleonic campaign were considered large, whereas losses of half a million on one side in a battle continued during two or three months like that which has marked the German offensive of this year, or the English attack on the Somme in 1917, or the German campaign at Verdun in 1918, have not been unusual.

Furthermore, in the case of nations like England and the United States, the actual land-forces maintained in the campaigns of the Napoleonic wars bore a small proportion to the effort of the other belligerents. Japan alone of the strong belligerents in this war occupies thus far a similar position. England's advances to her Allies in the Napoleonic period were for the most part outright subsidies, recognized as being in lieu of a proportionate contribution of English manpower to the Allied armies. Her advances in this war, like those of our own government, are not a substitute for complete military co-operation, but an addition to it.

IT is somewhat interesting, in view of the fact that the present duration of this war has been matched since the eighteenth century only by the

Financial Situation, continued on page 42

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Financial Situation, continued from page 40

war with Napoleon and by our own civil conflict, to recall that the fourth year in each of those earlier wars was marked by an outburst of seeming prosperity and excited speculation. In 1864, it was a frequent matter of comment that the North and East were "apparently extravagantly prosperous." Mr. Rhodes quotes in his history a letter from a public man, written in the winter of 1864, to the effect that "all the Northern cities have given up mourning and grumbling and are devoting themselves to festivities and fairs."

Prosperity in Previous Wars

The solid elements of prosperity were not there; for our foreign trade in the twelve months ending with June, 1865, was barely 60 per cent of what it had been in 1860, exports being reduced one-half. But war contracts and inflated prices, constantly rising, were creating a semblance of exceptionally good times. A similar situation prevailed in England during 1807, four years after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. Tooke cites a record of that year showing "the prevailing disposition for the establishment of joint-stock companies for almost every branch of trade," and specifying forty-two new companies with an aggregate capital exceeding $100,000,000; an immense sum for those days. These enterprises were breweries, distilleries, wine companies, insurance companies, provision companies, clothing companies, canal companies, banking companies; in short, they covered every field of commercial activity, appealed to a wide-spread instinct of speculation and readiness for financial adventure, and assumed a national sense of wealth and prosperity.

A similar picture would hardly have been presented by the South of 1865 or the Continental States of 1807; nevertheless, it is in this country, if anywhere, that parallel conditions ought to be exhibited during the present war. But the actual case is very different, even in the United States, and the reason is that the influence of the war itself on finance and industry is not the same. The phenomena, financial and industrial, which have resulted in European states from the enormous scope of this present conflict became familiar several years ago. They have merely been intensified, not altered in character, during the longer continuance of the conflict.

THE stupendous war debts incurred come first, increasing that indebtedness, according to our own Federal Reserve Board's calculation, of from $25,752,000,000 before the war began to $137,404,000,000 last April—an expansion of 434 per cent in less than four years.

Stupendous War Debts

The British public debt increased only 230 per cent in the whole period from the French Revolution of 1789 to the end of the Napoleonic wars in 1815. Along with these present-day war debts, an equally unprecedented war taxation has come into view, requisitioning in some countries 40 to 70 per cent of great individual incomes and of

Financial Situation, continued on page 44

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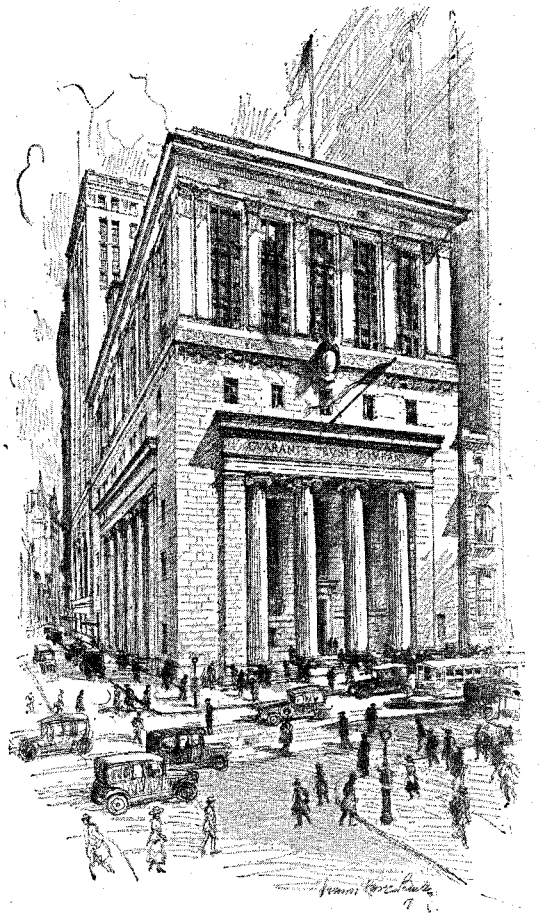

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Financial Situation, continued from page 42

profits derived from war. Profuse issue of paper currency accompanied this financing, and the depreciation of such currency as measured by the foreign exchanges; a depreciation which has reached 60 to 80 per cent in the case of Austria and Russia.

Along with this we have witnessed restriction by the state of investment of home capital in other fields than war loans; restriction or prohibition on investment of capital abroad; restriction on export, not only of gold and silver, but of commodities which might be needed at home. The very great rise in cost of labor has been a world-wide problem; resulting partly, no doubt, from the rising cost of living but very largely also from a supply-and-demand situation—increased demand because of war-material manufacture on the present-day scale, and decreased supply because of the large requisition into military service. The advance in prices of commodities has been equally world-wide.

Taking the world as a whole outside of the blockaded Central Powers, its primary causes have been the prodigious buying of governments for war purposes, interference with trade between the nations, increasing labor costs, and high ocean freights because of the scarcity of shipping—that scarcity, in turn, being occasioned both by depredations of the enemy submarines and by wholesale diversion of ships for army transport service. In some belligerent states, inflation of the currency has undoubtedly been a foremost influence, and in all it has been contributory—even when, as with Japan and the United States, currency depreciation in the proper sense cannot be said to exist. This rise of prices, and the industrial difficulties created through the abnormal demand for quick production and transportation, have led, first to restriction of prices for food and materials by government, then to state operation of railways, next to the virtual assumption by the governments of production of new ships, and, on occasion, to the actual control of other industries by the state. Distribution of food, and the allotment to each individual of his supply of certain foods, was adopted long ago.

Rise in Prices and Wages

A GLANCE is sufficient to show just how far our own year and a half of participation in the war has extended these phenomena to the United States. The war-time rise in commodity prices and in wages had occurred in this country before we ourselves went to war, as a consequence of our immense exports to the Entente belligerents and of the stoppage of immigration. Even our foreign exchange rates with certain neutral markets had become depreciated in the early years of war, not because of currency or trade conditions, but because our own markets were voluntarily supporting New York exchange on London and thereby incurring part of England's burden in the meeting of payments to the European neutrals.

But it is since the first week of April, 1917, that

Financial Situation, continued on page 46

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For 22 years we have managed investments for busy men, without loss of a dollar to any of them.

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Hall & Jennison, Oakland, California

During this War Year

you will naturally look for an investment which is both safe and profitable, and which at the same time serves a patriotic purpose. All these essential qualities of a sound war-time investment are to be found in our 5½ and 6%

Bank Supervised First Farm Mortgage Loans

on Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana lands.

Having placed our own funds in these mortgages, we can confidently recommend them to you.

Send for our booklet, "Mortgages on Money Making Farms," which tells the story of our long and successful experience in handling this attractive class of securities.

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Ask Yourself This Question

If you think you should obtain a higher income from your investments consider this question:

Does the amount you hope to gain justify jeopardizing your principal?

Fidelity Farm Mortgages offer maximum income with absolute safety. You will be interested in our booklet and in a bulletin just off the press entitled "*The Proper Balance of Safety and Income.*"

Booklet and bulletin sent free on request

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Bond & Mortgage Co. (129)
Harry W. Ford, Pres.
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Financial Situation, continued from page 44

the United States has created a new debt of $11,000,000,000, which is something more than eleven times as great as the country's interest-bearing public debt when the war began. The ratio of increase in the public debt—it was $90,300,000 in 1861 and $2,300,000,000 in 1865—was larger, but the war debt was incurred by a government whose indebtedness was wholly negligible before the war began. Since April of last year our annual federal taxation, which never before 1917 produced more than $779,600,000, has been raised to a height which has produced $4,000,000,000 in the past twelve months and may yield twice as much in the coming fiscal year. Like the European states, our government, since April of last year, has placed under government supervision the investment of capital in other directions than war loans, has restricted or regulated prices, has prohibited export of gold or silver except by license, has taken in hand regulation and distribution of food and fuel, and, by agreement rather than compulsion, has required that manufacturers of necessary war material shall make sure of meeting the government's needs before it provides for private consumers.

What Government Restriction Has Done

IN some industries, such as steel and iron, this policy has resulted in a total change of ordinary trade; exemplified in that industry by the almost complete abandonment of all but absolutely indispensable construction of new private buildings of the larger sort. The government is operating all of the country's railways. Under its direct auspices and financial responsibility, our shipyards have been turning out new vessels at a rate which made it possible, a few weeks ago, to say that the launchings of a single day exceeded by a quarter to one-third the country's entire output of the last full fiscal year before we went to war. With the help of these new ships and in the face of the German submarines our government has achieved the previously unimaginable task of conveying a million American soldiers to France, almost within a year.

The four years of war, with their steadily and rapidly increasing burden, have weighed heavily on the economic resources of belligerent Europe. But even with those governments, it can be said of none except Russia and possibly Austria that it has broken down financially. This fact has been a notable disproof of predictions made in 1914, 1915, and even in 1916, by the most experienced financial observers of the world. The war has been prosecuted nearly three years longer than the consensus of judgment in those quarters at first considered possible, and there is no sign of its termination through exhaustion.

Financial Situation, continued on page 48

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INVESTMENTS EXEMPT FROM DISTURBANCES

Regardless of disturbances which the unknown future holds, funds which you invest in farm mortgages will not be adversely affected. The very basis on which we negotiate farm loans exempts them from disturbances slight or serious.

"The Great Wheat Way"
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present interesting investment facts about our loan territory. Write for these booklets and for a list of our 6% Kansas and Oklahoma First Farm Mortgage Investments.

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$80 Return in One Year from Investment of $980

Security is developed water power and newspaper manufacturing plant of large worth and established earnings.

We have available for August funds this and other safe, profitable investments of varying maturities and yielding 6% to 8¼%.

All are secured by industries vitally essential to our national welfare. Present market conditions permit such exceptional offerings.

Bonds of $500 and $1,000 denominations.

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Six Per Cent Farm Land Bonds

For a quarter century we have handled farm mortgages and bonds without a loss to anyone of our thousands of clients.

Denominations of $100 and upwards. No worry—no bother. We look after all the details, collect and remit principal and interest promptly on due dates.

Our service is different.

Write for circular S 88 and latest copy of "Investograph," our monthly investment digest, free for the asking.

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INVESTMENT BANKERS
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Are you getting the utmost in safety and income from your investments,—the utmost in service from your investment banking facilities?

In order to answer this question to your own satisfaction we suggest you read our new booklet

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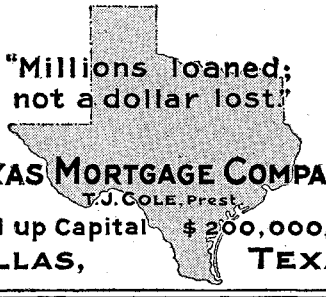
5½% and 6% first mortgages on farms of the famous Black Waxy Belt of Texas.



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Iowa First Farm Mortgage
and
Tax Free Municipal Bonds

are unaffected by changing conditions. Farms and cities of the premier agricultural state of the Union are the basis of security. For the investment of surplus funds or savings these bonds combine absolute safety of principal, dependable income and ready marketability.

Denominations

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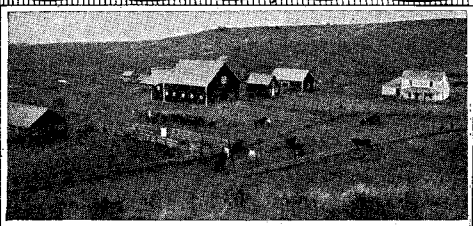

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Our Spokane office and its several branches at Billings, Mont., Grand Forks, N. D., Salem, Ore., etc., are primarily loaning offices. They are located in fertile, progressive agricultural districts, where desirable mortgage loans are obtainable.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

At Brattleboro is our sales office. Through this office New England investors, noted for conservatism, have for many years placed their funds to the extent of many millions in the farm mortgages negotiated by our Western offices.

May we send you literature describing our 6% first mortgage farm loan investments

VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT (*Address nearest Office*) **SPOKANE, WASHINGTON**

Financial Situation, continued from page 46

How much of this immunity in Europe must actually be ascribed to the financial as well as military participation of the United States is no doubt debatable. But the $4,700,000,000 which our government has advanced to its Allies in the past twelve months compares with a total yearly expenditure of the other fighting states which amounted to fully $40,000,000,000 when we entered the war; considerably more than half of which was paid out by the Entente Allies. Our advances, therefore, must be rather described as relief to the more hard-pressed belligerents, directly or through England, than to a contribution to the general fund. It is made, moreover, only in the form of additional war material and food from the United States, for which the Allies benefited by it, paying our government (as they did our investing community for the similar advances between 1914 and 1917) in interest-bearing bonds.

Economic Exhaustion Not Imminent

AT the end of the fourth year of the war, then, it cannot be said that the prospect of actual economic exhaustion of the belligerents is any more convincing than it was after four years of conflict in the two earlier periods. In the earlier of those periods the belligerent states fought on during seven more years, notwithstanding constant predictions that the thing would be impossible. In so far as the South in 1865 was exhausted financially, industrially, and in a military sense, that result was attributable to a close blockade, to economic isolation of a community which was self-supporting only in agriculture, to the separation even of the agricultural districts from one another, and to the almost total breakdown of inland transportation.

None of the strong belligerents of this war—not even Austria—is in just that position; therefore the present indication is that the conflict will continue until one side or the other is reduced, either by military defeat or by fear of political and economic consequences, to a condition in which it will offer terms of peace acceptable to its antagonists. As yet, it is only Germany and Austria which have even tentatively made such overtures. Collapse of individual belligerents may occur, as it has occurred already in the case of Russia on the side of the Entente, and as it seems to be reasonably foreshadowed in the case of Austria on the side of the Central Powers. But even with these two states, it is to be observed that while economic pressure helped powerfully to cause the crisis, it was political influences, largely independent even of the war, which brought it to a head. Without the political conditions peculiar to themselves, Russia might still have been actively at war with Germany, and Austria would

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not be watched so closely for the internal explosion.

A Great Problem of Reconstruction Ahead

WHAT the world has learned by these four years of war is that the actual resources of a prosperous state, available to carry on even such a conflict as to-day's, have been as hopelessly underestimated as were those of the United States in 1861 or of England in 1797. The duration of both those conflicts achieved what the most experienced political and economic authorities had pronounced impossible, and the course of events in the present war is even more impressive witness to a similar misjudgment of the economic possibilities.

The sequel, when the war is ended, can only be predicted in the light of the experience of war itself. But it must be considered with this reservation in the appeal to historical precedent, that the belligerent states will emerge from war without the anticipative support of a prosperous outside world—not a participant in the war itself—which the United States relied upon after 1865, and will be confronted, on emerging from it, with a problem of economic reconstruction such as hardly existed in the comparatively simple industrial and commercial machinery of Europe after 1815.

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SERVICE

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If you are doubtful of an investment banker's service because sometimes there is a wide difference between the promise and the fulfillment, send for our Booklet

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The great power in the world war is the American Farmer. He is needed as never before. Your money invested in our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds helps finance the farmer of the Great Northwest. Send for pamphlet "G" and offerings.

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you may judge our investments almost as satisfactorily as though you made a personal visit to the property.

This booklet, "*Safe Investments*," explains how our clients have invested profitably in our mortgages and how they have been protected against loss. You will profit by reading it. Write today.

20 years experience in the rich Black Land Belt of Texas without loss to any investor.

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"Sessions Stands for Safety"
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For over 30 years—since 1887—we have lived and worked in this territory. So carefully have we watched and studied our business that none of our loans has resulted in loss to a client.

Write for booklet and list of 6% and 7% mortgage investments.

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STOCK OFFERING

PENN SEABOARD STEEL CORPORATION

PROPERTY

Plants in Chester, Pa., New Castle, Del., and New Haven, Conn.

PRODUCTS

Heavy ship castings, steel ingots, ship plates, railway car and locomotive plates and other parts.

Capacity output contracted for many months to come.

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New stock is issued to retire bonds. The Company will then have one class of stock and no funded debt.

Book value of the stock per share is over $70.

Earnings for 1917 were $17.40 per share.

DIVIDENDS

Since inception the Company has paid dividends regularly.

Price on application

Write for descriptive circular

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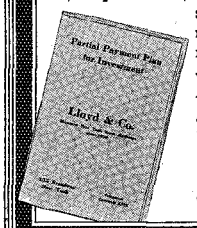
Immediate Investment of Surplus Funds

YOUR monthly surplus, no matter if comparatively insignificant in size, may at once be invested to yield a good return with adequate security—

Through the Partial Payment Plan

You can start a partial payment account with us, by making an initial deposit of from $10 to $50 per share, depending on market price of stock purchased. The balance may be paid out of your monthly savings.



Write for our booklet and tables illustrating this method of acquiring both stocks and bonds. Our booklet *"Par Value of Stocks Listed on the New York Stock Exchange"* also free on request.

LLOYD & CO.

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE SINCE 1879

135 BROADWAY — — NEW YORK

THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

III—The Sinews of the Market

By William W. Craig

(This is the third of a series of short articles on the Stock Exchange appearing in the Investment Section of Scribner's Magazine.)

THE list of securities on the New York Stock Exchange contains approximately $42,000,000,000, par value, of stocks and bonds from which the buyer may select what he desires in the way of an investment or a speculation. This tremendous total may be said to represent the great well of credit from which governments, railroads, manufacturing and mining companies, and power corporations have drawn the savings of the people for their development. Through the years since the Stock Exchange was formed this mass of securities has been accumulating, and it is possible to detect in annual increases or decreases of new issues something of the state of the nation's business and even of conditions throughout the world.

In periods of active manufacturing or of rapid extension of transportation lines, the output of new securities has naturally been quickened. The corporations have needed new money, and the way to get it in greater quantity than the banks could supply has been to put stocks or bonds before the people. Governments—national, State, and city—have taken similar measures to reach the vast reservoirs of credit embodied in the surplus earnings of the people; and so it is possible to translate the expansion of foreign government bonds on the Stock Exchange from relatively few millions to more than $3,300,000,000 in 1915 and 1916 as evidence of the great stress put upon the credit of the allied countries of Europe, which caused them to seek funds in America.

A recent tabulation showed that the number of stock and bond issues on the Exchange was 1,763. A summary of the more important groups may be presented in tabular form as follows:

BONDS

	NUMBER	PAR VALUE
Railroad	741	$8,582,503,300
Industrial	48	560,902,650
Street railway, etc	114	1,376,766,700
Government	44	13,000,000,000
Municipal	88	1,207,707,013
Miscellaneous	50	488,840,800

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STOCKS

Railroad	173	6,596,400,745
Industrial	228	4,801,322,430
Mining	25	473,491,370
Street railway, etc	29	451,606,870
Gas and electric	20	444,448,200
Banks	39	122,891,495
Miscellaneous	44	610,547,075

The par of the government issues is approximate in the table for the reason that the Exchange does not announce the totals of United States bonds on the list.

The groups above, of course, do not contain the full amount of securities of the different classes which are available to purchasers. The market outside the Stock Exchange, conducted between security dealers in part, comprises many hundreds of millions more of stocks and bonds. In case of street-railway and other public-utility-corporation securities, it is safe to say that some of the most important issues do not figure on the Exchange, although they supply a part of the business of Stock Exchange firms.

It is in no haphazard way that new security issues find lodgment on the Exchange. A government or a corporation may not simply announce that its bonds will be ready on the Stock Exchange to buyers on a specified day, and so set the market going. On the contrary, the process of "listing" a new issue entails much labor on the part of the applicant and also of the authorities of the Exchange.

The committee on stock list, composed of governors of the Exchange, passes upon all applications. Before that process is reached, however, an investigation, sometimes extending over months, has been completed by the expert accountants of the Exchange, going into the inmost details of the business of the corporation which has referred its stock or bonds to the committee. The committee seeks all possible light on earnings, output, physical condition and the amount of capital in the business, and these facts are duly prepared for publication.

In this scrutiny of applications to list, the authorities have no thought of establishing a market value for a security. That is something which buyers and sellers must do. The appraisal resultant from the decision of many minds on the floor of the Exchange is the fairest which a security may receive; but the establishment of value is facilitated by publicity of conditions and factors surrounding particular issues. In recent years the Stock Exchange has tightened its listing requirements materially along lines which promote the laying bare of essential facts. The committee has sought more frequent and full reports on earnings and assets of corporations in the last few

Continued on page 52

The Outlook for the Motor Industry

The automobile industry is passing through an epoch-marking period, as a result of readjustment from a peace to a war basis, many things having occurred which are of vital importance to present and future motor stockholders, as is clearly set forth in an article appearing in our fortnightly publication

Securities Suggestions

Numbers ten and eleven of this publication, which currently discusses important developments in the financial world, also contain comprehensive and interesting articles on the following subjects:

Equipment Companies in War and Peace
Investment Position of American Woolen
The Investment Value of Ohio Oil
Fortnightly Market Analysis
The Part Payment Plan

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27 PINE STREET NEW YORK

UNUSUAL

Did you ever hear of an issue of preferred stock, part of which was drawn by lot each year at $120 per share?

This stock must be drawn for the sinking fund, as above, and cannot be bought in the open market. Consequently, the owners of the shares possess an attractive speculation and a safe investment.

No more of this preferred stock can be issued and the amount in the hands of the public is being steadily reduced.

The company that issued the stock has been in successful operation since 1894 and today a large part of its product is used by the United States Government.

We offer a limited amount of this preferred stock to yield 7%.

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Write for the August issue

JOHNSON & WOOD

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

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Do you know what other Liberty Bond you can exchange it for?

Do you know all you should know about your investment?

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Many leading insurance companies invest in Maxwell Farm Mortgages. You may safely invest in them and earn 6%.

Write for our booklet "INVESTORS SERVICE TESTED FOR 47 YEARS."

MAXWELL INVESTMENT CO.

Established 1871 — Kansas City, Missouri

Continued from page 51

years than before. Where companies have been made up of several constituent concerns, the listing committee has required full details about the structure of the subsidiaries.

The Stock Exchange does not stand sponsor for the worth of any security on its list, but it shoulders the responsibility of seeing that the public gets information about the vital facts behind each issue. The listing requirements are constantly being revised to the end of drawing more facts from corporations which apply for a place in the market. To illustrate, when oil company securities are coming out in increased volume, as capital needs expand in the widening search for petroleum, the rules covering the listing of oil stocks are altered to the end of establishing more details about these concerns which the public may study.

Not so very long ago an annual statement of earnings and condition, issued ten days before the yearly meeting of stockholders, was all that was required. Now the Stock Exchange presses its demand for quarterly reports, where a company's business is such that statements every three months are feasible, and monthly reports are being issued by some corporations. The Exchange took more careful measures during the period of many new offerings of stocks and bonds in 1916 than ever before to see that securities were well distributed before listing was permitted, for the purpose of eliminating the possibility of a "corner" in any issue because of concentration in a few hands.

The presence of a security on the Stock Exchange list by no means guarantees that a demand for that stock or bond will be in evidence much of the time. On the contrary, there are hundreds of issues which are not dealt in more than a half-dozen times a year, and many seldom are traded in at all. There are Stock Exchange securities which have their primary market between dealers on the outside. If the majority of listed issues were active in every day's session of the market, there would be such a turnover of stocks that bank credits for the conduct of business would not be equal to the demand. Million-share days would be the regular and not the rare product of trading.

The market has to be exceptionally active to bring dealings in any one day in as many as 250 issues of stocks and 150 issues of bonds. Although hundreds of securities are dealt in infrequently, there are usually quotations available among the brokers on the floor, showing what one man is willing to pay and what another is ready to accept. The same principles of negotiation which apply to transactions in active and popular issues are involved in the less active securities, with the difference that a greater degree of give and take is necessitated for expectant sellers and buyers to arrive at a basis for transacting business.

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LADY IN THE GARDEN. BY CLAUDE-OSCAR MONET.

French, 1840——. Reproduced by special permission from the original painting in the possession of Mrs. Hugo Reisinger, New York.

—See "The Field of Art."

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